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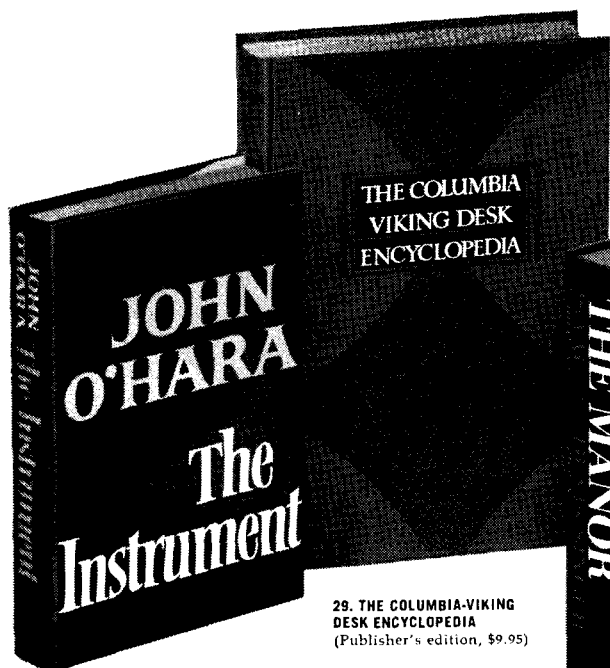
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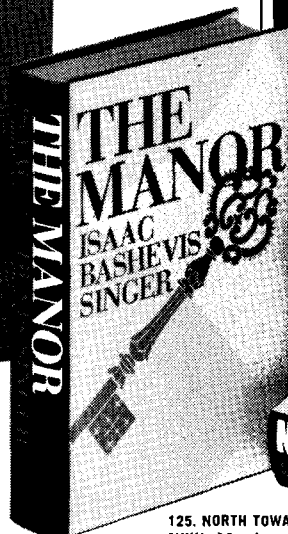
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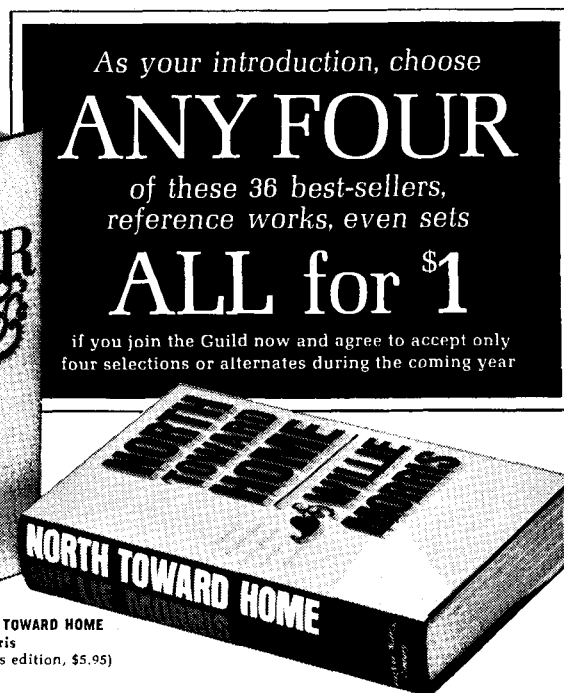


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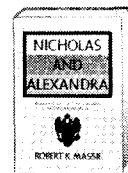
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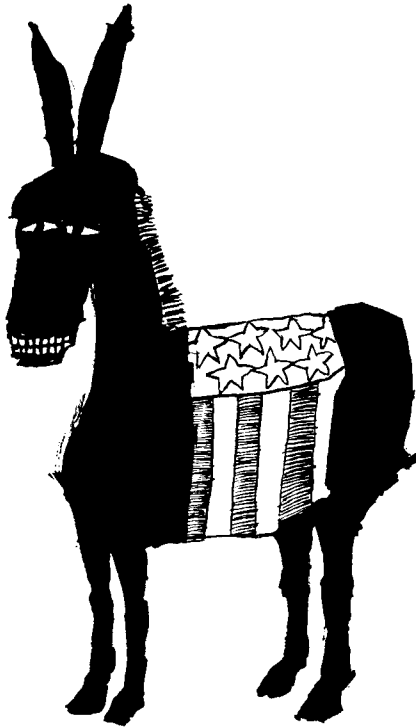
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reports

Washington



"If elected, I will go to the Pentagon . . ." — *Sen. Eugene McCarthy*

Unlike Ike, Eugene McCarthy has an outsized gift for irony and whimsy, and is happiest when free to indulge it. Like Ike, he ventures where his peers fear to tread. McCarthy's wisecrack about going to the Pentagon speaks volumes—about the quixotic aspect of his campaign for President, and about the failures of war policy in Washington and in Vietnam which are the backdrop and occasion for it.

The quixotic moralist as realist—McCarthy is a man who has managed to do well for himself in the past by taking "suicidal" positions, most

notably his valedictory for the passing of Stevenson's hour and refusal to embrace Kennedy's at the Democratic National Convention in 1960. (One of the senator's problems, it should be added, is that many people know him for his speech nominating Stevenson and for nothing else.) Something in him wants to laugh in the face of history, or at least in the face of the journalists who presume to pronounce on what is and isn't realistic or historically fated. "They say I'm committing political suicide," he remarked a few weeks ago. "Well, I'd rather do that and face up to the wrongness of the war than die of political old age." Behind the laugh at other people's political certainties, behind the offhand pose, is a serious man, and a practical enough one so that to many friends and foes opportunism often seems to be showing through the idealism.

What is certain?

The alleged certainties against which McCarthy argues today seem at first glance a great deal more certain than did Kennedy's nomination eight years ago. For what is certain in January, 1968? That the war in Vietnam will be won? Lost? Negotiated? When? That Johnson will run for re-election? Live? Die? Win? Lose? That the Republicans will nominate an alternative to Johnson who favors liquidating the war? That they will indulge their right wing as in 1964? All of these are as uncertain as the outcome of a McCarthy-Johnson primary confrontation. And the questions do not end there. Would a McCarthy victory over Johnson or a pro-Johnson slate help persuade the President that he ought to retire, or provoke him instead into a more determined fight to

serve on? No less serious, does a McCarthy candidacy, by splitting the Democrats, hurt the potential candidacy of a Rockefeller and strengthen that of a Nixon or Reagan? Even McCarthy concedes that his entry will contribute to Republican euphoria, and thus to a mood that could favor, say, Reagan over a Republican with more appeal to Democrats and independents. But they have their party, and he his, and it is hard to go through political life doing other politicians' and other parties' thinking for them.

Loner

With all these variables, why is so much of official Washington certain as a computer that McCarthy's candidacy is an irresponsible exercise? In part the answer is that Washington doesn't welcome quixotic souls, and the emergence of a quixotic realist is a paradox which clashes with most Washingtonians' assumption that practicality and the status quo are the same thing. More immediately, Johnson's Washington is a balkanized city of factions, too bitterly isolated to coalesce; amidst them, McCarthy is a loner who commands the loyalty of no faction and is suspect by all.

The Johnson men see him as a sulky hypocrite, mouthing great ideals about issues and institutions but really burning with the desire for revenge against the President, who lured the senator into the vice presidential hide-and-seek game in 1964, and rendered him an embarrassed loser. The Johnson men say they wish McCarthy would "grow up."

The Administration stalwarts (not always the same as the Johnson men, for they include those J. Kenneth Galbraith has called "the strategy-minded professors, the bloodless ex-

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perts . . .”) seem to believe that this time the bullish war predictions really are sound, and that McCarthy is a petulant saboteur harassing the hard-pressed President just as the latter is attaining his objectives in Vietnam.

Opportunities

The Kennedy men have never liked McCarthy nor he them. He disdains their clannishness and obsequiousness toward their leader, and their leader he finds unsympathetic. They in turn feel about anti-Kennedy Democratic liberals the way Stalinists used to feel about Trotskyites. McCarthy has put Robert Kennedy on the spot, and Kennedy's statements spin about like so many tops: he would, he suggests, split the country and seem opportunistic if he tried to usurp Johnson, but he would risk his own following and seem no less opportunistic if he abandoned his position on the war. So he will try to be as little an opportunist as possible (for Kennedy, sort of like being a little bit pregnant) by smiling beatifically on McCarthy's campaign. This attempt at bilateral non-intervention will hardly charm the President. Yet Senator Kennedy's Mona Lisa response to McCarthy is confusing to Kennedy loyalists. One way or another, McCarthy has upset what some political bookmakers have taken to be Kennedy's timetable, which up till now has had Kennedy endorsing Johnson in 1968 and counting on his big chance for four years later (the scenario gets cloudy there, but logically or illogically, it calls for LBJ and RFK burying their hatchets in the submissive back of Hubert Humphrey sometime before the summer of 1972).

The Senate Democratic independents, many of them more outspoken critics of the war than McCarthy, are of two minds about him. Some, like Nelson of Wisconsin, Church of Idaho, McGovern of South Dakota, and Morse of Oregon, are up for reelection, and must worry not only about the drain a McCarthy candidacy would put on their campaign funds, but also about the vulnerable target a split Democratic Party presents to Republican challengers. Others, though they admire his guts, feel the same way about McCarthy the loner as do the Johnson and Ken-

nedy men. Then there are those, like Vance Hartke of Indiana, whose instinct is toward the dependability of a cohesive Senate bloc of anti-war Democrats as against the possible futility of a confrontation with LBJ in the primaries. But most of them would have to acknowledge that as anti-war senators they have had little effect on war policy. Johnson spoke as much about their ineffectiveness as from his own irritability when he said in November, "I can't say that these various proposals that range from a Senator to a county commissioner to a mayor of a city have really changed General Westmoreland's plan much or Ambassador Bunker's proposals."

Then there is the Washington press corps, which includes a number of individuals who love McCarthy for his charm, intelligence, and merciless humor (he once remarked that Kenneth Keating and Jacob Javits were skin-deep liberals, rather like faint-hearted soldiers who wait till the fighting is over and then go out and shoot up the enemy wounded). They also deplore what they diagnose as a severe case of laziness, which frees him to be effective in the delivery of his sardonic one-liners but of little consequence elsewhere in Washington. In Minnesota, says a presidential assistant who is partial to Humphrey, "Hubert did all the fence-mending and thankless political work that made the state safe for him and McCarthy, and now in the Senate Fritz Mondale does it all. McCarthy never lifts a finger." With his customary pungency, columnist Robert Novak expresses a more sympathetic criticism: "Gene just has none of Kennedy's patience for dealing with all that impacted crap of Byzantine local political organizations." Some newsmen can't make out if McCarthy is running *for* President or *against* the war, and feel there is a crucial difference; they see the latter as a fool's errand and doubt that McCarthy can affect the war any more through a sizable primary vote than through Senate resolutions. From anti-Johnson senators and sympathetic newsmen one might expect to hear any minute now the same words one used to hear about the first McCarthy: "I agree with his goals, but not his methods."

Deferred dream

Given the ifs and uncertainties of politics in 1968, what can one count

on? An early resolution of the war satisfactory to most citizens is obviously improbable. One can then buy the pessimistic prognosis and count on escalation continuing to breed more of the same. The latest casualty, Secretary of Defense McNamara, is supposed to have fallen in battle against escalation. Whether or not he has in fact been sacrificed to the gods of war, the President often manages to mix promises of early peace with news of escalation. So one might speculate with the optimists that by next summer the U.S. position in Vietnam will have stabilized to the point where casualty rates are declining, and where some troops are actually being brought home in accord with the Administration's long-deferred dream of a "phase-out." But here there lies a trap for the President. Clearly the strongest buttress to his political position would be demonstrable evidence that the war is at last being won, and an equally demonstrable reduction of American troop strength in Vietnam as proof of the Administration's confidence in any addition to its maze of "corners turned" announcements. The President wants this development badly, and wants it on a schedule best calculated to enhance his political position while undermining that of hawkish spokesmen for escalation and doveish prophets of cataclysm. So it is probable that, as is his wont, Johnson will be tempted to manipulate appearances to make this projection seem proven even if it isn't.

Whatever he says is the state of affairs will be examined mercilessly, no matter what is going on, by observers all the way from Hanson Baldwin to Mary McCarthy. And if the Hanson Baldwins can show that the President is staging a faked phase-out without the projected corner of stabilization having in truth been turned, or if the Mary McCartys can show that new escalation proceeds behind the facade of a faked phase-out, if in short, statistics and troop strengths and the levers of war at the President's command are being manipulated *even a little*, the President will be charged with a misdeed which to the voters will border on a crime: playing domestic politics with the war. The charge has of course already been made by the President's critics on the left; it is certain to be pressed later on by hawkish and doveish Republicans.

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Washington

The question will be to what extent the President is going to be guilty of it, and to what extent the people will believe he is guilty of it.

Scandal or fact of life?

What else can one count on? Riots; without doubt worse ones than in 1967. The inability of the Administration to head off an escalating string of ghetto riots in 1968 is, depending on how you look at it, a scandal, or a fact of life as long as the war continues, or a fact of life even if the war were to end tonight. The Administration line is that all the appropriations the President could ask for or the Congress grant won't prevent riots next summer, and that to say that the war, by sapping money and energy, causes riots is a phony argument.

Here too, the Administration can argue its case on nationwide television every day between now and the election, but it will have little effect as long as the public sees a war in Vietnam and racial violence in the cities as twin catastrophes over which

Lyndon Johnson presides but which he cannot control. Certainly Administration men acknowledge that the President's time and attention are monopolized by Vietnam, but they ridicule the notion that an instant solution to the ghetto problem is lying neglected on his desk beneath the cables from Saigon. They do acknowledge that as there is no magic program that can head off riots, and as the weekly drill of National Guard and Reserve units in riot control is a great deal more the heart of the Administration's response to the 1967 riots than the almost unnoticed President's Commission on Civil Disorders, Johnson will inevitably be taking a "law and order" stance by next summer that will make Goldwater's 1964 talk about racial trouble seem like fuzzy ADA cocktail talk.

But here too, Johnson's position is not as strong as it might seem. There are critics of the President who go as far as to envision an American kind of garrison state of late-Hitler vintage, overcommitted and bleeding badly abroad, and holding down explosive revolutionary upheaval in cities all across the country only through force of arms. But as was

seen in Detroit last summer, any President's police powers are limited (and in the case of the National Guard in Detroit, have only limited effectiveness), and *this* President's exercise of those powers tends to collide with his instinct to play politics. The big-city mayors may in many cases be his friends and allies; the governors of New York, Michigan, California, and Pennsylvania are not. The garrison-state nightmare could come true, but it would more than likely be preceded by chaotic bumbling from which no one can profit politically, just as the Michigan National Guard's less than ready performance preceded the President's dispatch of General Throckmorton to Detroit. Surrounding the whole drama will be a clash of local, state, and federal prerogatives and policing functions, and following it all, blame and counterblame. Through it all, Johnson may behave as impeccably as a nonpolitical statesman of the cast of Henry Stimson; he will still be fighting an impression, created by his conduct during the Detroit riots, that he looks for political advantage even in the midst of dark crisis.

Localism and "leadership"

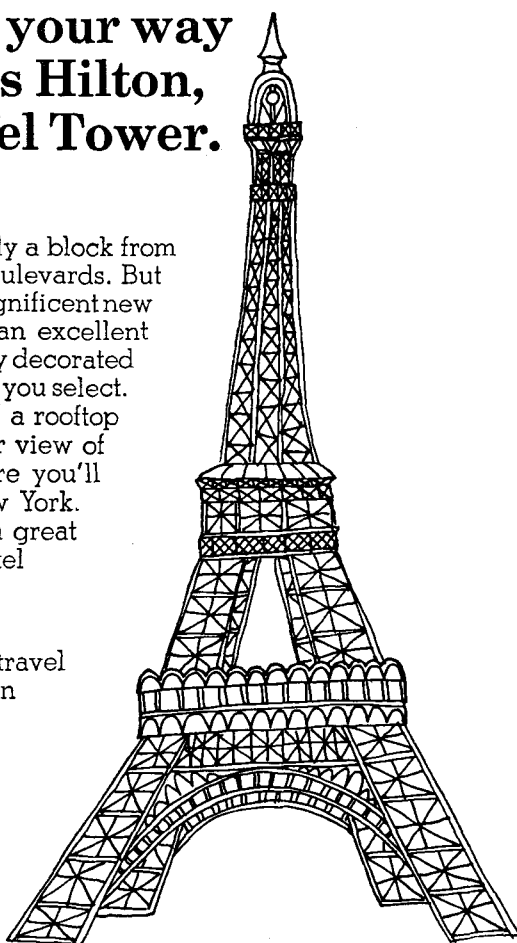
Thus handicapped, the President will find it difficult to do what he may be forced to do anyway for lack of choice: exploit adversity to the extent of running on his conduct of the war and on a "law and order" response to riots at home. Liberals and conservatives alike observe that the voters are disgusted with the expansion of government, and the inability of government, despite its expansion, to manage the country better; from Kennedy liberals like Daniel P. Moynihan come calls for a re-evaluation of decentralization. More in the conservative spectrum, Horace Busby, a longtime Johnson aide and Secretary to the Cabinet in 1964 and 1965, recently put forth some persuasive conclusions, which because of Busby's experience as a business and local government consultant are being received with interest in Washington by bureaucrats who want to know what's going on "out there." (They may also want a rationale for the fatalism that is prevalent in Washington.) "For more than thirty years," Busby says, "we have been getting used to the notion of a dynamic, dominant, interventionist federal government, and the cliché has been that all pow-

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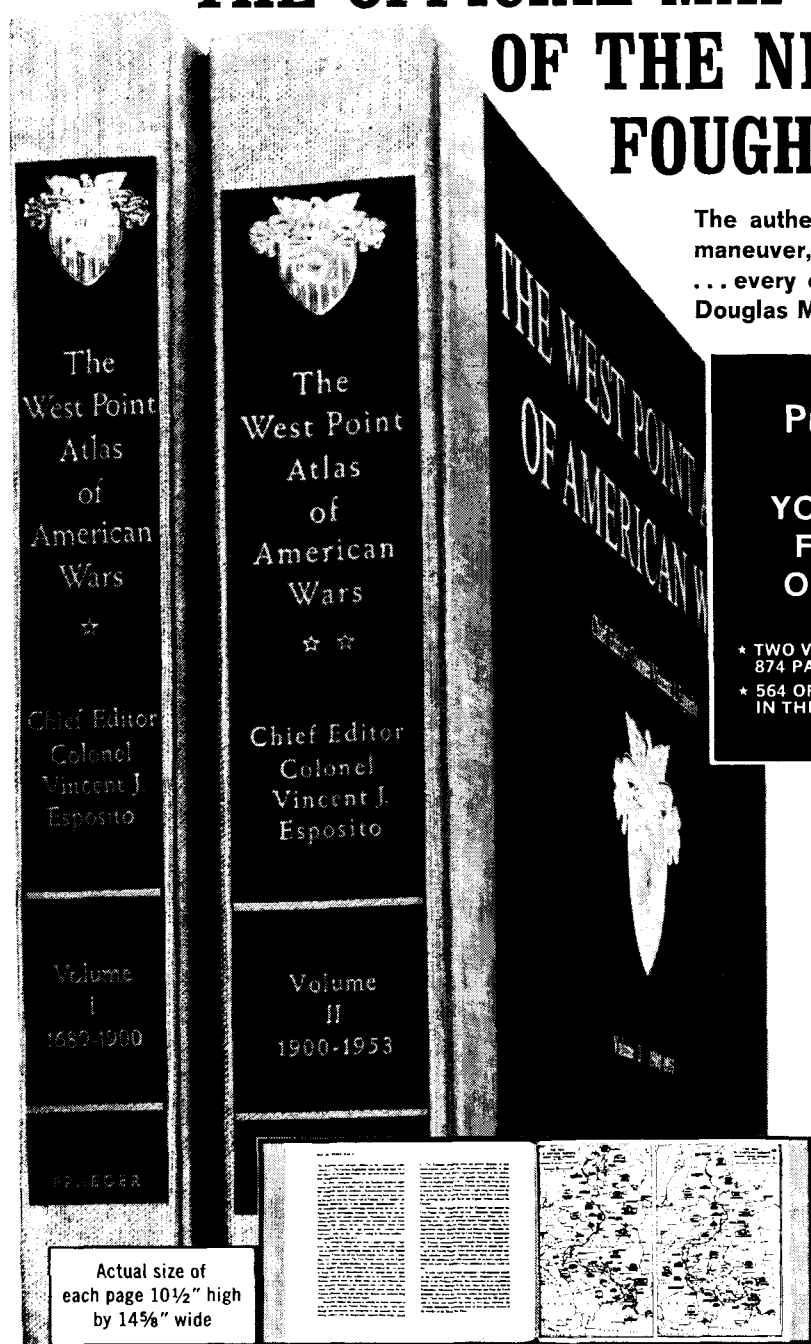
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Washington

er is flowing toward Washington. But when you look closely at the activity, it's primarily in the economic and international spheres. Now the federal government is trying to tackle the problems of the cities, and it's coming face to face with the intricately structured nature of local power. Local policing power, local and state control of education, and perhaps most important in terms of 'moving' and 'rebuilding' the cities, the dependence of local government on property tax revenues: these are all realities which are not about to disappear. At the moment Johnson is getting blamed for stalemates in some of these areas as though the fault were in the presidency. It's not."

To some presidential advisers, "leadership" is the short-term political prescription for the malaise that grows out of these problems of governmental frustration. But how can "leadership" prevail against the situations in Vietnam and the ghettos? Busby and others argue that the clamor for "solutions" is misleading; there can only be responses. But "leadership" minus a program is a thin substitute for either one. One hears little now of the poverty program except word of new trouble. The days seem long ago indeed when Lyndon Johnson was enjoying his power and his ability to translate it into legislation with the rapacious exuberance of Henry VIII.

Overreaching

From one point of view, the President now has nothing *but* the war to run on, because it's the only major operation under his direction that is functioning on all cylinders. He has lost control of Congress as completely as he had it dancing to his tune three years ago. The war and the collapse of the pound help make his domination of the economy uncertain. His position now as an embattled, boxed-in administrator of programs that do not bring desired or promised results draws him little sympathy from either the Congress or the voters, not least of all because he was such an overreacher and overperformer in 1964 and 1965. As long as he performed well, and as long as Congress kept up the pace, his overreaching mattered little more than his yanks of his beagles' ears. But even to unsophisticated voters,

the cost effectiveness of Lyndon Johnson without a Congress that will deal with him is small, and this is part of the explanation for his failure as a "statesman" faced with solving intractable problems of war and racial disorder through the executive branch of the government.

In 1964 and 1965, Mr. Johnson's performance as a politician-President who made our governmental system function productively was highly visible. Congress, which so many political scientists had written off as the beached whale of American politics, actually seemed young and randy with a love of activism.

The upbeat first act ended rather suddenly on the day in 1965 when Congress faltered in its adherence to Johnson's assembly-line mass production of legislation and defeated that year's home rule bill for the District of Columbia. "That's it," said Johnson to some staff members. "That's what?" one asked. "That means it's all over. We've got our basic legislation, and this is the signal that they're back to where they can form a coalition to beat us again."

Johnson bound

In the current, melancholy second act, the scene shifts to the executive, and Johnson being Johnson, the action shifts from cannon-and-bugle legislation to more covert maneuver. Having brought fire to Congress and Vietnam and tempted the gods on both fronts, Prometheus is now bound and can only wail ("I am President" — a sarcastic rejoinder to questions he feels are presumptuous) and make sarcastic cracks, as he did in his November press conference, about the meaninglessness of Senate resolutions. ("The Senate Foreign Relations Committee kinda had a big day yesterday. They reported two resolutions in one day.") His substantive performances, when they recapture the maestro mood, are no longer visible to the people, as when he was rolling bills out of Congress — Medicare, aid to education, anti-poverty, civil rights — that had been unpassable for almost two decades. In those days, he admitted candidly to his staff that he had to overreach because he realized that the perishability of his 1964 mandate was great.

Few would argue that his overreaching produced *bad* legislation, or even legislation that in retrospect

ought not to have been tried because of disappointing late returns on the programs it created. But there was a personal aspect to the overreaching, and for that Johnson is now paying the price, in a Greek sense. Even to many who cheered Johnson in 1964 and 1965, there was a troubling suspicion of power-lust built into the man's makeup. The suspicion remained vague so long as his performance as politician-President remained productive. Now he is the frustrated warmaker who can't get the victory either of substance or face which he demands, and in cruel turnabout, the further he reaches, the further his goals seem to recede. His overreaching is so emphasized by his war stance that it hides the crafty, cautious, apprehensive part of his nature known so well to those who worked with him and observed him during his Senate career ("Lying-down Lyndon" was the phrase then). In fact, the latter manifests itself now in calculated appeasement of the hawks — as in the ABM decision, for example — in the hope that it will keep the superhawks quiet, and protect him against the charge he still fears even more than that he plays politics with the war: the charge that he, like all Democrats, is "soft on Communism." President-watchers (as opposed to Johnson-watchers) say all this emphasizes the nature of the man too much, and the nature of the presidency too little. To them, Johnson is simply too deeply into a war to maneuver his way out.

Extremes

"Johnson," argues Eugene McCarthy, author of a new book entitled *The Limits of Power*, "consumes everything around him: institutions as well as people; the Cabinet, staff, Supreme Court justices. . . ." For a season after the 1964 election it even seemed that he had rendered the two-party system obsolete, and he and his advisers used to ruminate on the bright future of the Johnson consensus, swelled with Republican defectors. The President underestimated the two-party system's resilience, and today his consensus stretches all the short distance from L. Mendel Rivers to Everett McKinley Dirksen. His hope that with the help of the likes of Dirksen he can replay his 1964 campaign strategy at least to some extent seems as undependable as the



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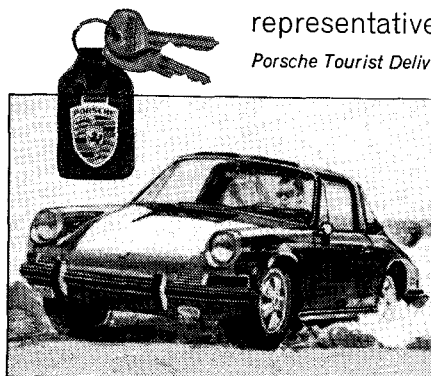
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hope that he can make the war and the riots work to his political advantage. He speaks of drawing toward the center a facsimile of his 1964 consensus, a coalition of "responsibility" against the extremes.

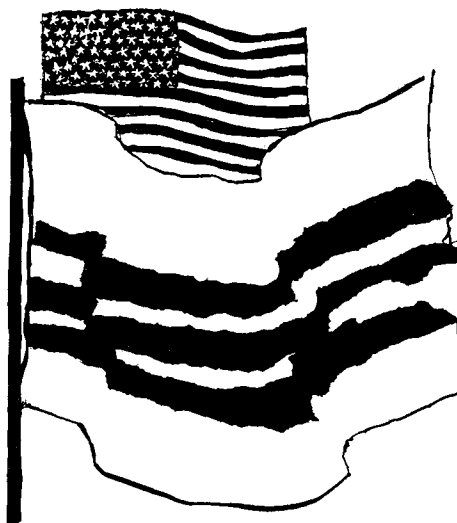
To his challenger McCarthy, the extremes slice rather differently. The senator compares the way the war is polarizing opinion in America today to the situation in France seventy years ago at the time of the Dreyfus case. (Johnson's perorations at military bases evoking a martial ethos support the point; they disturb even White House staff members.) The frustration implicit in such a split seeks an outlet, and one way McCarthy's supporters rationalize the Minnesota senator's activities is by pointing to the therapeutic effect his campaign will have on the ailing body politic, channeling dissent and protest off the streets and into calmer forms of political expression.

That rationale alone would not satisfy McCarthy because it makes him nothing but a functionary. "What is he really up to?" is the question everyone asks about him. He is too shrewd a politician to answer it simply; he is certainly too proud to choose for himself a role of mere sacrificial functionary in the cause of therapy. Yet he stands to lose too much and the odds are too much against him for him to be merely an opportunist. In a speech in Cambridge in November he quoted Undersecretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach's remarks to the effect that the President doesn't need congressional declarations of war to conduct war. If Katzenbach's theories hold, said McCarthy, we are now living, insofar as foreign policy is concerned, under a kind of constitutional totalitarianism, "a four-year dictatorship." In fact, he concluded, "much of what Katzenbach said is true. Only every four years do the people have a chance to say something about foreign policy."

That is one view of the American way of politics in 1968. The opposite one, expressed several weeks ago by the President, has it that "all we have as a nation, we owe to our unity as a people." The latter view somewhat oversimplifies the events of 1861-1865; it also fails to allow for the fact that every fourth year in this country there is a presidential election.

— *Michael C. Janeway*

Vietnam



The installation of General Nguyen Van Thieu as president of the Republic of Vietnam on October 31 marked the end of the four-year period of constitutional lawlessness that began with the assassination of President Ngo Dinh Diem and Ngo Dinh Nhu, his brother and supreme counselor, on November 1, 1963. Diem's murder was a sorry affair, and it had equally sorry consequences. Whatever his faults, and those of his family — and they were serious — he was the only man with any claim to real leadership to emerge in the thirteen years of the republic's existence. To have shot him down with his hands tied behind his back was an act of fear and futility, discreditable to the military junta which gave the orders and damaging to the United States, which had let it be known that almost anything would be better than Diem.

That some sort of change had become inevitable need not be questioned, but the coup as it shaped up was blindly irrational and a wholly negative act. No one had thought the consequences through, or considered what would happen when Diem's authority was withdrawn and nothing existed with which to replace it. A witch-hunt, inevitable in the circumstances, led to the ferreting out of members of Diem's Can Lao Party and those who could be smeared by association with it. As a result, the government's intelligence apparatus collapsed, and with it most of the fragile machinery

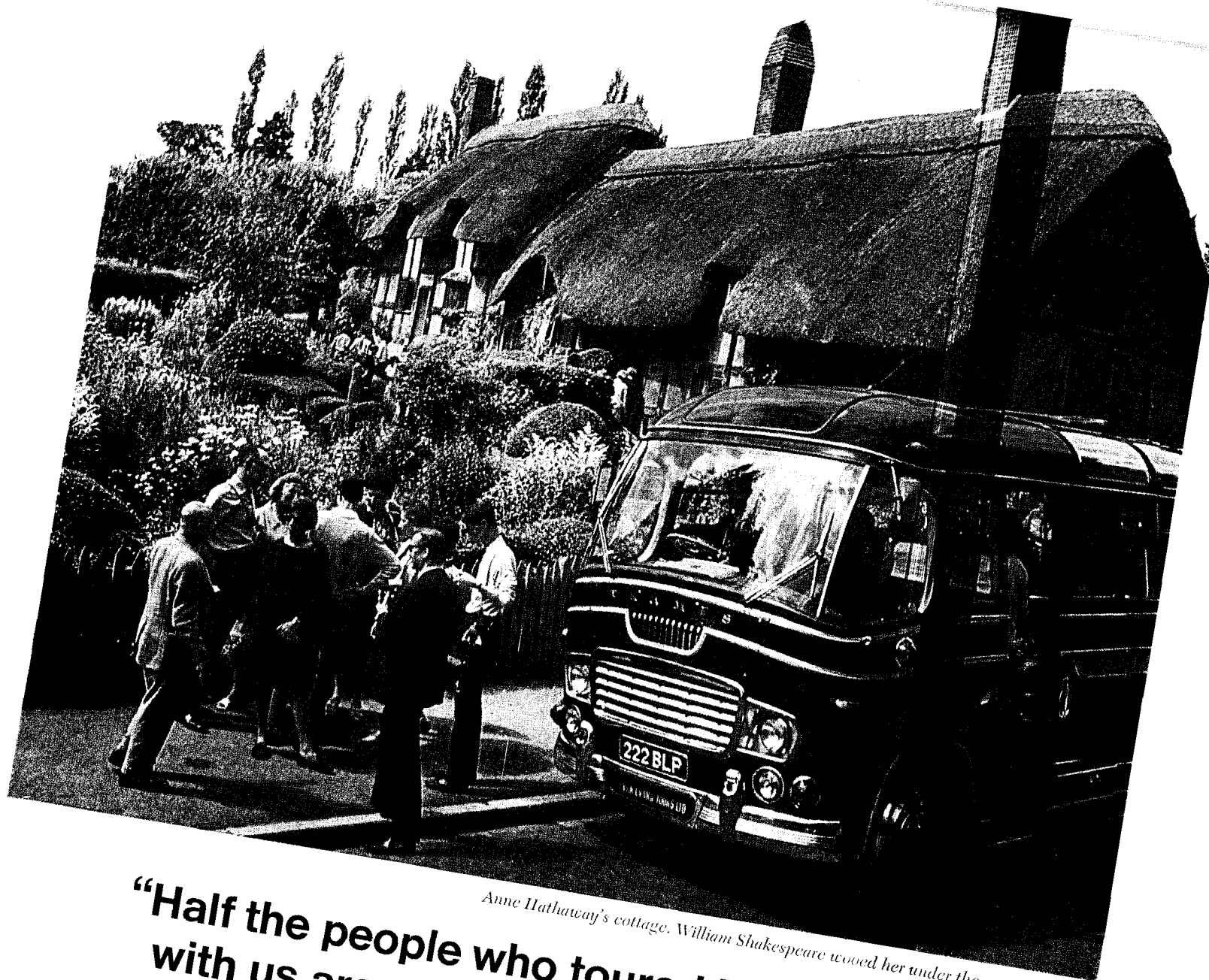
of government. In three months the Viet Cong were able to make a more rapid advance than they had achieved in the previous three years of war.

Politics past

While it is easy to write about the fall of Diem with hindsight, it was obvious to many observers, including some of the U.S. Mission in Saigon, that nothing about the military leadership invited any confidence whatsoever in its capacity to run the country or the war more effectively than Diem had run them. In the event, the military resorted to the same police methods, which they pursued less effectively. Corruption had been held within limit during the Diem regime, and Diem himself had been above suspicion now from top to bottom there was no limit to the military's appetite for personal enrichment, or for the opportunities for graft provided by the rapidly increasing U.S. commitment to the war.

By the spring of 1965, eighteen months after Diem's overthrow, the war within the limits of the existing American military commitment had been lost. It was not because the Viet Cong had won any military victories. Rather, the processes of disintegration had accelerated to the stage where the military government could no longer provide effective opposition either to the political forces of the National Liberation Front or to the guerrilla forces of its military arm, the Viet Cong. Five governments had come and gone. Coup had followed coup as the task of government proved beyond the capabilities of those who had arrogated it to themselves and as others plotted to seize power and its perquisites. The new element in 1965 which put an end to Viet Cong expectations of early victory, and to the worst of the political instability, was of course the American military buildup.

It is not necessary to recapitulate in detail all the events that led to the election of President Thieu on September 3. Prime Minister Nguyen Cao Ky's approval of the elections was designed originally to take some of the heat out of the Buddhist Struggle Movement in the late spring of 1966. Despite the young Air Marshal's lack of confidence in the democratic processes, the latter worked their own progress



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through the subsequent elections for the Constituent Assembly, the constitution itself, and the elections for the presidency, the Senate, and the House of Representatives.

By any comparable regional standards, which are, surely, the only appropriate yardstick, the elections were well conducted. General Thieu won the presidency not because the votes were rigged but because ten civilian candidates split the non-military vote, and in fact defeated themselves. From the moment that Ky agreed to run in the vice presidential slot on Thieu's ticket, the result of the election was not in serious doubt.

Moreover, Thieu himself was probably the most competent candidate. Tran Van Huong, the former mayor of Saigon, and onetime premier, has an engaging personality, but his espousal of southern regionalism was highly suspect in the central provinces of South Vietnam, where, not without cause, there are strong feelings of antipathy to those who believe in Cochinese exclusivism. In addition, Huong, who is in his mid-sixties, has not been well, and there were doubts whether he was fit enough to stand up to the demands of the presidency.

Phan Khac Suu, the chairman of the Constituent Assembly, though he had an excellent running mate in Dr. Phan Quang Dan, proved to be weak almost to the point of senility, and few really took Truong Dinh Dzu, the peace candidate, seriously. For the rest, none had any real expectation of wide popular support, and they polled accordingly.

Politics present

To the extent that the country now has a duly elected constitutional government, it is clear that South Vietnam has come a long way since November, 1963. But how far it has still to go was made plain in the weeks of maneuvering that followed the election. With the appointment of a cabinet in early November, it was evident that Thieu was practicing the same old techniques of government by clique. Of nineteen initial appointments, only two were new faces; the other seventeen were holdover officials from the pre-election Thieu and Ky regimes.

No cabinet representation was given in these early appointments to the voters who supported the ten civilian candidates for President whom the generals defeated. Thieu himself is publicly committed to encourage the development of a loyal opposition; whether these cabinet appointments mean that "opposition" rather than "loyal" will be the operative word remains to be seen. Much of the opposition will form in the Senate and House of Representatives, neither of which will be rubber stamps for the regime. Whatever the appearances of progress toward constitutionalism, it would seem that the political maturation South Vietnam so desperately needs is still far off.

The maneuvering that led up to the cabinet appointments revolved around one fact: of the many problems which the Thieu regime government faced, few were potentially more serious than those within its own ranks. In agreeing under pressure to stand down as a presidential candidate in the interests of the unity of the armed forces, Ky did not agree also to relinquish power. Yet as vice president, he may hold neither cabinet nor military office. His hopes that the Senate and representatives would be amenable to constitutional changes permitting the vice president to take office as prime minister have proved illusory, since amendments to the constitution must be approved by two thirds of the total number of representatives and senators, a vote that Ky will never get.

Ky was required to step down constitutionally as head of the air force, and as a result his military power has also been eroded. But his former air force colleague and classmate, General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, remains as chief of the National Police, and Ky continues to command support among some of the Corps commanders, and the possibility that he may one day be tempted to seek authority by extra-constitutional methods cannot be entirely ruled out. Long before the elections, Ky had gone on record to define what sort of government he would and would not accept. Not least because of his suspected restlessness, there was more talk about the possibility of a coup d'etat in the month following the elections than there had been in the twelve months preceding them.

For weeks, Thieu and Ky agreed on almost nothing, and such positive acts as the government took were scarcely calculated to rally popular support. The prosecution of peace candidate Dzu, and the arrest of Ky's former economic minister, Au Truong Thanh (who had been eliminated from the presidential race on the grounds that he was a neutralist), were highly impolitic.

Against all external advice, Thieu from the start showed little interest in going beyond the technicians to create a broader-based government of national union. As a gesture, he did offer the prime ministership to Tran Van Huong, who finished fourth in the presidential campaign. Not unexpectedly, however, Huong declined, thus opening the way for at least a temporary patching up of the Thieu-Ky partnership.

Ky man

For Nguyen Van Loc, who was then offered, and accepted, the prime ministership, read Nguyen Cao Ky; the riddle of the new distribution of political power then becomes a little clearer. Forty-five-year-old Loc, a personally agreeable and unassuming Saigon lawyer, was born in the Mekong Delta; thus he gives the government the proper regional balance. President Thieu is from Central Vietnam, and Ky was born in the North.

But in the prevailing political climate, where Loc was born matters less than where his loyalties lie. No one pretends that he possesses either great political talent or experience, or that he has the charisma to rally the people of his native delta provinces to the government side. But no one doubts that he is a Ky man through and through. When Ky planned to run for the presidency, Loc was to have been his running mate. Then, when Ky stepped down and agreed to run on Thieu's ticket as the vice presidential candidate, Loc became their campaign manager. He is not a strong prime minister. But he is most certainly Ky's prime minister.

Since President Thieu presides at cabinet meetings, which Ky, as vice president, does not attend, it will not be easy for Loc to oppose the will of the chief executive, and real power is likely to remain in the hands of Thieu, a fact of life that may rest uneasily with the ambitious Ky.

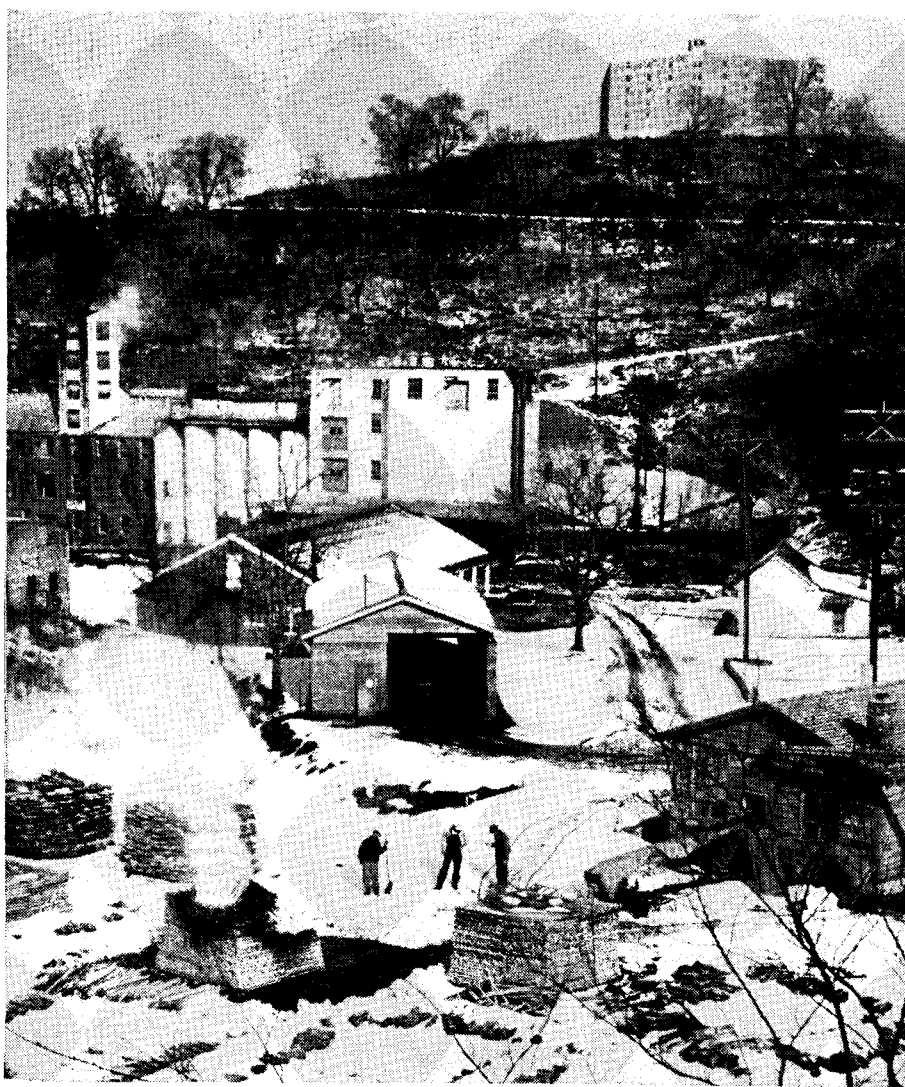
More conventional opposition to the government has polarized around two groups, one led by the disgruntled Dzu, who finished second in the presidential election, and Phan Khac Suu, who finished third; and the other based on Tran Van Don's victorious Peasant-Worker-Soldier Senate team of ten.

Dzu and Suu are as unlikely a pair of partners as Vietnam has ever seen. They came together not because they had plans for effective opposition, but simply because they could not accept defeat. Their "Front for the Defense of Democracy" had as its sole *raison d'être* the denigration of the elections and the new government. It offered nothing but street agitation of the type that has consistently served as a substitute for genuine political activity in Saigon.

Predictably, the militant Buddhists, patiently rebuilding their organization after their crushing defeat during the Struggle Movement in 1966, were eager to exploit the situation. They were helped by an earlier and serious official miscalculation about the respective strengths of the moderate and extremist wings of the Unified Buddhist Church.

The moderate leader, Thich Tam Chau, known irreverently, if aptly, as Thich Dollar, with five of his followers met in May to revise the Buddhist Charter, under which the church is permitted by law to operate. Since the effect of the new charter was to make Tri Quang's extremist group illegal, Thieu, as chief of state, cheerfully signed the new charter, whereupon Tri Quang rallied almost the entire Buddhist hierarchy to his side, effectively isolating Tam Chau and gravely embarrassing Thieu.

A renewed wave of suicides by Buddhist nuns and a sit-down hunger strike by Tri Quang outside the presidential palace, and finally, an attempted march from the extremists' headquarters in An Quang pagoda to the Vien Hoa Dao, where Tam Chau is in occupation of the Buddhist institute, led to clashes between Tri Quang's followers and the police, which is precisely what Tri Quang had planned. With a Catholic president and with the Catholics holding a disproportionate share of the seats in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, he has explosive politico-religious material with



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Vietnam

which to develop his campaign against the government.

"The only way to work . . ."

The success of General Tran Van Don's Senate team on September 3 encouraged this latter group to attempt the formation of a formal party, which hoped to poll well in the election for the House of Representatives. Without the charismatic figure of Don himself, who has always had a big personal following in Vietnam, the voters were unenthusiastic, and support for the party was meager.

Its sponsors hope to keep the organization alive and to build it into a more significant political force four years hence. If the intention is laudable, the prospects are indifferent. Many politically conscious Vietnamese are frankly skeptical of party politics in the Western tradition. A day or two after the presidential campaign, two of the more notable political leaders sat down over lunch with a Western friend to discuss the plans for the future. The Westerner suggested that their failure had been due in part to the proliferation of civilian candidates and in part to the lack of an effective national organization, and that the only hope for the future was to organize a genuine political party in company with like-minded leaders.

Both men disagreed. "We have considered everything very carefully," said the more senior of the two. "There is no tradition of party politics in this country, and we doubt whether there will ever be such a tradition. The only way to work is with existing organizations, with one of the old nationalist organizations like the Dai Viet, or the VNQDD [Vietnamese Kuomintang Party], with the sects [the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai], or with the religions, either the Catholics or the Buddhists.

"The sects are too limited in their appeal. As the elections have shown, the old nationalist organizations have served their purpose. This eliminates all but the Catholics and the Buddhists. We have no chance of working in with the Catholics, so that leaves only the Buddhists. Tam Chau is finished. He's not worth thinking about. So that leaves only Tri Quang. But who in

the world could work with Tri Quang?" And with that he threw his hands in the air in a gesture of utter hopelessness.

None of this would matter so much if the war were not so very much a political war. When Ho Chi Minh formed the first platoon of the Liberation Army in December, 1944, he named it the Vietnam Propaganda and Liberation Unit. It had a fighting role, but its primary task was to proselytize. The essential difference between the late "Che" Guevara, who believed that he could organize a successful war of national liberation in any country in the Latin Americas with twenty-five to thirty guerrillas, and Ho Chi Minh was Ho's insistence on putting politics first and guerrilla warfare second. Because the Viet Cong have always thought in terms of people and the Saigon government mostly in terms of terrain, progress in the "struggle for the hearts and minds of the people" has been slow and sometimes one-sided.

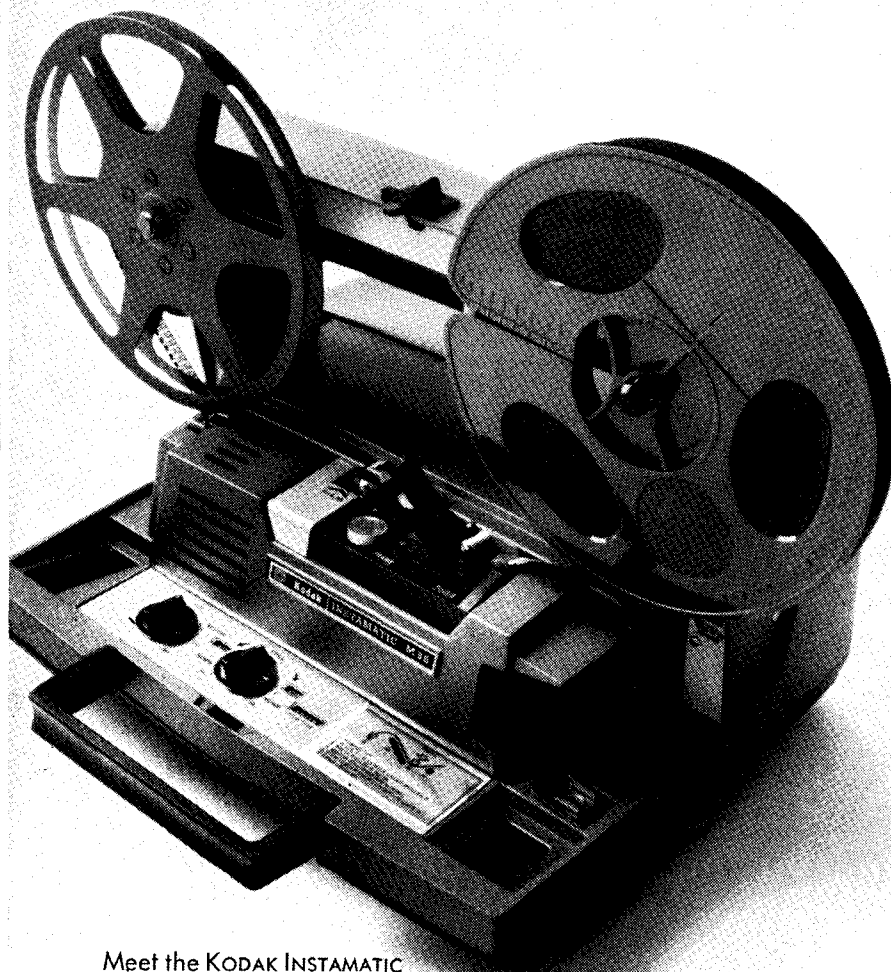
The pressures of war have recently cost the NLF friends in the countryside. Time no longer permits the luxury of having the youth volunteer to serve in the Viet Cong. Taxes have grown increasingly heavy, and the quality of Front cadres has deteriorated. To assume, however, that the Front is primarily a terrorist organization and that those who work for it do so out of fear, or because of coercion, is to misunderstand the nature of the war.

Front force

It is obviously impossible to attempt to estimate the size of the Front's popular following and the votes its candidates might expect if at the peace table Washington and Saigon are ever challenged to a free and democratic vote between the Front and its opponents. Nevertheless, a rough sampling in the wake of the September 3 poll among Vietnamese qualified to make an educated guess produced some surprising responses. Among the Vietnamese bureaucrats, former cabinet ministers, teachers, students, and businessmen, the minimum figure anyone ventured about the Front's popular following was 25 percent. Several thought it might be about 35 percent, which is the proportion of the popular vote which went to Thieu on September 3. Others put the figure even higher.

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All of these estimates may be grossly inflated, but it is at least reasonable to assume that the Front's following would be larger than that of the Catholics, who, though numbering only about 10 percent of the population, won 27 out of the 60 seats in the Senate, and despite many withdrawals to avoid a repetition of this landslide, picked up 35 seats out of 137 in the House of Representatives.

For the immediate future, there is little prospect that the issue will be put to the test. In anticipation, no doubt, of an erosion in the U.S. position before and after the presidential campaign, both Hanoi and the Front are taking an uncompromising stand on negotiations.

But looking forward to the day when some negotiated settlement must be found, there is some reason for optimism. It is not too much to expect that the Senate and the Representatives will prove useful sounding boards for the people's aspirations and grievances and that out of this there will develop greater political maturity and responsibility. There are times, however, when the spectacle of an incandescent Buddhist nun seeking nirvana in a blaze of gasoline on a street corner seems, in its own macabre way, a fitting symbol for the state of Vietnamese politics.

Northeast Brazil

There was a time when Northeast Brazil enjoyed a reputation of being on the verge of violent revolution. Peasant Leagues were preparing the rural masses for Armageddon, with the Communists at work in the urban unions and a leftist governor moving toward national power. People talked of a "second Cuba," and an alarmed President John F. Kennedy sent out a large mission under the Agency for International Development (AID).

When the Brazilian military met no resistance in the region during the 1964 coup, the exaggeration of prior assessments became apparent. Foreign observers had overlooked a long tradition of periodic outbursts of rebellion in the backlands of the Northeast in their eagerness to blame an international conspiracy for the unrest. Disordered agitation had been passing for the vanguard of a sinister plot to seize power.

Today, Northeast Brazil continues to suffer from hyperbole. Now the claim is that a "new Northeast" has emerged from the pre-1964 disorder, signaling the beginning of the end of the misery which has made this huge land mass the most extensive underdeveloped area in the Western Hemisphere.

Test tube

The use of repressive tactics by the Brazilian Army has stabilized the region for more than three years. Both federal and state governments have embarked upon a plan of development viewed with approval in Washington. Their strategy includes a program of attracting new industries from the more developed south of Brazil, the stimulation of public investment in the region's infrastructure (transportation, health, education, hydroelectric projects, and so on), and an increase in agricultural production, especially in the sugar-growing zone. The AID mission has been applying funds and technical assistance under the Alliance for Progress. U.S. presence has reached such proportions that Northeast Brazil has become a sort of test tube for development, American-style.

The accompanying ballyhoo has been remarkable. For example, one reads and hears that the Northeast has been growing at a rate of 7 percent a year. The figure is a fabrication. A series of articles published by a Brazilian magazine and purporting to be an on-scene report from the "new Northeast" was in fact paraphrased from promotional literature. Things reached a crescendo in August when President Costa e Silva and his Cabinet spent a week in the Northeast issuing proclamations affirming the wondrous development about to take place.

The din of publicity celebrating the "new Northeast" is woefully premature. Massive poverty and backwardness still dominate the region. The oligopolistic structure of the economy continues to thrive, while little material progress has filtered down to the masses. No measures have been taken to alleviate the problem of overpopulation — one of every nine Latin Americans lives here — owing to an unholy alliance of Catholic and Marxist objections to birth control. The cities keep swelling, and in the humid belt along the coast, an ailing sugar industry depresses even further the economy of

the region. The only missing element is one of the periodic droughts which plague the semi-arid interior.

At the same time, U.S. efforts have produced a surprisingly widespread anti-Americanism, especially on the Catholic left. Those unhappy with the current situation identify U.S. policy with the maintenance of the status quo. Moreover, Brazilian nationalism runs counter to the dominant role which the United States is playing in the region.

Taxes as a means

The push toward industrialization derives its impetus from an imaginative tax device borrowed from the Italians, who used it to draw industry from northern to southern Italy. A company doing business in Brazil may invest or reinvest in the Northeast up to 50 percent of its annual federal income tax instead of paying it to the government. The particular investment requires approval by SUDENE, the Brazilian federal agency charged with coordinating the development of the Northeast. Investors may also obtain credit on liberal terms from the Bank of Northeast Brazil and from some state developmental agencies. An aggressive promotional program has publicized these investment opportunities.

New industries attracted by this tax law will ultimately provide more than 80,000 new jobs. SUDENE claims that every job directly created will in turn stimulate four more jobs. Of the total amount of new investment planned, 25 percent is already in production.

There are several difficulties with this emphasis upon industrialization. First of all, it is still on a scale far too small to make a meaningful dent. Recife, the largest city in the Northeast, and its environs contain a population of 1.2 million people, of whom at least 60 percent live in varying degrees of poverty. About 50 percent of the available work force in the area is unemployed or underemployed. The entire region must support 26 million people. Yet despite the continuing magnitude of the problem, murmurs of discontent have been heard from industrialists in Rio and São Paulo, who would rather invest elsewhere. At the same time, other underdeveloped and undeveloped regions of Brazil are pressing for similar tax incentives, and American firms doing business in Brazil have found that their liability



for U.S. income taxes may be less if they pay their full taxes to Brazil.

In addition, the new industries in the Northeast are naturally utilizing modern machinery, which demands fewer, more highly skilled workers. The existing manpower pool in the region is for the most part untrained and illiterate, although efforts are being directed toward adult vocational education.

The new industries have neither broken the grip of the few family groups who control the economy of the region nor stimulated any improvements of conditions within existing industries. Eight or nine close-knit groups still run almost everything within the key state of Pernambuco and Recife, its capital. Political leaders who are tolerated by the military maintain their traditional ties with these families. Thus, capital now entering the Northeast finds it expedient to work within the structure, and not compete with this concentration of economic power.

At the same time, workers in the textile mills and other older industries often must accept less than the legal minimum wage, \$30 a month in Recife and lower elsewhere. Though living costs have been on the increase, the federal government has kept these levels depressed as one of its arsenal of anti-inflationary measures. Because of the manpower surplus in the region, workers find it unwise to strike. Trade unions exist, but under the domination of management or under the leadership of men apprehensive of what the army

does to anyone it labels an "agitator." Labor conditions have, however, stimulated one of Recife's biggest businesses. Girls migrating from the interior in search of work often find themselves forced to join the ranks of the city's 8000 full-time and 30,000 part-time prostitutes.

Sugar politics

Industrialization has also left unchanged the Northeast's most pressing problem, poverty in the countryside, where the majority of the population still lives. An ailing sugar industry employs some 450,000 peasants, while more than 2 million Northeasterners depend upon the industry for their daily existence. Growth and production of sugar are generally inefficient because of archaic machinery, outdated methods, and bad land use. Per acre yield is 15.2 tons, as compared with 27.2 tons in Puerto Rico. Without government price supports, sugar from the region would be unable to compete with that grown in the south.

A handful of mill owners control sugar production and own much of the land on which the cane is grown. Most of the remaining land is concentrated in the hands of plantation owners, who sell their cane to the mills. With few exceptions, the mill owners have managed to thrive on the perpetual crisis in the sugar zone. When the situation reaches a critical stage, they have been able to obtain emergency financing from the government. These funds they then invest in real estate in the cities or other, more profitable industries. Many of the plantation owners do not live on their land, and likewise see no need of improving methods of production.

The landowner enjoys a highly paternalistic relationship with his peasants. Social conditions in many areas seem more appropriate to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when the rural workers were slaves imported from Africa.

The first Peasant Leagues emerged on the sugar plantations in the late 1950s. Originally a sort of mutual benefit society, the movement adopted the rhetoric of revolution under the leadership of Francisco Julião. The Leagues attracted considerable attention when they led strikes, sponsored take-overs of plantations, and pressed for the enforcement of rights secured by laws never meant to be enforced. But when the Brazilian Congress gave legal recognition to

the rural labor movement, the Leagues became embroiled in a battle for control of the newly organized unions. Catholic priests, Communists, Trotskyists, and Maoists all joined the fray, which came to an emphatic halt with the military coup of April, 1964.

The army completely destroyed the Peasant Leagues and arrested those who had been agitating in the countryside. New leaders were installed in most of the rural unions, which kept functioning in an ineffective way. Two Catholic priests, under the watchful eye of the military, moved into virtual control of the movement. A feud between them greatly hampered the efforts of the unions in the period immediately following the coup.

The army gave assurances that it did not intend to turn back the clock, and that the legal rights of the peasants would remain secure. At the same time, it tended to view any attempt to vindicate these rights as "agitation." The rural unions have thus continued in a state of impotence. The leaders are democratically elected, draw handsome salaries, and do little. A land-reform law passed shortly after the coup has accomplished nothing, and authorities have ignored a law requiring that each peasant be given two hectares of land for his own use. Although there was one successful strike earlier this year, this form of protest is risky. The union leadership fears the army, and the peasants fear eviction by the landowners. The unions do provide legal assistance to any peasant who wants to make a claim before a labor court, but the scarcity of judges and backlog of cases force delayed decisions of almost a year.

Conditions today in the sugar zone are even worse than in the pre-1964 period. The failure of employers to pay the legal minimum wage (80 cents a day) has depressed the rural economy. In the old days, strikes and other forms of pressure forced the owners to comply with the law, and the peasants spent money in the towns. A nutrition study of a group of peasants in the southern part of Pernambuco revealed that they are now consuming fewer calories than in 1963. According to the report, these peasants used to consume 1990 calories daily. The figure is now 1299. What makes this astounding is that according to medical science a person doing absolutely nothing

Northeast Brazil

for twenty-four hours requires from 1440 to 1512 calories to maintain basic metabolism. Palmares, a municipality in southern Pernambuco, was the scene of a serious crisis this winter when one of the mill owners began to pay his workers in script redeemable at the company store. For a number of weeks the store was empty, and emergency food supplies had to be rushed to the area.

Reform of a sort

In a new approach to the sugar problem, the government has created a new agency called GERAN, which is supposed to force the mill owners to increase productivity and at the same time accomplish a genuine land reform. The idea behind GERAN is that the adoption of modern machinery and methods will enable the mill owners to produce as much sugar as they are now growing on half as much land. The surplus land would then be available for crop diversification and distribution to the peasants.

The plan is just getting into operation and will take at least five years to show results. Though it has stimulated the customary overenthusiasm which Brazilians shower upon new projects, many observers are skeptical. They say that the plan may be sound in theory, but will never be administered effectively. One of the existing agencies which is participating in GERAN has already dissipated time and resources by taking over several bankrupt sugar mills. Another fear is that the mill owners will use the plan to get rid of bad land at high prices, a common practice under many land-reform schemes in Latin America. Finally, the fate of the peasants who will become unemployed in the course of the modernization of the sugar industry is uncertain at best. Then, in August, an administrative shake-up further fouled the launching of GERAN.

The rural union in Cabo, just outside Recife, has already evidenced a lack of faith in GERAN by putting into practice its own version of an agrarian reform. One year ago, this union conducted the first successful sugar strike since the coup. More recently it forced a plantation owner to hand over his plantation to the workers as a settlement for the back wages he owed to them. The Cabo

union has enjoyed unusually effective leadership from its president, João Luis da Silva, a twenty-three-year-old peasant whose imaginative and scrupulously legal maneuvers have avoided the wrath of the army.

Any protests against conditions in the Northeast risk being considered a threat to the stability which the armed forces have imposed upon the region. The Fourth Army, with its headquarters in Recife, is the ultimate arbiter of all matters of importance. Military men hold key positions in government agencies.

The state government is in the hands of politicians who are either members or representatives of the family groups which control the economic wealth of the region. The family of the present governor of Pernambuco, for example, virtually owns the western part of the state. The urban slum dwellers and the peasants have no real representation within the political framework. This has left without recourse unfortunates like the 300 families the mayor of Recife recently moved from a riverbank near the center of town to a little valley behind the airport. They now find it almost impossible to commute to the city, where they could at least eke out subsistence living, and are now starving. But what seems more important to the city administration is that they are out of sight.

Those on the left who were actively agitating against social and economic conditions before the 1964 coup and who did not flee into exile have been traumatized into silence. The repression in the Northeast following the military take-over was particularly brutal. Countless arrests and not infrequent instances of torture have left an indelible impression. All political prisoners are supposed to be free, but some remain under indictment and may yet receive additional prison terms. This has dulled their enthusiasm for politics or for experiments in insurgency. Six bombs exploded in Recife between March and July of 1966, but under circumstances lending credence to the popular belief that they were set off by "hard-line" elements within the army.

The students have been the only group which has taken to the streets in protest. Since most of them are from the upper and middle classes and have no families to support, they have been willing to risk beatings and temporary imprisonment. Thus

far, the state police and the army have had little difficulty in dispersing demonstrations. Random arrests and the widespread use of informers have kept the students off balance.

The "Brazilian Kerensky"

This leaves Dom Hélder Câmara, Archbishop of Recife, as the only voice of protest not yet silenced or intimidated by the military. A leading spokesman for the Catholic left, the diminutive Dom Hélder has aroused the ire of conservatives in the Northeast with his insistent pleas for reform. Sociologist Gilberto Freyre once called him the "Brazilian Kerensky," and more recently made the curious charge that the archbishop is really a Communist.

Dom Hélder and his followers argue that growth without social or economic justice is not development. They hold that radical change in the region's power structure is the only cure for the imbalances in the distribution of wealth. In their view the approach being taken to development in the Northeast, with its predominant emphasis upon private enterprise, is repeating the mistakes of the past, and thrives upon the weakness of the urban and rural labor movements. But up to now Dom Hélder and the Catholic left have confined their protests to speeches and manifestos. No organized force exists to translate these sentiments into effective action.

The frustration felt by opponents of the present military regime has produced a considerable amount of anti-Americanism in the Northeast. Brazilians regard the United States as a major prop behind the government, and feel that any attempted change disapproved in Washington risks direct American intervention. There is a tendency, especially on the Catholic left, to scorn American aid programs such as the adult literacy

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Michael Janeway is an ATLANTIC editor. Joseph Page, an associate professor of law at the University of Denver, travels annually in Brazil and has written extensively about it. In future issues, as in this one, some reports will be unsigned at the request of their authors. The ATLANTIC, of course, assumes responsibility for them.

crusade and the work of the American Institute for Free Labor Development among the sugar workers as efforts to tranquilize the masses into accepting the status quo.

Anti-Americanism often appears quite irrational. For example, the discovery that several American missionaries in the Amazon region were sponsoring the use of intra-uterine birth-control devices among Indian women provoked a vitriolic press campaign accusing the United States of promoting the sterilization of Brazilian women. Brazilians criticize members of the AID mission in Recife for their inability to speak Portuguese, and in almost the same breath suspect that Peace Corps Volunteers fluent in the language are engaged in espionage or other such mischief.

On the other hand, there are comprehensible sources of this hostility to the United States. In part, it is probably an indirect expression of unhappiness with the military, which tends to suppress any effective criticism of governmental policies in the Northeast. It also finds roots in a sense of nationalism offended by an overwhelming U.S. presence in the region. The AID mission has grown into a formidable bureaucracy. The number of Peace Corps Volunteers and missionaries continues to increase. Americans have devised key programs such as the latest literacy crusade and the GERAN plan, and are now pressing for a complete overhaul of the Brazilian educational system. Brazilian reaction to all this has reached an ugly stage in Paraiba, just to the north of Pernambuco. There students have angrily confronted Peace Corps Volunteers, chased Mormon missionaries, and sacked an office of the literacy crusade. More recently, anti-American agitation has erupted at the University of Ceará, where a number of American professors are teaching under AID contracts.

There are no easy answers to the developmental dilemmas of Northeast Brazil. But staggering problems would seem to require an all-out attack on every front. The present "trickle-down" approach, though showing little but publicity over the short run, purports to be a gradual, evolutionary solution. The few who have profited from it so far appear oblivious to its human cost. How long those bearing the cost can be forced to wait is another question.

— Joseph A. Page



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letters

The Data Center bugaboo

SIR: Arthur R. Miller's dramatization on "The National Data Center and Personal Privacy" (November *Atlantic*) reads more like George Orwell's 1984 than a serious attempt to assess the legal threats posed by a National Data Center.

Professor Miller's article misses the point of why a National Data Center is being proposed. The purpose is not to assemble dossiers on individuals to be used to provide intelligence for the government about those individuals, but to provide statistical information about groups of persons.

For example, the proposed National Data Center would not be permitted to divulge that citizen John Doakes has been arrested. The center would be able to tell us that one half of all the long-term unemployed had been arrested at some time in their life, while only 5 percent of the employed population had been arrested at some time in their life. From this we might be able to infer that an arrest record would harm the chances of someone like John Doakes getting a job. Knowing this, the government could launch a program to persuade employers to hire persons with arrests on their records, especially since arrests and convictions are not synonymous. Rather than serving as a threat to someone like John Doakes, the National Data Center would help him.

Professor Miller's failure to grasp the distinction between statistical and intelligence information systems pervades his article. If information about individuals is not to be released in dossier form, it is not necessary to send each individual a copy of the data relating to him. The test of whether data are to be retained in the center is a statistical test, namely whether the data are

good enough to provide answers to the questions asked of them.

The argument by Professor Miller that a National Data Center is a "foot in the door" [to a] federal snooping system" is wholly unsupported. Nonregulatory government agencies such as the Census Bureau have been collecting data about individuals and families for years, yet not one example has been cited by Professor Miller of use of the data for intelligence purposes. Federal statutes assuring the confidentiality of federal data collected about individuals have been conscientiously obeyed by government employees entrusted with their execution, and there is no reason why they cannot be adapted to a National Data Center.

MALCOLM S. COHEN
Riverdale, Md.

SIR: Except for one point, Arthur R. Miller's article, "The National Data Center and Personal Privacy," is among the best so far on this very serious subject. I would, however, take exception to his suggestion that the Census Bureau be allowed any hand whatever in the management of what may well become a Frankenstein's monster — or a Bob and Ray monster.

It will become clear to anyone who takes the opportunity, as I have, to examine Census Bureau plans for the nineteenth decennial census in 1970 and the bureau's successful campaign on behalf of the recently passed House bill creating a mid-decade census that the Census Bureau is very much an interested party in the proposal to create a National Data Center.

The public, generally, is unaware that Census Bureau files contain the single largest block of information — much of it highly personal — anywhere in government on literally millions of Americans, information we are required, under penalty of law, to give during decennial censuses. Under certain circumstances, this information is for sale to anyone with an eye for bargain-basement, tax-subsidized statistical information.

Allowing the Census Bureau any control whatever in the proposed National Data Center is very much like saying to the cat, "Now, pussycat, you guard that mouse."

SUSAN A. MEYER
Parsippany, N. J.

SIR: A National Data Center threatens personal privacy and requires congressional restraints, as Arthur R. Miller effectively described in the November *Atlantic*. You have done a public service by focusing on this important question.

Professor Miller recently commented on legislation I have proposed to limit mandatory census questions, some of which invade the privacy of our citizens and have no public purpose. He stated: "Many questions must be asked and investigated before the Congress blithely acquiesces in the administrative convenience and necessity arguments of the Census Bureau. Of course it is *easier* and *cheaper* to let the Census Bureau proceed according to its proposed plan. But in our country *ease* and *cheapness* have never been an adequate justification for circumventing or compromising American liberties and freedoms."

JACKSON E. BETTS
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

SIR: A recent survey by the New England Council of Education required all New England public school personnel to fill out detailed data as to age, color, salary, degrees, class load (calculated to the minute), marital status . . . *ad infinitum*.

As a public school teacher, I at first refused to fill out the form as I felt it was an invasion of my privacy and tantamount to converting us to numbers for bureaucratic uses.

Upon checking with a local professor of educational law, I understand that I am obliged to supply the data unless I intend to make a court test case of the matter. From a legal standpoint I wonder if Professor Miller would agree with this opinion?

LOUISE V. SCHOFIELD
Braintree, Mass.

More on Kozol

SIR: Jonathan Kozol ("Death at an Early Age," September *Atlantic*) did not exaggerate as much as some may have thought. It is true of course that a child does not die from rattaning, whatever may happen to his spirit or his pride. But teachers *are* permitted to kill pupils. Three states expressly permit this: Kansas, Colorado, and as you might guess, Texas. May I quote (Texas, Vernon's Annotated Penal Code, 1957, Article 1229):

If a pupil dies while a teacher is administering lawful corporal punishment and the teacher is free of any criminal intent, the death of the child is an *excusable homicide* and the teacher will be exonerated.

Various judges have ruled some weapons improper for such purposes: whips, rubber hoses, cat-o'-nine-tails, a rawhide whip, strapping while principal's knee is pressed into pupil's abdomen, three-foot stick on a girl's back, a poor health, two whips on one pupil, and an eighteen-inch sash cord. But ping-pong paddles, a mesquite switch, or a flat stick two feet long, one half inch thick have been ruled suitable.

And the crimes? These have been ruled as deserving of corporal punishment: Making faces through a window, crawling under a desk, unfinished homework, inattention, reciting a riddle, absence without permission, singing, making noises in class, or humiliating a teacher. But the law can be kind too. It is not permitted to beat children for whistling while the bell is ringing, correcting the teacher's misspelling, refusing to inform on another student, or refusing to carry buckets of water if one is in poor health and the parents have forbidden it.

If civil rights, some civilized day, could be extended to children, the Supreme Court will have to rule that the battering of defenseless children constitutes cruel and unusual punishment and is unconstitutional.

ADAH MAURER
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: I have just read, with mounting anger, Jonathan Kozol's article about his experiences in a Boston Negro ghetto school ("Where Ghetto Schools Fail," *October Atlantic*).

I have taught Mexican-American migrant children in California for 40 years. My problems have been parallel to those of Mr. Kozol. It is completely unrealistic to expect a child from a totally different culture to fit into a classroom designed for White-Anglo-Saxon-Protestant children.

I found it virtually impossible to teach Dick, Jane, Mother, Father, Spot, and Puff to children whose mothers and sisters were named Francisco, Jorge, Maria, and Esmeranza, whose fathers did not work regularly, and whose mothers had no time to play with them be-

cause they were doing stoop labor in the fields.

I do *not* consider Mexican children "culturally deprived." They have a rich and varied culture. We impose a sense of "deprivation" upon them when we refuse to recognize the value of their own culture and to discuss it with them in our classrooms.

Our world is changing. As a teacher I believe I have an obligation to educate children to adapt to change. A person can be adaptable only when he is secure within himself. A Mexican child, a Negro child, an Indian child must be allowed to know the value of himself, and of his own culture. It should be a source of strength and pride to him. And it can be.

CHARLOTTE SUTTON HILSENRAD
Reedley, Calif.

SIR: It is inconceivable to me that any intelligent person could read Jonathan Kozol's article without feeling simultaneously shocked, ashamed, and angry.

To think that there is any school system in America that forbids teachers to present literature to their

students without permission of a supposed superior is terrifying.

It is time for concerned Americans of every color to rouse themselves and realize that we are all losing our rights when we allow our schools to be dominated by such people as the Bostonian bigots.

PATRICIA V. McNULTY
Cincinnati, Ohio

Interstate 87

SIR: I must protest the article "Interstate 87" by Norman Ritter appearing in the September *Atlantic*. I do not criticize Mr. Ritter; he is an employee of a conservation organization and naturally must make the best case possible for his side. But the *Atlantic* should stand for all the facts.

1. The first route for Interstate 87 lay close to the Harlem Railroad and was approximately Mr. Sells's route. It was favored by local authorities as it would draw through traffic from the streets of several villages and the greatly overburdened Route 117. However, protests from property owners caused the change. Many houses, both large and small, would have been

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taken. On the present route there are few houses and most of the land is farmland gone to waste. Likewise it would have ruined the Marsh Nature Sanctuary in which the Bedford Garden Club is interested. I notice you do not show the Marsh Sanctuary on the map on page 106.

2. I see also on the same map a cross-hatched rectangle off Route 172 that is not marked. The implication is that it is another sanctuary like the other shaded parts. It is the campus of the Fox Lane School—an enormous regional school. The author does not state that this lies among the “prerevolutionary homes and rolling estates.”

3. I would be interested to know what prerevolutionary homes are in the area. I was born there and lived there—right in the center between the two routes—for over thirty years and still have friends in the area. I have heard of only one such old house and know of none properly documented.

4. Since the beginning of construction this summer, three houses very close to the new interstate have been sold at record prices far above the market. Apparently some people appreciate the road and do not regard it as a blemish.

CAROLINE DARLINGTON
Bennington, Vt.

Mr. Ritter replies:

Miss Darlington is confused. The “first route for Interstate 87” proposed by the State Department of Public Works was not the Sells or Westerly Route but, as I reported, the Chestnut Ridge Route. The Westerly Route later won county and state approval. Protests naturally came from property owners along both routes.

I did not delete the Marsh Sanctuary from the map (the original I sent to the *Atlantic* from the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation shows it). I alluded to the refuge when I pointed out that the bureau, in recommending the Chestnut Ridge Route, had considered the potential damage to sanctuaries each route would cause and decided the Westerly Route was less harmful.

I am amused by Miss Darlington’s remark that my employer, the General Learning Corporation, is “a conservation organization.” Actually, it is an educational firm with no present involvement in conservation programs. My Inter-

state 87 article was an after-hours pursuit.

Advice and consent

SIR: Faye Levine’s impressionistic reports from India (“The End of the Maharajas,” April *Atlantic*, and “India’s Holy Men,” October *Atlantic*) show stylistic facility, and a consistent lack of meaningful insight.

More serious than her terminology (e.g., likening the prayer leader to “a camp counselor”) is her cynicism toward India’s practical and philosophic cultivation of nonattachment. Her amazement that worship can include “traveling, festivals, music and dance, bhang, and village women” belies, if not an ignorance, at least a lack of understanding of India’s religious customs.

I think Miss Levine is jealous of Westerners (with “their own refined self-indulgence”) who have the courage to become holy wanderers and who can meet the (“hedonistic”) holy men as fellow bhikkus. Miss Levine has a quick mind, but she shall continue to stand outside.

R. A. PERRY
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: There is much that is commendable observation in the report “Middle East: After the Arab Defeat” (October *Atlantic*). There are also a few tried and unproven clichés.

That Israel in 1966 had a net loss of immigration is, far from being “something . . . gone wrong,” the first thing which has gone right in that geographical region in half a century. In order to have things go even better in the interests of the welfare of all the people involved and in the interests of peace in the region, there are two steps necessary.

First, Israel must behave as the “only truly democratic state in the Middle East” by permitting its citizens the right of unrestricted emigration, a right at present seldom fully exercised outside the Western democracies. Second, there needs to be an international concern for the welfare of Israel’s citizens as individuals, not as mere building blocks in a state of a certain composition, as pawns in Zionist statism. More than half of all Israelis are Western in origin and in culture; many of these would find more happiness and certainly greater security living in the great Western democracies. As individuals leaving East Germany

have “voted with their feet,” so Israelis must be given the right expressing their preferences through unrestricted emigration and minor aid in finding new and freer lives in the countries of their choice.

RAY L. CLEVELAND
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada

SIR: I read with great interest your report on the Middle East after Arab defeat.

I, like your reporter, feel distressed that “the neutrality proclaimed by successive Administrations” in the United States I turned out to be a policy somewhat less than neutral. For those of us who have lived in the Arab world and who have come to appreciate the problems the Arabs are facing and who are aware of the need for the Arabs for American support in coping with these many problems the bias of our government is particularly disheartening.

PHYLLIS SALAMON
Beirut, Lebanon

SIR: One of the things which Ralph Maloney (“What I Need Don’t Come in Suitcases,” October *Atlantic*) needs that “don’t come in suitcase” is a bit more care in citing Ernest Hemingway, himself a very careful writer. Maloney tells us that “‘Big Two-Hearted River,’ Hemingway fishes upstream until he reaches the headwater marsh and the cattails standing tall in the ooze.” The fact is that Nick is fishing, he works downstream, the marsh is not a headwater marsh but a cedar swamp. No mention is made of cattails or of ooze. How mixed up can you be?

JOSHUA McCLENNEN
Chatham, Mass.

SIR: I am perplexed by John Barth’s story “Lost in the Funhouse” (November *Atlantic*). Should not Mr. Barth have written, or you have published, this piece before he dropped his thread in the brain of Jorge Luis Borges (“The Literature of Exhaustion,” August *Atlantic*)? Otherwise, published essay, story seem too pat an application of one to the other. Barth writes, “Borges, when someone once vexedly accused him of inventing. . . .” Clearly, he (John Barth) is an invention of Borges himself.

JOHN GOLDTHWAIT
New York City

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CAGE FOR THE INNOCENTS

BY ORVILLE SCHELL

The war forces the South Vietnamese out of their villages. Are they refugees? Or prisoners? The Americans are not more certain than the Vietnamese whose Kafkaesque fate they administer. Mr. Schell, twenty-seven, recently returned from his fourth trip to Vietnam since 1962. A research fellow at Berkeley's Center for Chinese Studies, he is with Professor Franz Schurmann the co-editor of a three-volume work, THE CHINA READER.

SCORES of GI's in combat fatigues who had been sprawled out on the benches in the Danang Air Base passenger shed started getting up and moving outside. Once outside they gathered in small knots on the rain-soaked aprons, watching. Some half-heartedly fumbled with cameras. Overhead, jets screamed off the runways into the fluffy early-morning clouds to their targets. A large army truck had just pulled up a short distance from the shed and disgorged about sixty barefoot Vietnamese dressed in ragged shorts and faded dirty shirts. Each had a gray sandbag pulled down over his head. They clung to each other in a disjointed human chain as they were herded by shotgun-toting GI's into an awaiting C-130 transport plane. Moving over closer to this faceless procession, I noticed that several captives had long hair flowing out from under their gray sacks. At the end of the groping line two people were limping and were being helped along by anonymous friends. A Japanese correspondent tried to take a picture and was waved off. He was told that it was against regulations. No one was quite sure what regulation it was against, so he took it anyway.

I walked over to the officer in charge and asked who these people were and where they were being taken.

"These here are hard-core V.C.," he drawled. "You can tell just by lookin' at 'em."

An assistant corrected him and said that he thought that they were CD's (Civil Defendants). I asked what that meant.

"We don't deal in the meanings of all these names," he said, "but we know they're Charlie — maybe saboteurs, collaborators, and like that."

Meanwhile the Vietnamese were slowly being loaded through the rear door of the tadpole-shaped C-130. Since they could not see, they were moving very cautiously, feeling their way slowly up on the hanging tail gate. A GI who was jabbing them along with the barrel of his shotgun said playfully, "If one of these slopes takes off his bag, I'll blow his fuckin' head off."

The officer in charge, who was not accompanying the flight, handed over the manifest of passengers to the pilot. "Well, Chief," he said, "here are the Mexicans. They're all yours."

Inside the aircraft the "sacked" Vietnamese sat utterly silent on the cabin floor. Four GI guards sat on the fold-down seats on both sides of the aircraft. In the dim light of the interior the Vietnamese looked like some sort of strange hooded religious order. Except for one or two pathetic parcels wrapped in brown paper, these people carried no personal possessions. As the engines started, they shrank back against one another in terror. Sensing their fear, one of the GI's poked the Vietnamese nearest to him in the foot with his rifle

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barrel. The man lunged back away from his unseen tormentor. Another guard commenced breaking his shotgun and cocking his pistol. The noise sent a wave of cringing down the line of huddling figures.

Finally the plane was cleared and started down the runway on its takeoff. As it got airborne the hydraulic system to retract the landing gear went on making a high-pitched scream. The Vietnamese clutched each other in fear.

One of the guards hooted above the noise of the engines, "Hang on, sweethearts!" Then he leaned over to me and said, "Hope none of 'em barfs."

I asked if they would be allowed to remove their sacks if they became sick.

"Hell, no!" he replied. "They're so dirty they don't give a shit, and neither do we because we're getting rid of 'em."

As we gained altitude, the Vietnamese began shaking their heads and hitting their ears. They apparently did not understand how to pop their ears. Several became quite frantic. One of the guards looked toward them and then at me in feigned amazement that anyone could be so stupid.

In a half hour we landed at Chulai Air Base in Quangtin Province. The Vietnamese were herded off the plane and led into a small barbed-wire enclosure, about twenty-five feet by twenty-five feet, out under the blazing hot sun. Here they squatted on the sandy ground and waited. Within a half hour a large pickup truck arrived. The Vietnamese were then divided into two groups and thirty were jammed into the back of the truck. The fact that the vehicle was really too small to transport the whole group in two trips seemed to disturb no one. None of the captors spoke Vietnamese, and obviously none of the captives spoke English. When a guard's command was not immediately understood and obeyed, he would start swearing and shoving the Vietnamese as though they were some dumb stubborn animals refusing to leave the barn.

After some hesitation the driver agreed to let me accompany him to camp, and we set off across the Chulai Air Base, headquarters for Task Force Oregon. The giant runways stretched endlessly away, finally disappearing into mirages in the heat. Sandbag bunkers, gun emplacements, barracks, and hundreds of miles of barbed-wire fence were all that broke the monotony of the dry, sandy dunes upon which the base is built.

The truck finally pulled up in front of a large sign emblazoned with two crossed pirate pistols which read CHULAI POWC (Prisoner of War Camp). As the Vietnamese were being unloaded, I was ushered into the camp headquarters and introduced to the temporary commanding officer, a morose-looking sergeant from Cincinnati who

had eyes like Robert Mitchum's. I explained that I was a journalist and that I had accompanied the newly arrived Vietnamese from Danang. I said that I was interested in finding out just who these people were, what they had done, and where they were being taken. The sergeant said that until he had had a chance to look at their papers he could not be certain. Five minutes later he returned and announced that the Vietnamese who had just flown down from Danang were what is known as IC's (Innocent Civilians). He said that this meant that they had been interrogated and found to be innocent of aiding or cooperating with the enemy. He proudly informed me, "These people will be returned to their villages just as soon as we get a chance to ship them out. And if their villages have been destroyed or lie in V.C. areas, well, then we'll turn them over to the Vietnamese refugee authorities and let them take care of them."

THE Chulai camp lies on a sand dune bluff overlooking the blue ocean and a beautiful beach, where GI's can be seen riding on air mattresses in the surf and cooking barbecues. All day, low-flying jets, transports, gun ships (helicopters), and small Cessna spotters circle noisily overhead. The prisoners' compound itself consists of four barbed-wire enclosures known as "cages." In each cage the prisoners have built a small thatched roof structure faced on three sides by rattan matting to protect themselves from the sun and rain. Besides the prisoners, a latrine, and the sandy ground, there is nothing else inside the cages. At night the prisoners are given army cots on which to sleep. In the daytime these are stacked neatly outside the cages near the cooking area, into which the prisoners are brought three times a day in two shifts to cook their own meals over an open fire. The army provides dried meat, onion soup, tomato juice, and Texas long grain rice. The reasoning behind this bizarre bill of fare is unclear. The fact that it was not Vietnamese left the sergeant undisturbed.

"Since these people like American chow," he said, "there is no sweat. We treat these people like human beings, not animals."

The camp medic hastened to add, "You know, some of these folks really cry when they have to leave here. [This was said to me on numerous occasions during the next two days.] We give them four squares a day and all the pills they can eat. And we try and show them the American way of life so that when they go back to their villages . . ."

He trailed off, not knowing exactly how to finish his sentence. Outside the office the new arrivals were squatting in the sand up against a barbed-wire fence. They had removed their sandbag hoods.

There were six women and several extremely young looking males. They sat listlessly looking up at the bare-chested Americans towering over them. No one talked. Their faces showed no trace of any kind of feeling.

Inside, the briefing continued: There were 141 people imprisoned at the camp. Chulai POWC is the collection point for Vietnamese "detained" in the area of operations of Task Force Oregon. In some areas and on some military operations only people with weapons are picked up and brought in. In other areas where there are known or suspected hostile forces, everyone is picked up and brought in. This includes the aged, women, and children. There are no systematic rules for determining who will be a "detainee." The decision is left up to the field commander's judgment. I asked several people to explain the difference between a "refugee" and a "detainee." Most of those asked assumed that the words were somehow self-explanatory. But none of them could systematically articulate the difference.

Like so many other terms in the Vietnam War lexicon, these words are adopted out of administrative necessity, although they may have very little relation to reality. In Vietnam the situation is very different from any previous war situation in which there have been "detainees" and "refugees": every Vietnamese in the field is potentially hostile. Yet the army needs categories to handle and process these people efficiently even if the categories do not accurately describe the people involved. Every Vietnamese encountered by U.S. forces must fit into one of the previously determined categories. The words "refugee" and "detainee" are really words without meaning. They bring with them old meanings which are irrelevant as designation for the people they are describing. For instance, both "detainees" and "refugees" are "generated" by U.S. and ARVN forces as they move through the countryside on operations destroying villages. These people are not fleeing Communism. They are forced to leave by an invading army. Their designation usually depends on a hasty battlefield decision. It is this decision which makes a person a "refugee" or "detainee." Often a suspect is questioned briefly in the field by a team of ARVN interrogators. But under combat conditions this intelligence-gathering can become extremely indiscriminate and brutal. The emphasis is on getting quick information which may save American lives as the operation moves on. Torture and intimidation are common. After this field interrogation, any villager who is still suspect is bound, blindfolded, and taken back to Chulai to be questioned at greater length and then finally classified. Until this time he is treated just like a prisoner, since there is no way to ascertain whether a "detainee"

is hostile or friendly. He is guilty until proven innocent; then if found innocent he suddenly becomes a "refugee." As one colonel in J2 (intelligence) at the Saigon Pentagon put it, "Our job concerns us with the intelligence we can get so that we can take a hill or save a life — this is our interest. But we do respect the dignity of others and treat them in a humane Christian manner. But you mustn't forget that there is a war going on out here."

At Chulai, 52 out of the 127 prisoners (not including the 59 new arrivals) were designated as IC's. Throughout all of Vietnam 65 percent of all detainees finally prove to be IC's. In other words, two out of three suspects brought in from the field are innocent. There are only two other possible designations besides IC; PW (Prisoner of War) and CD (Civil Defendant). North Vietnamese regulars, Viet Cong, or any other person who has committed an act against a "friendly force" is designated as a PW. But an average of only 7 percent of all detainees prove to be PW's. These prisoners are turned over to Vietnamese Army-run PW camps, of which there are now six with a capacity of over 10,000. One camp which is under construction on Phuquoc Island on the Cambodian border will have a capacity of 20,000 when finished. These camps are technically built according to Geneva Convention specifications, and the inmates are theoretically under the jurisdiction of the Treatment of Prisoners of War section of that convention. But because it is extremely difficult to gain access to these camps on anything more than a short formal tour, it is impossible to be certain of what conditions in them are really like.

The third possible designation for a detainee is CD. This is the vaguest and most poorly defined of the three categories. Officially, someone who is suspected of being a "spy, saboteur, or terrorist" comes under this category. But actually it is a convenient designation for anyone about whom the interrogation teams cannot make up their minds. These unfortunates fall into a limbo category. Since they have not committed a belligerent act against a friendly army they cannot be classified as PW's and therefore do not fall under the protection of the Geneva Convention. They are treated as criminal or political prisoners and thrown into local provincial jails, which are under the jurisdiction of the national police. Treatment is rough, and conditions are indescribably squalid. Such prisons are prime targets for raiding Viet Cong units. For instance, on August 29 the Viet Cong hit the capital city of Quangngai Province and sprang the local jail, freeing 1200 prisoners, many of whom were CD's. A national average of 28 percent of all detainees are finally designated as

CD. During the time I was at the Chulai camp 30 out of 141 fell into this category.

In a situation where every Vietnamese is potentially hostile, the United States, as the figures suggest, is forced to the desperate tactic of picking up vast numbers of questionable cases. A large number of civilians are simply shot in the field by scared trigger-happy GI's who have learned that it is risky business to trust any Vietnamese, especially any Vietnamese near or in a combat area. Of course, any dead Vietnamese is conveniently considered V.C., thereby raising the unit's enemy KIA (Killed in Action) body count, the summa of progress in Vietnam. As one enlisted man in Duc-pho District, Quangngai Province, said, "Anything dead that's not white is V.C."

For instance, on an operation a unit may take sniper fire from the direction of a village. This is sufficient justification for calling in an air strike and wiping out part or all of the village. (The casualness with which Americans put air strikes on "suspected enemy positions" is disturbing.) The Vietnamese have learned to build bunkers under their huts for just such an eventuality. But when the ground forces finally do move into what is left of the village, anyone who is caught hiding in a bunker is automatically treated with great suspicion. He or she is usually detained.

In the month of June 10,000 Vietnamese were detained. In July the figure rose to 15,000. Only 2.5 percent of the July detainees were finally designated as PW's. This is a very small return and a very large catch. In the last six months in I Corps, where combat had been most intense, this mass detention of tens of thousands of people and the attendant disruption of rural life have created a critical but largely ignored social problem. These people are taken forcibly from their farms (which are usually burned), separated from their families, and taken to collection centers like Chulai to await interrogation and designation. Frequently they are moved again because of overcrowded facilities. It often takes weeks before a detainee is finally declared innocent and released. Then he is usually released into one of the badly overcrowded refugee camps. A military police spokesman in Saigon from the Plans and Policy branch, when asked what effect he thought this mass detention was having on "winning the hearts and minds of the people," merely said, "Bringing in so many people is just a problem which is necessarily inherent in this type of war. But it has not yet been presented as a problem area."

For the detainee it is a "problem area." At Chulai, no one had told any of the prisoners or detainees with whom I talked why they had been picked up. I talked to several Innocent Civilians who had no idea why they were being held, and had not

even been told that in fact they had already been designated as IC's and were only waiting to be transported to refugee centers. The Americans seemed totally oblivious of this piteous information gap. It was blandly assumed that somehow these small unintelligible yellow-skinned people were different, that they could live anywhere, eat anything, and not be disturbed by common American emotions and concerns for one's family, oneself, and the future. None of the Americans I met spoke Vietnamese. They were totally dependent on the seven ARVN interpreters who had been assigned to them for communication with their captives. The only real communication took place during the interrogations. At this time the Americans asked all the questions, never the other way around.

BEHIND the "cages" at the Chulai camp, four small open interrogation huts have been constructed out of plywood. The head of Interrogation assigned one of them to me for interviewing some of the inmates. Then, accompanied by an interpreter and a Press Information Officer, we walked down to the cages to select some subjects.

Most of the prisoners were lying on the sand in the shade of the thatched roof shelter when we arrived. As we entered the cages they all stood up. One old man jumped to his feet and saluted in a pathetic attempt to please. He wore the black pajama-like garb which is the traditional peasant mode of dressing. Like all the other inmates, he had a large white cardboard tag fastened to his shirt which identified him not by name but by number. The prisoners stood uneasily as we walked between them checking their tags.

Two IC's were finally chosen and led out of the compound.

Nguyen Mê, the first of the group of prisoners whom I interviewed, is forty-six years old and comes from Phuongdong village in Quangtin Province. He has been told that he has been designated an Innocent Civilian, but he does not know what that means. He is a slight man, under five feet tall. He wore a dirty pair of black cotton shorts and a black cotton shirt, which was fastened in the front by the large safety pin which secured his white numbered identity card. His feet were bare, archless, and splayed out from years of working in the fields. His skin had been burned a dark brown by the sun. During the whole interview he sat very upright. He smiled only once, when the PIO major offered him a life-saver (which at first he did not know what to do with). The rest of the time he listened intently and spoke simply and directly. He betrayed no hostility or any sense of having been wronged. His whole tone was so matter-of-

fact that if it had not been for the brief moments when a mixture of pain and bewilderment would cross his face, one might have assumed that he was narrating the story of another person.

Q. How long has it been since you were detained?

A. I don't know. I can't exactly remember how many days. Each day is the same, so they are hard to count.

Q. How were you captured?

A. I was captured in the morning time when everyone was still in the village. We began to hear some shooting and then bombs started to fall [probably mortars]. So we all ran into the shelters under our houses.

Q. Did everyone in your village have a shelter?

A. Yes, every house has one. We dug them two years ago when the bombing and artillery fire first started coming. We really need our shelters.

Q. What happened after you went into your shelters?

A. We couldn't see much or hear much. It was difficult to tell what was happening outside. I was with my wife and children. After a while we heard someone yelling into our house with a voice that we did not understand saying something about Chieu Hoi [the official name for defectors from the Viet Cong]. They fired some shots. I was very scared, but I came out anyway. I thought that it must be the Americans because we had seen helicopters flying over our village earlier. When I came out they pointed guns at me and grabbed me. I was afraid because I could not understand them and didn't know what would happen to me. The Americans are very kind, but these Americans were very rough and hit me. They pushed me back into my house and gestured for me to call my family out of the shelter. I had no choice but to call them.

Q. What did they do after you were all out?

A. They ran off to get a Vietnamese soldier who asked us where the V.C. were and where the V.C. kept their rice. I told them that the V.C. came through our village every four days or so to get rice. But the soldiers were in a big hurry. They tied our hands and put sacks over our heads and led us away someplace. I couldn't see where we were going.

Q. Where was your family?

A. We got separated. We were led away someplace where there were lots of other people. I couldn't see and didn't dare call out to them. They never came to the camp. Now I don't know where they are.

Q. Was your rice already planted when you were picked up?

A. Yes, but now I don't know who will harvest it.

Q. What happened to everything that you owned, like your house, buffalo, et cetera?

A. I am not sure. We were not allowed to bring anything with us at all. Our hands were tied. How could we?

Q. Do you have an extra change of clothes with you?

A. No. I haven't been able to wash my clothes since I have been here.

Q. Did the soldiers destroy many houses?

A. They were burning many when they caught me. Do you know if they burned my house down? [Inmates constantly assumed that since I was American I must have some sort of authority and could help them.]

Q. How many houses had been destroyed before the day you were captured?

A. Six.

Q. How many houses were there in the village?

A. Twenty-seven.

Q. Why were the six houses destroyed?

A. They were near the mountain and the airplanes bombed them.

Q. Were many people killed?

A. Yes, quite a few because they didn't have time to get into their shelters.

Q. Where are they going to take you from here?

A. I don't know. Someone said to the Hoiduc refugee center. But I don't know if my family is there. I want to see them very badly. But that is up to the higher people.

NGUYEN LUC, who is seventy-seven years old, came from Phuctien village, in Tienphuc District, Quangtin Province. He had also been designated an Innocent Civilian and was waiting to be shipped out. He was probably the oldest inmate in the Chulai camp. Although his hair was not completely gray, he was hunched over from years of bending down working in the rice paddies. He walked extremely slowly and finally had to be helped up the steps of the interrogation hut. I reached down to give him a hand. His wiry body could not have weighed more than eighty pounds. A major from the Press Information Office thrust out a glad hand in welcome. But Nguyen did not know the significance of shaking hands. Instead he placed both hands together in front of him in a prayer-like motion, which is the traditional form of Vietnamese greeting. The major gave a nervous laugh and then tried to clasp him around the back like a public relations man squiring a big client into his office. But Luc had already begun to sit down. His eyes were riveted to the ground the whole time. He wore an oversize pair of sawed-off army fatigues, and sat quietly on a small wood stool. He seemed neither nervous nor scared, just weary. I had the feeling that even if I had wished

to, I could have done nothing which would have elicited any emotional response from him.

Q. How long have you been here?

A. Six days.

Q. How were you captured?

A. I was captured in the morning while out in the rice fields working. The Americans and the ARVN's came and ordered me to go with them.

Q. Did they allow you to return home and talk to your family or bring any possessions?

A. No, they were in a very big hurry. They pointed guns at me and I just went.

Q. Had your fields been planted?

A. Yes.

Q. What will happen to them now?

A. I don't know who will harvest the rice. I would like to go back because now there are very few people in the village. They all live underground. All our houses have been bombed and destroyed. The bombs have made big holes in our rice fields.

Q. When did the bombing start?

A. [He paused.] It started three years ago — but then not as much as now.

Q. Did the people fear the V.C. or the bombing more in your village?

A. We don't like the Viet Cong because they take our rice and sometimes make us work.

Q. But which do you fear the most?

A. We fear the bombing because we don't know when it will come and we can't see it. [At this point Luc began fidgeting with his pants. I asked why, but he did not respond.]

Q. Who are the Americans?

A. [Pause.] The Americans are like the French. The French were very cruel.

Q. Are the Americans cruel?

A. The French beat the people.

Q. Do the Americans beat the people?

A. [Luc glanced over at the agitated but silent PIO officer.] Sometimes the Americans give candy. [Again he started tugging at his baggy fatigue shorts, which I noticed were missing most of the buttons on the fly.]

Q. Why are you fidgeting? Are you hurt?

A. [A long pause during which time Luc stared at his feet.] I want some underwear. I am embarrassed because my pants will not fasten.

Q. Have you asked the Americans for some new clothes? You know that they give clothes to inmates, don't you?

A. Yes.

Q. Have you asked them? [The PIO major interrupted here to assure me that all prisoners received all the clothing and medical attention that they needed.]

A. Yes, once.

Q. What happened?

A. I asked the Americans, but they did not

understand me. They just laughed at me, and one struck me. He slapped me on my face. I was very scared. I didn't dare ask again.

Q. Why do you ask now? I have explained that I am not in the army.

A. The atmosphere is good. [The PIO major acted shocked and assured me that this "oversight" would be corrected. After the interview he hurried to the office to launch his protest.]

Q. Do you know why your village was bombed?

A. The people said that it was because of the Communists.

Q. What is a Communist? Who are they?

A. [Long pause.] They are . . . I don't know.

Q. Have you ever heard of Nguyen Cao Ky or Nguyen Van Thieu?

A. No, I do not know them.

Q. Have you ever heard of Ho Chi Minh?

A. Yes, he sent troops from the North. He is well known.

Q. Why were you detained?

A. I don't know why. They just brought me in.

Q. But has anyone explained to you the reason for detaining you?

A. No. They do not speak Vietnamese. We cannot understand one another.

Q. What did they tell you in the interrogation?

A. They asked me questions. They asked me if I was a Viet Cong and if I knew where the Viet Cong were hiding. They just asked me questions.

Q. Do you know that you have been designated an Innocent Civilian?

A. What is that? [The PIO major moved forward on his chair ready to give an explanation.]

Q. Where are you going when you leave here?

A. I don't know what they are going to do with us. Will I be able to go back to my village? I am very worried because no one is there to look after our ancestral tombs.

Q. Do you have a family?

A. Yes, a wife, two sons, and some grandchildren.

Q. Where are they now?

A. I don't know. I am very sad because I don't know what has happened to them. Maybe they are worrying about me also.

Q. Perhaps they are in refugee camps. Do you know anything about the resettlement program?

A. No.

Q. Have the Americans ever dropped leaflets on your village explaining the refugee program and warning you to leave your village because it will be bombed?

A. Yes, sometimes they drop leaflets. But I can't read. Many people can't read. Now there are no schools in the countryside. They are all destroyed.

Q. Do you know what is going to happen to you?

A. No, I don't know. I need someone to help me. I am very scared here all alone.

THE BATTLE OF THE PENTAGON

by Bruce Jackson

There were, inevitably, some infantile happenings during the Vietnam dissidents' Washington march last October, but few were more pronounced than the performance of most of the news media. Journalism's shortcomings enhance the value of this account by a thirty-one-year-old participant in the late unpleasantness on the Pentagon Mall. Mr. Jackson is a sociologist and teaches English and folklore at the State University of New York at Buffalo.



IN NONE of the accounts I've so far read of the October 21 and 22 peace demonstration in Washington do I discover any sense of what that weekend really *meant*. The older reporters, who were behind the soldiers' lines or on the Pentagon roof or inside the temporary war room, wrote about hippies and Maoists; the kids, on the other side of the line, wrote about the awful brutality of the U.S. marshals. Each wrote with enough half-truth to feel justified in excluding the other; neither moved beyond the immediate lure of invective and self-righteousness to ask what that awful weekend tells us about our American land in this darkening year.

I was there; I suppose I can't claim absolute objectivity either. To qualify my point of view, I'll first tell you something of what I did and saw that Saturday afternoon and evening and in the early hours of Sunday morning.

"I just love them flower girls," a man in his thirties said to me, staring at one pretty in a very short skirt, "but I wish there was more of them."

He was right: there weren't very many. Hippies were there, but so was everyone else. The crowd was an American pastiche: older people with graying hair and grim faces, quite at home among the more numerous youngsters of college age; some children, playing among the placards; people in the middle — like myself at thirty-one — not quite knowing whether to be juniors in the mature section or graybeards in the young. Many of the people were political, involved in political activity as part of a *modus vivendi*, but not most.

Photograph courtesy Washington FREE PRESS.

From atop the Lincoln Memorial policemen peered at the city and at us through field glasses; one had a camera with about a 300-millimeter telephoto lens. Down below, half the people seemed to carry cameras. It was like the start of a love-in, or perhaps midafternoon at a county fair. From time to time, early in the afternoon, the loud-speaker called for the lost, gave locations of groups, requested that people gather at their respective staging areas. There were signs, most of them direct and simple:

END THE WAR

SUPPORT OUR BOYS IN VIETNAM:
BRING THEM HOME

NO MORE NAPALM

HELL NO, WE WON'T GO.

Others were more imaginative or aggressive:

PULL OUT LIKE LBJ'S FATHER SHOULD
HAVE

PROVE YOU'RE A MAN: MAKE LOVE
NOT WAR (this one toted by a girl with whom that prospect was not unattractive).

There was a pleased roar from the crowd: veterans of the Lincoln Brigade arrived with a sign that read, "No More Guernicas."

At the reflecting pool between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial people were grouping below and around large lettered signs. The C contingent in the parade order was the veterans. I was undecided whether to march with them, with former students and friends gathering about a Harvard banner, or with current students and friends around a Buffalo sign. The veterans' contingent

should be as large as possible, I decided, so at first I went there. As I walked by, a man tried to sell me the veterans' organization's official cap. "I don't want a cap," I said. I thought the caps were silly.

"But you got to have a cap. Man, the mass media see us with all those caps, it'll get all kinds a coverage." I told him again that I did not want a cap. "But if you don't have a cap, it don't mean a thing. Your marching here just don't mean a thing. Might as well not be here. Two bucks, Mac, that's all." I gave two dollars to someone collecting for the Mobilization Committee and joined the students elsewhere.

Robert Lowell introduced me to Norman Mailer, whom I had never met before. He was smaller than I'd thought and quite dapper in a dark blue suit; he looked rather like a healthy pimp. Contrary to *Time* magazine's report, Mailer was neither drunk nor incoherent. He was one of the first people arrested at the Pentagon, and therefore had to miss the most interesting parts of the day's events, but it wasn't because he didn't know what he was doing; posturing was very difficult when you came right up to the soldiers and marshals: their clubs were large, and they were using them nastily.

I wandered around the pool, taking photographs. I have one photograph of two old men sitting on a park bench near the end of the reflecting pool; they are obviously regular residents and are quite amused at the parade. Near them: a woman pushes a baby carriage by a boy with a flower in his lapel; another youth in dark suit and tie carries a light raincoat; another carries a poster. In the next frame, taken about a minute later, one of the two old men is poking in a trash barrel, looking for food, while his friend continues to watch the crowd; on their left stands a man in a very dark suit, with very dark tie, very dark glasses, very white shirt, and very bald head; a cop, FeeBie, CIA, something like that.

A chant from somewhere:

*Hey, hey, LBJ
How many kids did you kill today?*

And then another: "What do you want?" yells a single voice. "Peace," call back a dozen voices. "When do you want it?" "Now!" The call and response continue until there are several hundred voices responding; the pace quickens until the leader drops out and the crowd chants: *Peace, now! peace, now! peace, now! peace, now! peace, now!*

The action got going on the platform. The Bread and Puppet Theater parodied patriotic hymns, then performed a parable, "The Great Warrior." Three busloads from Oakland, California, arrived — "the real heroes in the fight for peace," said the announcer; the crowd cheered. A flautist fluted.

Malcolm X's sister gave a rather simpleminded and incoherent speech about "barbarickisms." There were many speeches, but hardly anyone could hear them. It didn't matter much: they weren't for the crowd anyway; they were for the TV cameramen and wire services, whose electronic rigs were arrayed in a brilliant display of technology in the sun. Phil Ochs warbled a song declaring the war over, and Peter, Paul, and Mary sang about the Great Mandala. The music was the first key that something was wrong: it was surface, anachronistic. Those things belonged back in 1963, but not now. If anything, the main stage should have had something violent and angry, the Jefferson Airplane, or even the Fugs, who were elsewhere.

Everything went late: moving out took too long; the bridge across the Potomac was too narrow for the crowds; a new fence confused the first marchers and delayed those behind; people were tired and hungry and thirsty before they ever reached the Pentagon grounds.

It was obvious that the Buffalo contingent wouldn't move for some time, so I went forward and joined the group ambiguously identified as "Professionals." For a while I walked with some white-coated doctors and nurses from a New York hospital, but the lines mixed crossing a road, and I was between some college students from Long Island and high school kids from Detroit. The lines went and stopped, went and stopped; I moved out and walked along the bridge's sidewalk. Helicopters buzzed constantly, filled with newsmen taking our pictures, or FBI doing the same.

THE AREA for the Pentagon demonstration was a large triangular grassy place in front of the Mall, but the new eight-foot fence blocked off the area. At the Pentagon North parking lot there seemed now nowhere to go but back; people milled around without design. I talked with a few older people who said they were going to walk to D.C. for dinner, then would join their buses later. Hundreds were walking back toward the Lincoln Memorial.

I decided to walk to National Airport. I strolled around the Pentagon grounds. At one point I skirted some MP's who didn't seem to be guarding anything in particular and found a break in the fence. I walked through it, climbed a hill, passed through a small grove of trees, and found, quite by accident, several thousand people in front of the Mall. It was like stumbling upon the Hollywood Bowl. I never did make my plane. More and more people found that hole in the fence, and by late afternoon the fence was trampled to the ground.

On the lawn triangle, a man with a bullhorn stood on the edge of the parapet and told us what

was happening on the elevated parking lot which forms the Pentagon's main entrance. Once he yelled for a doctor: someone had fallen off the wall and broken a leg. He gave reports of clubbings. Then he said, "They've surrounded Dr. Spock. Ten MP's have surrounded him. And more are around them. The MP's have him trapped."

When I saw the Buffalo sign and wandered over to see if any of my students were there, I met two other professors from my department, and one said, "Let's walk near the wall." We did, intending nothing but a look around from below. Occasionally someone scurried up the ropes dangling from the parapet at the left side of the Mall. The climb ranged from about ten to sixteen feet, depending where you stood on the row of steps that ran parallel to the parapet. Bob and Al went up the rope and disappeared over the parapet.

I never *could* climb a rope, but I managed to get to the top. The first thing I saw was a sea of helmets that resolved themselves into a row of soldiers with their rifles at the port backed by another row with their rifles at parade rest; behind them about one hundred and fifty soldiers in five ranks covered the main steps. The second thing I saw was a woman about sixty years old who carried a coat that looked like mine. "This is your coat, I think," she said, handing it to me. Where she got it, I don't know.

Bob came over and said, "Man, you just had to come up here."

"Why?"

"I've got your camera, and I don't want to be holding it when it gets busted."

I thanked him and took it, so I could be holding it when it got busted. The logic seemed logical.

A girl of about twenty walked by with a cookie in each hand. I stared at them, mostly because they were so incongruous with the rifles and shiny helmets in the background. "Want one?" she said.

I did, but I said, "No, you only have two."

"It's OK," she said. "I had another one a little while ago. Somebody gave me three."

She went away. Far above, on the roof, were soldiers with rifles and, someone said, automatic weapons. There was also a TV camera, which I later learned was the main reason more of us were not attacked on the Mall. It wasn't until after the last camera crew left that night, about ten thirty, someone said, that the brutality got bad there; it was bad elsewhere all evening, however.

A boy in a suit was distributing small wet rags from a large plastic bag. "For the tear gas."

A Negro gave me a Wash-and-Dri. "Use this first," he said, "It's better." I must have looked dubious, because he said, "It really is, man; I've tried them both, and I know."

A sergeant tightened the front line, moving the

men shoulder to shoulder; whenever there was room enough he introduced a new soldier; he adjusted until the line was solid. Hovering everywhere were the marshals. The soldiers were poised, as if we were going to attack.

Down below, some kids put flowers in the muzzles of the MP's rifles. The MP's were under orders not to move, so they didn't know what to do. Some of them shook the flowers out. One smiled. Another remained motionless. The sergeant came by, and said, "Jones, get that fucking flower out of your muzzle." Jones did.

About this time reality and the press diverge most acutely. Jimmy Breslin (*Washington Post*, October 22) wrote that an Airborne captain told his men, "A Company, hold your ground. A Company. Nobody comes and nobody goes. Just hold your ground A Company." Breslin, who heard the order locking the demonstrators in, was appalled that kids later used the side of the Pentagon as a toilet target. There were of course no toilets on the Mall, but Breslin, secure and warm, didn't understand that — the comfortable never understand the difference between the necessary and the gratuitous. Breslin's biological imperception wasn't nearly so gross as his visual distortions. "These were not the kind of kids who were funny," he wrote. "These were the small core of dropouts and drifters and rabble who came to the front of what had started out as a beautiful day, one that would have had meaning to it. They turned a demonstration for peace, these drifters in raggedy clothes, into a sickening, club-swinging mess. At the end of the day, the only concern anybody could have was for the soldiers who were taking the abuse."

Breslin may have been there, but he wrote as if he hadn't. Had he been out with the crowd, he would have known that hardly anyone was raggedy; had he been curious later, all he had to do was examine the photographs accompanying his own copy in the *Post*. Drifters? Was he taking employment statistics? And what on earth does he mean about "beautiful" and "meaning": that we should have spent the day at the Lincoln Memorial listening to Peter, Paul, and Mary singing about the Great Mandala? that no one should be angry about anything? that it should be a sunny afternoon on the grass after which everyone goes home feeling ratified and discharged, like any good old-fashioned liberal who has talked out his need to act?

Breslin, I should point out, is the only reporter I've read who seemed to believe the Department of Defense claim that the demonstrators threw the tear gas at themselves to get sympathy. Other reporters, who *saw* soldiers throwing the canisters, suggested that the Department was either confused or mendacious.

I did not *see* troopers fire tear gas. I did see



troopers remove their helmets, fix their gas masks by the numbers, replace their helmets, and resume their port arms positions while their sergeant aimed his gas launcher and a bunch of people who had been quietly standing on the grass ran like hell. A few minutes later something made my eyes runny and me sneezy.

James Reston wrote that about this time "the event was taken over by the militant minority. . . . It is difficult to report publicly the ugly and vulgar provocation of many of the militants. They spat on some of the soldiers in the front line at the Pentagon and goaded them with the most vicious personal slander" (*Times*, October 23).

It is true that some of the militants were militant; that's why we call them militants. What Reston doesn't say is how small a portion of the population at the Pentagon they were. As an indication, as the *New Republic* pointed out, all those thousands of people broke just *one* window. I knew many of the people up on the front Mall, and hardly any of them were particularly political or militant. Some people cursed at the soldiers; most just looked at them; some chatted or smiled or lectured. The MP's in the line didn't earn the loathing earned by the marshals and paratroopers, and many of the kids assumed the MP's were draftees there against their will. (We met one boy with bruises who defended the soldiers: "They're wrong, but they're under orders. What can they do? A lot would like to join us.")

"How do you know?"

"Hell, man, I'm in the service myself. Just have a weekend liberty.")

The Pentagon show was not Maoist, it was not SDS, it was not any organization's affair. They were all there, surely, but so were others of us, "traditional pacifists," as Reston said, "like the

earnest young professors who dislike the War because it seems to them a senseless war, a war without honest purpose, a war that belies their idea of America and gives the lie to the idealistic language that is used by the President and Secretary of State to defend it. Also they feel its terrible human misery, the unfairness of asking young men who are not professional soldiers to die in this cause." And even more, I think, the unfairness of asking the people of Vietnam to submit to gradual attenuation so that the United States can conduct this exercise.

You saw a lot of things outside the Pentagon if you looked around. I saw a marshal reach over the line down below with a club and swipe any head in reach. The soldiers grabbed someone on the parapet and began beating him and beating him and beating him. The crowd booed and roared and began throwing things at the MP's. Someone screamed at them, "Maintain non-violence! Violence is their bag, not ours." They settled down and stopped throwing things, and after a while the MP's stopped beating the boy.

A soldier collapsed on the stairs, one of my students told me. One demonstrator tried to keep the soldier from falling, and about five soldiers and a marshal pounced on him. They stopped beating him when the TV spotlights came on. "But I think the soldiers weren't doing it for real; they were just going through the motions because they had to. They were pulling their blows. Otherwise they would have killed that guy, five of them pounding him like that. It was just the marshal who hit hard."

"The marshals didn't pull any punches," another student said. "Man, I saw them reaching through our lines and yank someone out, and they beat him unconscious."

"We were on the line, and I heard a yell that a

Photograph courtesy Washington FREE PRESS

soldier had taken off his helmet and dropped his rifle and was coming to our side. I turned and I saw him being dragged by the wrists into the Pentagon. You could see he hadn't collapsed or anything like that; they were mad, and he was fighting them."

Someone came over the wall; he carried a green plastic canteen. He offered some of us a drink of water. It was the first I'd had since early that day. The fellow who had brought the canteen took a turn, then passed it around again. When it was empty he went back over the wall, going for more. I later learned that the police wouldn't let cars within a mile of the place, so if you went for food you had to stop on one of the approach roads and unload your food- and water-carrying passengers before the police chased you away and roving bands of soldiers and marshals and Nazis spotted them and took up positions in the woods to jump them as they came through in the dark.

A familiar smell occasionally drifted past. One youth held his grass out to me, and said, "Ain't it the weirdest. Get caught with this, and they can give you five years; drop your napalm bombs good, and they give you a medal."

On the North wall a man walked to two girls sitting on the parapet. "You better move," he said. "Why?" "This is the Pissing Wall." "What?" "You heard of the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem? Well, this is the Pissing Wall in the Pentagon." The girls moved, laughing.

In the deep left corner I saw a flash of flame, and the people over there began a cheer. There was another flame on the parapet, and the mob below let out a pleased yell. Among the thousands of people below there was a sudden rash of small flickering lights in the dark, then a small bonfire. No need to wonder what they were burning.

When the reporters had gone to bed or typewriter, and most of the demonstrators had left in their chartered buses, and the night was cold, the troopers and marshals formed wedges that poked into the front lines of the demonstrators.

"As the advancing line of troops came in contact with the squatting demonstrators," said the New York Times news story, "United States marshals arrested the youths — apparently on the technical charge of having crossed official lines — and hauled them away, limp, to waiting vans." It wasn't quite that simple: the limpest were the unconscious. When the soldiers moved through, the marshals came right behind them, clubbing. *And this was while the demonstration permit was still in effect.*

"In a sort of war of attrition," wrote one reporter, "U.S. marshals quietly arrested over-zealous protestors one-by-one most of Sunday morning. Arrests were spaced several minutes apart in an effort to avoid trouble."

"I'll tell you the way it went," one student told me. "About ten P.M. the MP's were relieved by the paratroopers. They started clubbing and beating then. They sometimes hit the girls in the breasts instead of the head. We were sitting close with arms linked. The marshals would wedge and club, the troopers used rifle butts and feet; they clubbed them all the way to the wagons. I remember someone screaming, 'Stop it, stop it! I'm willing to submit to the arrest, just stop beating me!' But they didn't stop." Someone called on the bullhorn for Van Cleve of GSA, who had given the demonstration permit, to explain why the beatings and arrests were going on. They asked for anyone to explain. No one explained, except the troopers and marshals, with boots, clubs, and butts. Sometimes, when the Mall beatings started, the TV lights suddenly flooded the place for filming; immediately the soldiers would pull back. "But they got some footage I know." So far as I know, none of it appeared anywhere.

One boy said to me, "I understand how the Viet Cong holds out now. When those bastards started beating us with those sticks, and we were just sitting there, I knew they wouldn't make me give in. They could arrest me and chase me away, but not make me quit. Not now."

Many said it was a miracle the troops did not lose their temper and charge and maul the marchers. That is just the thinking the kids were marching against: someone disagrees with you, someone says something nasty to you, kill the sonofabitch and all his friends, wipe up the territory with his head, *yah yah yah*. No, it is the kids I give the credit to; they did not, for the most part, blow their cool; they did not let the seething fury within them give way to actions they knew would be fatal — not to them; many got beaten anyhow, just for being there — to the fading dream of a nonviolent confrontation that was still somehow meaningful.

Fading fast. All those troops and all those guns were there to save Washington not from some hideous gook-looking furriner, but *them*.

Did you ever suddenly realize that you were something your government needed protection against? Perhaps the first thing you do is laugh at the absurdity, the second is ask yourself why, the third is stop laughing.

Almost every newspaper account emphasized the hippie dress and hair, yet I don't think more than a small fraction of the population there affected that style. Certainly none of the group news photos bears out the notion that it was a hippie affair. The experienced few wore old clothes because they saw no point in having good clothes bloodstained.

The worst troops were the U.S. marshals, who work for the Department of Justice; next were the

methodical paratroopers of the 82nd Airborne, who previously distinguished themselves for duty in the Dominican Republic and Detroit. The MP's were pretty good; sometimes when they were beating someone, they obviously weren't doing it with conviction — otherwise the people wouldn't have been alive; the marshals were under no such restraint. (The *Washington Post* published a photo of two marshals beating the hell out of a fallen demonstrator. The caption was "U.S. Marshal threatens fallen youth.")

Though I may be a little eccentric, I am not a hippie, beatnik, Communist, crank, crackpot, or otherwise distinguishable weirdo. Few of the people on the Pentagon Mall were hippies, beatniks, cranks, crackpots, or otherwise distinguishable weirdoes. It was just demonstrators, journalists, marshals, and soldiers; only the last two were in uniform and responsible to a central command.

About 3 A.M. in a gas station on the east side of Washington we met a twenty-year-old Negro student from Columbia who was looking for a ride. He was lost, he said; someone had picked him up on the highway outside the Pentagon and dropped him off here. We asked him what had happened.

He had been on the right side of the Mall. The troops started advancing, kicking the people sitting there, then arresting and beating those whose positions they passed (for having crossed their lines). A white boy with him said, "That's the truth," and showed us a large bruise on the side of his face.

The Negro boy said someone stepped on him, and when he scrambled out of the way, he was beaten and arrested for resisting arrest. "I didn't understand it either," he said. When they took him inside the building, someone hit him again, and he had an asthma attack. The marshals panicked and after having a doctor give him a shot of adrenalin, which brought him out of the spasm, they decided not to arrest him. "They had some kind of rule that you had to have your picture taken with the marshal or soldier that arrested you. A girl was unconscious on the floor with a big bandage on her head, blood leaking through. The marshal lay down on the floor next to her, and they took their picture. But they said they couldn't find my marshal, so they told me to get out. I was going to go get arrested again — they arrested all my friends — but they threw me in a car and took me up to that highway and pushed me out, and said, 'Don't come back.' And they drove away." Their reason was obvious: to have a bruised Negro student die in captivity would be too much; no one would believe the asthma story. The boy was worried that he wasn't with his friends: "I'm broke. At least they get hot food and a place to sleep tonight." We gave him some money, and he went off.

What did it all accomplish? The next day, and

during the next week, the Johnson Administration sent the greatest air armadas yet to bomb downtown Haiphong and Hanoi. That showed us good. Can't mess with Johnson; he won't be pushed around by a bunch of yellowniggerlovingjewradicaldope-fiendcommiesympfaggotpeacebeatnikhippies. He'll prove he's right if he has to blow Vietnam to the four winds. So we didn't stroke his conscience any, we merely piqued his ego.

Sunday morning, Johnson went to church, and the pastor of the National City Christian Church stroked his President's ego with a Christian denunciation of the demonstration: "There are those in this nation who do not deserve to be free and to play fast and loose with that freedom.

"What do they know, these bearded oafs who listen to the strumming of lugubrious guitars? To be loved is not the end of greatness."

I don't understand the *non sequitur*, nor do I understand whom he was talking about: I didn't see any oafs, and I didn't hear any lugubrious guitars. Love, I'll agree, is not the end of Johnson's greatness. Oafs — those kids? Because they want an end to killing? Who is the Christian? Was the *Peace* on our Christmas cards subversive this year?

After leaving church, the President and his wife drove around the Capital. A reporter later asked Lady Bird her opinion of the march. She said, "I was thinking, by gosh, what a big clean-up bill this city is going to face. It must be ankle deep in the trash they left. To some extent that the demonstration was the effect of affluence and permissiveness. It was about as unconstructive a work as I can remember seeing."

As I have said, I'm neither hippy nor Maoist, but I am against the war. I'm not against our government, but I feel we are wrong to be in Vietnam. I hoped that if the government were convinced that enough citizens felt this way it might be willing to lose a little military face in favor of appearing more civilized. That's why I went to Washington.

I now know that I was terribly naïve.

Now, like many others, I believe the government knows quite well that it does not belong in Vietnam, but *belong* is a word connected with right or wrong, and our presence is instead a matter of some insane expediency (and even that is, of course, open to question), just as arresting those kids was perhaps a matter of right or wrong, but pummeling some of them insensible was insane and expedient. The press picture of what happened — blaming it all on the weirdoes — attempts to diffuse any significance the demonstration had: *Hell, man, they's only a bunch of nuts down theyuh. Raht? Raht!*

Something happened to many of us there Saturday and Sunday that is hard to describe, harder to explain. We went down to protest and returned ready to resist. Many, like myself, wandered over to the front steps out of curiosity, climbed the parapets because they were there. Somehow, in the course of that evening, I stopped thinking of the protesters as “those kids” (too many were adults) or even “them” — it became “us.”

The weekend made believers of the sympathizers, activists of the passive. Usually, protest marches consist of a set of masturbatory fantasies stoked by rousing righteous speeches; everyone claps hands and goes home feeling *as if* something had been accomplished, the usual narcotic dysfunction that in the old days was accomplished by the communal singing of freedom songs to dissipate the need to act. This time was different. (As Oakland was different.) Many who were not anti-government now are; many who were committed to using legal channels to change governmental policy now have what they consider the governmental attitude — cynicism, violence, covertness — which they may use for the same end. There is a sense of solidarity among many, but at the same time a retreat from organization among many others. “You can’t have an organization of five without one FBI snitch,” one youth said to me. “I’m working alone now.”

Someone said to me recently that Watts was protest, Detroit rebellion; the next step, moving out of the ghetto into *your* territory, will be revolution or war, depending on your point of view. I think something of the same is happening to the peace movement. Reason is starting to slip, and like the inmates of the concentration camps who gradually took on the values of their oppressors, I fear many are beginning to see violence as the only alternative to futile discussion. They go to protest and find their very serious and sincere efforts mocked or dismissed, by older liberals and popular press both, as the flip playings of the flower set, the phony feelings and posturings of left-wing extremists. They say, “Jesus Christ: how can we reach you? What will we have to do to make you listen?”

A lot of the kids never saw blood before, not a lot of blood, and it scared, revolted, and angered them. The first time you see someone really damaged is always traumatic; when it’s one of your friends, it is more so. When you watch an official of the U.S. Department of Justice, presumably acting under orders from the Attorney General’s office, club someone to the ground, club, club, and club, and then, when she stops yelling, drag her off by her hair with an expression on his face like he’d just gotten laid, you believe deep in your heart that you’re right: we really can bomb villages and towns that have no military significance, not by mistake

but just because they’re there and we’ve got the bombs. *Kill the gooks; club the Commies; zap the mother——s, yum!*

No one should confuse this demonstration with the March on Washington in 1963; it is neither a continuation nor a degeneration of the civil rights movement; it is something quite different. In 1963 people were in Washington trying to be beautiful in the hope of being granted by the nice men up on the Hill what the Constitution had theoretically given decades before. This time the message read: please stop killing those people who haven’t done anything to you; I’m not going to help do it; I may try to stop you doing it. 1963 protested being a victim; 1967 refused to become a killer.

Lawrence Stern said in the *Washington Post*, “The 1963 demonstration was an impassioned and respectful appeal to the man in the White House, then John F. Kennedy, to do something for the cause of racial equality in the United States. The attitude of yesterday’s marchers toward Lyndon B. Johnson was almost hateful. . . . The 1967 march started as a jolly pep rally, then turned to the ugliness of the confrontation at the Pentagon. And the ugliness rather than the jollity is what will probably survive the day. . . . It is yet to be seen whether the protest achieved its purpose — to dramatize national opposition to the war in Vietnam. The melee of mudballs, rocks, and mass arrests at the end is sure to dominate newspaper and television coverage of the protest. And most Americans recoil from scenes of civil violence.”

And that is the point, the subject of the protest: the very Americans who were so outraged by the few hotheads and fanatics will dismiss everything those thousands of people were trying to say, but will, rationally, do and condone far worse day after day after day ten thousand miles from home. Of course the attitude of the two groups of marchers toward Johnson and Kennedy is different: Kennedy was not *responsible* for racial intolerance, but Johnson bears the responsibility for Vietnam’s escalation. Stern is right, the ugliness will be what survives the day, and not just for you, but also for the members of the Pentagon Expeditionary Force (civilian branch). As an educator, that means something to me, and I do not like it very much.

The scary part is that it is not simply a question of the Vietnam War anymore. That is why we went to the Capital, but that is not what is now important. It is something more, something worse, something far more cancerous, something of which the war is a symptom. It is this: that quaint American belief that you can say and believe what you think true is a permit that applies only before dark, only so far as it doesn’t interfere with those who are in power; we realized that those in power will use any mechanism at hand to wrinkle your mind

and body to shut you up, will lie and cheat and hide, they'll draft you or beat you or arrest you to shut you up, they'll lie to the press ("The demonstrators released the tear gas," said the Pentagon), and the press, which needs its news sources' goodwill, for the most part buys it because buying it avoids the hassle of having to believe and print that those citizens may be right. It is this too: that the liberals of the older generation will accept the same nonsense as a means to dismiss what happened, discharge their own anxiety over their own effete-ness; that the ones you knew wouldn't leave their office but expected at least to man their typewriters are so threatened they too join the enemy.

It is also an evil I feel in the peace movement itself. "Do your own thing" is the current *cri de coeur*. I think it both reflects the malady of the movement and impedes a cure. The first thing that comes to mind on hearing the cry is that it implies great tolerance for other people's perceptions of situations and methods of coping with them, a very nice catholicism. But in this troublesome world I don't think we can afford to permit even apparently benevolent anarchy to go unexamined. Examination of this one reveals some things not particularly pleasant.

"Do your own thing" is a statement of accommodation from leaders who really cannot lead, an attempt to box uncontrol by those who cannot control. In part, it stems from the disintegration in the civil rights movement: one has a choice between true tolerance of action and open hostility to it. The danger is that there is no way to contain the cranks, the nuts, the fetishists, and no way to consolidate the gains when they do happen to occur. In rebellion, anarchy is a luxury, and I'm not sure this rebellion can afford it very well.

My fear is that putting it on the line, the literal line, be it a sit-in or a picket line, isn't good enough anymore. What is happening to the peace movement is what happened to the civil rights movement: there is that awful realization that you spend most of your time talking to yourself. SNCC used to be what its name said: Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. The white kids are just beginning to understand the reason for the change.

I think we all had better start understanding the change. The importance of the Pentagon encounter isn't that an easy out has been supplied with which one may now put down all the peaceniks; there is no justification for the gambit so much of the press would like — the one that would let you lump all those people together in a pink-colored Maoist hippie bag you can discard somewhere. Like the cat in the song, it comes back. It isn't the outrageous conduct of the extremists and weirdoes that weekend that is important — it is nothing new for a Maoist to be hostile, for a nut to be nutty — it

is what happened in the minds of those otherwise straight kids and middle-aged demonstrators. They've realized the march really was, as LBJ implied, nothing more than a terribly pathetic and futile gesture, that what was real about it were the clubs wielded by the marshals and the tear-gas grenades thrown by the paratroopers. Those who went to Washington for peace now have a choice: play *that* game or quit.

There is one other course of action, one that for the present I am going to assume is still viable. Perhaps in that assumption I show my allegiance to the older generation (the kids may be right, there may be a cutoff at thirty), but even though I am almost certain legal means will not at present effect a change in our unjust and fruitless war or the way our governmental machine is beginning to react to dissent, I still want to try by working within the machinery we have. I grew up believing that Congress was rational and sincere, that the presidency was an institution more than an ego; even though I've been disabused of these childish idiocies, I am not free of them emotionally and I still have an attachment for the institutions themselves. Although I expect the attempt to be futile, I am going to try to run for Congress next year.

I am by profession a teacher and writer, and I do not like the profession of politician, but when confronted by a moral outrage such as our Vietnam involvement, talking and typing are not enough, one simply must do more, one must at least *try*. I am not able to identify with the violent resistance, nor am I lucky enough to be able to turn off consciousness of the awful evil my country is supervising and administering. Even with an enormous military that is largely covert and an administration that is largely mendacious, I think it is possible to blame the evil on evil men and believe the democratic process itself capable of permitting change for the good.

But the young people who do not entertain this romance with the American myth — what of them? I fear for them, I worry about what I see happening to them, about what I fear they will do and what we will do to them. They say to us: you brought us up to appreciate the evil the Nazis created, and in example you do the same yourselves in Vietnam; you taught us of government keyed to justice and fairness, of a free press, and in life you've shown us expediency and self-interest and a free press so committed to the same expediency it lies on its own. As great as is the current cost of the war — described so well by Reston above — I fear more the future loss: a generation of kids who will feel able to approach and deal with life in America only with the cynicism, violence, expediency, and appreciation for raw power that is now limited to the highest echelons of our government.

Lester Drentluss, a Jewish Boy from Baltimore, Attempts to Make it Through the Summer of 1967

by CALVIN TRILLIN

ALTHOUGH Lester Drentluss, the mildly promising New York editor, held a party celebrating Israel's military victory and modestly accepted congratulations at the door, he was not someone who had become militantly Jewish only when it became clear that the Israeli armies had crushed the combined might of the Arab world. Lester had detected a fashion for Jewishness in his own world several years before, when Yiddish words began to appear in the conversation of his firm's chief editor, Douglas Drake, a Methodist minister's son from Eau Claire, Wisconsin. "There's no use trying to sell books to the *goyim*," Drake had said one day as he announced his decision to devote 90 percent of the firm's advertising budget to a historical novel based on the saga of the first Jewish frogman.

"But why would he put down his own majority group?" Lester asked later, when he had learned from Drake's secretary, an Irish girl from Queens, that *goyim* means gentiles.

The secretary shrugged. "Everybody's got his own *mishogas*," she said.

Although Lester was Jewish, he felt left out. ("It means 'craziness,'" the secretary added impatiently, anxious to get back to her copy of *Exodus*.) His family had been in Baltimore, Maryland, for

five generations, and his parents were so militantly Americanized that he had once been spanked for doing an imitation of Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer*. Whenever his mother heard anything that sounded as if it might be Yiddish, she immediately said, "Well, I'm sure I don't know what that means" — a habit that was so ingrained that she once blurted out "Well, I'm sure I don't know what that means" after a brother-in-law she suspected of overt Jewishness told her he wanted to keep a bit of gossip "*entre nous*."

At the first word of Yiddish from Douglas Drake, Lester decided to reappraise his own ethnic situation; Drake was known as a trend-spotter. Soon Lester began to spot some signs of a trend himself — a boom in Jewish novels here, a Jewish Lord Mayor of Dublin there. He noticed an increasing use of Jewish mothers by comedians and of Jewish advisers by politicians. Scotch-Irish professors seemed undisturbed about being included in the category of "Jewish intellectuals." The gentile movie stars who failed to convert to Judaism repented by donating their talents to Bonds for Israel benefits. The subway graffiti had begun to include phrases like "Medea Is a Yenta" and "Kafka Is a Kvetch." Lester's final decision came in February, 1965, while he was reading an article in *Life* magazine about Robert Lowell, the New England poet. "Do I feel left-out in a Jewish age?" Lowell was quoted as saying. "Not at all. Fortu-

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nately, I'm one-eighth Jewish myself, which I do feel is a saving grace." Lester decided that the day a Boston Lowell bragged about being Jewish was the day a Baltimore Drentluss ought to let it be known that he was at least eight times as Jewish as Robert Lowell.

That night, he tried out his Jewishness tentatively on Rosemary Higgins, a willowy blonde on whom he had been trying things out tentatively for six months with little success. "I think it's rather ironic that America's Everyman might turn out to be Herzog instead of some *goy*," he said to Rosemary as they had wine and gefilte fish at the apartment of Lemuel Scroggins, the Southern Populist poet.

"The Jewish sensibility is really rather unique," Rosemary said.

"Thank you very much," Lester said, trying to shrug his shoulders in the manner of Menasha Skulnik. "Nice of you to say so."

Gradually, Lester began to tell self-deprecating stories about the quaintly domineering mother who had raised him on love and chicken soup with kreplach (his mother, in fact, had only tasted kreplach once, at the home of a poor relation, and had taken pains to compliment the hostess on the lightness of her won tons). He published a short literary-quarterly article called "The Schlemiel as Hero in American Literature." He complained often of heartburn.

Robert Lowell had been right; it was a Jewish world. At work, Lester's colleagues seemed to take a new interest in his opinions on which Jewish novel to publish each month. At the fashionable bagels-and-lox brunches given by Lemuel Scroggins on Sundays, Lester began to feel more a part of the conversation. Scroggins phoned to invite him almost every week — usually adding that he should "bring along that lil' ole blond *shiksa* Rosemary." Lester's acquaintances began to assume that Rosemary was his to bring along; she often confided to the girls in the group that the most exciting men were "Mediterranean types." Lester also suspected that he was communicating better with Wash Jefferson, the group's favorite Negro. "Don't think I don't understand your suffering, Wash," he said to Jefferson just after the Selma march. "We've all been down that road."

"You sure are a sensitive mother," Jefferson said.

Lester's only problem was his parents, who decided to pay him a visit when his letters began to take on a disturbingly ethnic tone. "Well, I'm sure I don't know what that means," his mother had said after Lester called his gouging landlord a *goniff* while showing his parents through the apartment. "You certainly didn't pick up language like that at home, I can tell you that."

Lester's father, who had seemed calmer than his

wife at first, suddenly accused his son of learning Yiddish at Berlitz, an idea that had actually occurred to Lester at one point before he finally prevailed upon Douglas Drake's secretary to help him with his Yiddish during lunch hours.

"I thought you might like to see *Fiddler on the Roof* tonight," Lester said, trying to re-establish a friendly atmosphere as he passed his mother a drink and a plate of cocktail blintzes. "They say it manages to convey some of the tradition of humor and suffering that all of us carry from the ghetto."

"What ghetto!" his mother said. She began to cry.

"I'm surprised at you, talking to your mother like that," Mr. Drentluss said. "Don't the traditions of our people mean anything to you, Lester — five generations in Baltimore, a law firm full of gentiles? How can you flout your own heritage?"

"But people change in America," Lester said. "Frankly, Dad, the old traditions are mostly a lot of *mishogas*."

"I'm sure I don't know what that means," his mother said, between sobs. "I'm only thankful that your grandparents aren't alive to see this."

For his Israeli Victory Party, Lester had tried to rent Yonah Schimmel's Knishery, and then decided to settle for his own apartment. He and Rosemary arranged a magnificent display of food; Lemuel Scroggins said it looked like "the Great Bar Mitzvah in the Sky."

"*Mazel tov*," Douglas Drake said when he came in. "It's a great day, even though the Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey Tent Fire Disaster of 1944 has erupted in my chest."

"With me it's felt like the Coconut Grove fire since that lunch," Lester said. He and Drake often compared heartburn symptoms, and both were suffering from a huge lunch celebrating Lester's triumph in landing a blockbuster book that every publisher had been after — a first-person account by the only Jewish-American dentist to take part in the Sinai Campaign. Rosemary, clinging to Lester's bicep, told Drake that the company should do a follow-up book on the tradition of ferocity in the Mediterranean fighting man. Lester shrugged.

Just three or four weeks after the Victory Party, during a period when Lester was in the habit of humming "*Havanagilah*" in the elevators, he was surprised and disturbed to read that an officer of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee had made a speech complaining about Zionist aggression and "Jew storekeepers." Two or three Episcopal priests of Lester's acquaintance resigned from SNCC in protest, and some of his Jewish friends endorsed the statement and asked forgiveness. Lester was confused. A few days later, he overheard somebody at a Lemuel Scroggins brunch say that

Jewish storekeepers in the ghetto were more at fault for the summer riots than anybody, with the possible exception of Jewish liberals. Lester thought at first that it might have been an isolated incident, but then Douglas Drake, with ominous enthusiasm, asked him to read the manuscript of a black nationalist book called *Can the Jews Atoned for Everything on the Day of Atonement?* Moved by the manuscript, Lester phoned Wash Jefferson to apologize.

"I don't blame you," he said to Jefferson.

"Don't blame me for what, man?" Jefferson asked. "Did you get blackballed at one of those clubs I put you up for?"

"I don't blame you for hating me," Lester said.

"I don't hate you, Goldberg," Jefferson said.

"My name is Drentluss."

"You Jews sure are sensitive mothers," Jefferson said.

Lester stopped humming in the elevators. "I don't know what this storekeeper business has to do with you," his mother wrote him when she heard he was depressed. "Your people have been professional men for three generations." Lester was surprised to find himself slightly cheered up by his mother's letter; his relatives were innocent, and he himself could hardly be accused of exploiting the ghetto when he had never been there. A week later, his spirits dropped again when he was not included in a Scroggins brunch honoring some people who had participated in a seminar called "Black Power, the Third World and the Exploiters." Rosemary went, and reported that Lemuel, who had formerly spoken of Negroes as "them poor downtrodden *schwartzas* in Alabama," was beginning to talk about "black people" — whether he was referring to his cleaning lady, Hazel M. Jones, or to Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser.

One night, late in the summer, Douglas Drake, who no longer seemed to be suffering from heartburn, came to Lester's apartment to drop off a rush manuscript on the agonies of the Palestine refugees. As Drake walked in, Rosemary looked up from a magazine article on the occupation of Old Jerusalem and asked Lester if he thought it was wise for non-Christians to have control over Christian shrines.

"I don't know much about it," Lester said.

"It's hard to understand why they won't at least give back the West Bank of the Jordan," Drake said. "After all that napalm they dropped on it, it can't be worth much anyway."

"They're a strange people," Lester said. "They surely are." He couldn't understand why Drake seemed to hold him personally responsible for what Jews did in Jordan; his family had been in Baltimore for five generations.

Rosemary looked up from her magazine again.

"I think Moshe Dayan might have too much *chutzpah* for his own good," she said.

Drake smiled at Lester knowingly.

Lester looked puzzled. "*Chutzpah?*" he said.

"I don't think I know what that means."

1, 2, 3

BY JON SWAN

At 3, first

nothing occurs.

Completely at sea.

After this has gone on

for a time, slowly

your eyes and your ears

take it in. Then,

though still in the dark,

this hum . . . a rhythm

of waves sloshing in

that divides then. Divides

underneath in a street

you can't see into cars,

cars moving. As they multiply

back to the memorized

sum of traffic

something, there —

apparently classic,

unrecognizably tall —

simply flutters.

It looks like a column

of fluted stone.

Supporting a temple

of which you see only

this much,

it is sacred and gray.

It stiffens and shrinks

into curtain. The curtain

stands still by its window.

Now only those guts

spread out on the ceiling

remain to be read

by the augur. Safely

then back to sleep.

The room is in shape

for waking.

STRIKES BY PUBLIC EMPLOYEES

by A. H. RASKIN

Calvin Coolidge's dictum "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time" still stands strong in the minds of many, but strikes against government are in fact happening with increasing frequency. The time is near, says the distinguished labor relations expert and editorial writer for the New York TIMES, when the ban on strikes by public employees will have to be reinforced or abandoned. Which way will society bend?

AMERICA's most expansive "growth industry" is state and local government. The urban explosion has caused the number of employees on city and state payrolls to skyrocket from 3.5 million twenty years ago to a present total of 8.5 million, and 4 million more are expected to join the job list by 1975. An unwelcome companion of this expansion has been an erosion in the traditional civil service concept of no strikes against the government. With one sixth of the work force now in some branch of government, unions have brought into public employment many of the militant practices they used to organize the mass-production industries in the early years of the New Deal.

Teachers in New York, Detroit, and a score of smaller communities were on the picket lines when the bell rang for the opening of the public schools last September. Policemen and firemen walked off their jobs in the Ohio steel center of Youngstown until they got higher pay. Garbage collectors, welfare workers, doctors and nurses in municipal hospitals, ferryboat crews, zoo keepers, and almost every other category of public employee have struck in one community or another across the nation. Subway and bus workers, who paralyzed New York with a twelve-day strike at the beginning of 1966, are holding a similar economic club over the metropolis as they near another New Year's Day contract deadline.

For the cities, already staggering under the unsolved problems of the slums, conflict between the races, polluted air, inadequate educational and health facilities, crime in the streets, and a thousand other afflictions, this upsurge of militancy creates a double headache. The community must suffer the pain inflicted by the strike's cutoff of a governmental service. Then, to the extent that the coercive effect of the cutoff has been to compel an unjustifiably expensive settlement, the community must raise taxes or divert scarce resources from services

that were probably underfinanced to start with. The worst part of this double squeeze is that the unions whose members work in the most vital of civic agencies are, for that very reason, in the best strategic position to extort excessive pay packages through the application of economic muscle.

Theoretically, civil service strikes are just as illegal today as they were in 1919 when Calvin Coolidge, then governor of Massachusetts, backed the firing of Boston police strikers with the declaration that "there is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time." Labor's general status has changed enormously in the half century since that affirmation of the state's sovereignty over any strike challenge started Coolidge on his climb to the presidency. However, the officials who contributed most conspicuously to erecting legal safeguards for unionization, collective bargaining, and freedom to strike for workers in private industry have never deviated from the Coolidge doctrine that strikes by public employees represent illegal insurrections against the structure and security of government.

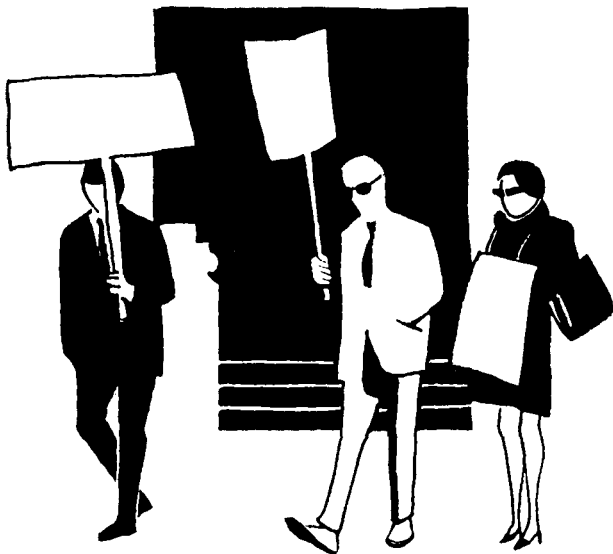
The father of the New Deal, Franklin D. Roosevelt, put his view bluntly in a message to an organization of federal employees in 1937. "Since their own services have to do with the functioning of government," he said, "a strike of public employees manifests nothing less than an intent on their part to prevent or obstruct the operations of government until their demands are satisfied. Such action, looking toward the paralysis of government by those who have sworn to support it, is unthinkable and intolerable."

The co-author of the Norris-La Guardia Anti-Injunction Act, Fiorello H. La Guardia, was equally hostile to the idea that government workers should be allowed to strike. When strike threats arose during his three terms as mayor of New York, the Little Flower's response was unyielding: "The city

does not and cannot recognize the right of any group to strike against the city." Robert F. Wagner, Jr., whose father wrote labor's Magna Carta, the Wagner Act, stood on the same no-strike platform as La Guardia in his twelve years at City Hall. And when President John F. Kennedy promulgated the first unionization code for federal employees in 1962, he was at pains to restate the inviolability of the ban on government walkouts.

But for all these declarations and the regularity with which they have been backed up by specific legislative taboos and court decisions, the question never stays snugly buried. Strikes do occur against the government, and the country faces a basic decision on whether the ban can be made to work or whether it would be wiser to abandon it lest the frequency with which it is defied — and the substantial rewards that often accompany defiance — contribute to a disrespect for all law and established authority, with even more disastrous results for society.

TO ARRIVE at an intelligent decision, three areas of exploration are worthwhile. One involves looking into the appropriateness of the line that is now drawn between the rights of workers in public and in private employment. The second is what differences there are, and why, in the effectiveness with which the no-strike policy is being observed in various sectors of public service. The third is whether enough is being done to assure equity for government employees and thus make strikes unnecessary, with or without laws. A corollary of all these, obviously, is an examination of the adequacy of arrangements to make sure that the citizens who pay the bills are not forgotten in the fair-treatment department.



The proliferation of government activities keeps adding complexities to the problem of establishing boundaries between functions that are distinctly the province of government and those that belong in the private economy. Coping with floods, earthquakes, or tornadoes is clearly an emergency service of government, and few would find much difficulty in saying that strikes are unthinkable for such disaster crews. But the answer is a lot fuzzier when it comes to applying the strike prohibition to clerks dispensing bottled comfort in a state-owned liquor store. In sixteen states with liquor monopolies the clerks must stay on the job; in all the rest of the states the flow of liquid cheer dries up when the store owners and their unionized clerks disagree on the mix for a new contract.

The boundary becomes still more foggy when it is applied to so essential a field as transit. In New York the subway system was privately run until the financial difficulties of the two rapid transit companies forced the city to take them over in 1940. Drivers on the major bus lines in Manhattan and the Bronx operated under private contract and were free to strike until the city seized their franchises in 1962. Now the same men drive the same buses over the same routes, but they are outlaws when they and the subway workers go on strike, as they did in 1966. The city-owned bus lines intersect with lines still under private ownership; their drivers belong to the same union but do have a legal right to strike.

Similar interchangeability characterizes many other functions of great importance. Municipal hospitals and voluntary hospitals perform services so indistinguishable that many are united through affiliation contracts or partnerships in medical centers. Electric utilities, waterworks, and gas plants are privately operated in some cities and publicly operated in others. Warships are built in navy yards or in private yards. The multiplicity of such overlaps has led many analysts to conclude that it is unrealistic to insist on retention of an absolute ban on strikes by public employees — one based solely on the fact that they work for a government agency.

Those who favor an easing of the ban argue that the only valid test for forbidding strikes should be the essentiality of the service at stake. The trouble with that line of demarcation is that in practice it proves impossible to draw. Virtually everyone will go along on the proposition that policemen and firemen should not have the right to strike, but beyond that it becomes quite hopeless. Sanitation employees, teachers, transit workers all insist their jobs should not be on the prohibited list.

And it is already plain that any breach in the no-strike principle invites its total destruction. The International Firefighters Association has set up a

committee to reconsider the voluntary renunciation of strikes that has always been part of its union constitution. Before the Youngstown walkout of policemen and firemen last September, a mass epidemic of "sickness" kept Kansas City firemen away from their station houses and a "blue flu" hit the Detroit police force. In New York and a half-dozen other cities, the men on whom the community relies to combat crime and avert civic disaster have shown that restiveness in the civil service cannot be quarantined on the basis of what is imperative and what is deferrable — or a municipal boondoggle.

The real basis for holding indivisible the doctrine that "you can't strike against the government" lies in the nature of government as the embodiment of all the people. It is not an employer organized for profit, so the conventional notion of strikes as tests of strength in which the pressures of the marketplace operate to constrain both management and union lacks pertinency. The services government provides, no matter how unglamorous, are essential, or government shouldn't be doing them.

In that sense, a strike against government becomes an interference with the political process, an attempt by one segment of the people to exert its control over a specific service as a weapon to coerce the whole community into submission on its terms. And the more vital the service, the greater the chance that the community will have to capitulate.

A kind of Gresham's law operates in this field, with bad practices tending to drive out the good. Once civil service unions become convinced — as many already have — that strikes pay dividends in fatter contracts, union leaders who demand adherence to law are likely to find themselves ex-leaders. Before New York's teachers went out on strike this year, their union president, Albert Shanker, described two crucial earlier disputes in which the teachers had been told categorically that the city would not grant their key demand. Both times the authorities changed their minds after a one-day strike.

"Now we are beyond abstract lessons in legality," Shanker said. "Perhaps it is a bad lesson to have learned, but the city has convinced us that striking brings us gains we need and cannot get any other way." The third strike, begun a few days after that interview, lasted fourteen days. It brought the teachers a settlement three times as large as the biggest they had ever got before.

Not the least of the concerns raised by such tactics is that the infection will spread to the federal civil service, where relations have been much more amicable than they are in the municipal field. More than a million of the 2.8 million federal employees are in unions, with organization particularly high among postal workers and blue-collar employees in arsenals, naval yards, and other

federal establishments. Even though there are three times as many workers on state and local payrolls, the number with union cards is generally estimated at well under the million in federal jobs.

Despite the higher concentration of unionists on the U.S. payroll, strikes have been close to zero. The only recorded walkout in recent years was a wildcat strike of eighty-five sheet metal workers at the Tennessee Valley Authority in the summer of 1962. All the strikers were fired, and their union helped the government recruit replacements. However, the recent strike wave among municipal employees has stirred currents of unrest in the federal service. In August, for instance, 2500 Brooklyn letter carriers made secret plans for a mass "sick" strike over wages. The Civil Service Commission learned of the stay-home a day ahead of time, and notified the union leaders that the government would have no choice but to discharge all the workers. The union chiefs got on the phone, and the demonstration was called off.

There have been several other near-misses among postal workers, nurses in Veterans Administration hospitals, and scattered other groups, even though the heads of most federal unions are in basic sympathy with the no-strike idea. By way of ensuring that there will be no breakdown in the present relative tranquillity, President Johnson has a Cabinet-level committee at work reviewing the existing federal rules and recommending changes to improve relationships.

ALL of this raises the central issue: Can the prohibition on strikes be made to work, or will the virus become so assertive in state and local agencies that it will sweep away the restraints in the federal service as well?

One assertion can be made with some certainty. The prohibition will not survive in the American climate if its maintenance depends primarily on the severity of the penalties for violation. A tough law now backs up the ban on federal strikes. This law, passed in 1955 as a carry-over from the Taft-Hartley Act of 1947, makes it a felony to strike against the government. Anyone who does is subject to a year in jail and a \$1000 fine. The same law makes mandatory the removal from the federal payroll of any worker who asserts the right to strike or belongs to an organization that asserts the right to strike. No person has ever been brought to trial, much less imprisoned or fined under that law, in the twelve years that it has been on the books.

However, similarly stringent penalties have proved scant deterrent to municipal strikes. On the contrary, New York State discovered that an

overly rigid law could prove unenforceable, partly because local politicians were too fearful of union reprisals at the polls but also because imposition of the punishments would cripple government processes as drastically as did the strike itself.

The result was a decision by the state legislature last April to repeal the twenty-year-old Condon-Wadlin Act, which required the dismissal of all civil service strikers and barred them from pay increases for three years if they were later reinstated. The sanctions were supposedly automatic, but the knowledge that vital services could never be restored if 50,000 teachers or 35,000 subway workers were kicked out of their jobs in one draconian swoop caused municipal authorities to ignore their sworn obligation to enforce the law. The final irony, when irate taxpayers went to court to insist that the law be carried out, was a series of special bills under bipartisan sponsorship in the legislature to give retroactive forgiveness to the strikers. That made everybody a partner in flouting the law, for fear that failure to solemnize the fruits of one illegal strike would expose the nation's biggest city to a rerun.

With the Condon-Wadlin Act now consigned to the dustbin of history, New York is testing a new law that has all the ingredients for becoming a national model on how to prevent civil service tie-ups by assuring fair treatment to public employees and the public alike. But even though the law did not become operative until September 1, organized labor and many other ill-wishers are already forecasting that the revised curb will prove as futile as its predecessor. What's more, they are working overtime to make that forecast come true.

The fatal flaw of the old statute was that it was all penalties and no peace machinery. The new law, drafted with the aid of five of the country's foremost experts in industrial relations, seeks better balance in three distinct ways. It puts on New York's statute books the first code of rights the state has ever had for public employees — one that extends to them comprehensive guarantees for unionization and contract negotiation.

It also provides a mechanism for resolving controversies over wages and all other issues through impartial fact-finding if direct negotiation and mediation fail. A union dissatisfied with the fact finders' recommendations can carry its complaint to the elected authorities in the legislature or the city council. If the union's end decision is to defy the law by striking, it becomes subject to penalties, but these do not take the form of wholesale dismissals or other punishments directed against individual strikers. Instead, the new law puts its emphasis on squeezing the union's pocketbook through fines and withholding of rights to the automatic checkoff of union dues.

Using distinguished neutrals to make recommendations for breaking deadlocks on wages is particularly appropriate in the civil service. It helps protect public employees against the danger of being shortchanged by administrators chronically afflicted with appropriations too small to meet all the needs of their agencies. In similar fashion, third-party determination of what equity requires provides the administrators with a shield they can use to repel the complaints of taxpayers who feel they are opening the wage tap too wide. Deciding how much workers should be paid is far from an exact science, and impartial aid is much in order where the workers are prohibited from striking and the employers are trustees standing in for the whole community.

The union hostility to the sensible procedures the New York law sets up in this field is especially quixotic in the light of the mild or nonexistent objections the unions raise to federal wage practice. The executive order governing union relationships in the federal service explicitly excludes wages from the sphere of labor-management negotiation. That is a field reserved for Congress, and unions are obliged to put their trust in the effectiveness of their lobbying activities, a very different line of work.

The pattern-setter in this field was William C. Doherty, for twenty-one years president of the National Association of Letter Carriers, who became Ambassador to Jamaica by appointment of President Kennedy in 1962. A cigar-chomping glad-hander, quick with a drink or story, Doherty made so many friends on Capitol Hill that he regularly repulsed economy drives to get more cash for his members. Under Jerome J. Keating, the union's present leader, the same magic is being practiced. Part of the explanation came out with the disclosure that Representative Thaddeus J. Dulski of Buffalo, chairman of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee, had collected \$11,000 two years ago from a testimonial dinner financed largely by the postal unions. The newer breed in the municipal unions uses power as its chief persuader. It demands rather than petitions.

IN THIS period of ferment in civil service unionism, with patterns forming three decades after the dawn of industrial unionism, impartial fact-finding can be as beneficial on noneconomic disputes as it is on how much money to put in the pot. The nature of the urban crisis and the frustrations it thrusts on municipal employees have made it inevitable that public unions will be much more assertive in pressing for a voice in policy than are unions in steel, trucking, or meat-packing.

In New York the Social Service Employees Union struck for six weeks — and lost — over demands that the welfare department give relief clients automatic semi-annual grants for clothing and a monthly allowance for telephones. In the school strike the United Federation of Teachers had a much harder time with the board of education on its demands for a contractual commitment to expand an experiment in more effective schools than it did on its pay program. The American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees threatened an immediate strike if New York implemented a plan to turn its municipal hospitals over to the voluntary hospitals for administration.

Obviously, the workers whose lives are spent dealing with the problems and people involved in all these issues have a relevant contribution to make on how the problems can best be solved. Equally obviously, such issues involve too many interests and complexities to be disposed of under the club of a strike. And no less obviously, administrators are not cheerfully going to surrender their prerogatives in the policy area, even where they are not bound by legal prohibitions against any dilution of authority.

The surest guides through this thicket are third parties detached from the emotional embroilment that always surrounds a battle over prerogatives. The need in such cases is for the establishment of continuing committees in which management and union representatives are joined by technical experts or spokesmen for concerned community groups to seek answers in an atmosphere free of the countdown tensions of a strike deadline. There is much to be said for long-range joint committees, in any event, as instruments for day-to-day co-operation in the efficient conduct of public affairs and the avoidance of future explosions.

The saddest aspect of organized labor's reaction to the new law through which New York seeks civil service peace with justice has been the mindless character of its hostility to the entire venture. At a mass rally in Madison Square Garden a few weeks after the law was passed, the bloody shirt was waved as if the legislature had moved the state back to the era of Homestead, the Danbury Hatters, Haymarket Square, and the Ludlow massacre. Twenty thousand members of all the major unions of municipal employees took a collective vow to "reject and repudiate this law, this illegitimate offspring of diseased bipartisanship."

The teachers' strike started exactly eleven days after the law went into force. The negotiations were already too far along to permit application of all the law's procedures. That left only the negative features — the penalties for violation — as operative elements. However, Mayor Lindsay did

invoke fact-finding in a manner not basically different from that which would have applied if the law had been in effect all the way through.

The result was disheartening. The fact finders, headed by Professor Archibald Cox of Harvard Law School, former Solicitor General of the United States, proposed pay increases averaging \$1700 a year, the most substantial wage rise the city had ever offered to any major group of its employees. On matters affecting educational policy, the panel went further toward giving the union a say than pleased the board of education. But the union leadership turned thumbs down; the membership ratified its decision, and the strike was on — for fourteen days.

The mayor insisted, with more vehemence than persuasiveness, that the final terms were precisely in line with the Cox panel's recommendations, but the average pay increase rose to \$1900 a year and the school board had to agree to more of the policy modifications the union desired. Shanker, the union president, called the outcome "fabulous," and the conviction in union ranks that strikes are the way to get more from the city was reinforced, even though a judge sentenced Shanker to fifteen days in jail for defying a back-to-work injunction and fined the union \$150,000 for violating the new law. The case will probably drag through the higher courts for at least a year before a final decision is handed down. The Transport Workers Union, now involved in talks for a new subway agreement, has made it clear the law will be no deterrent if it is dissatisfied with what it gets at the bargaining table.

WHERE does all this leave us in terms of a program that will provide protection for the community as well as the people who work for the community? There is no question that the prospect for the next few years is one of increasing turmoil in city, state, and federal employment. Part of it is the general rebellion against all institutions, and what institution is stiffer, more tradition-ridden than government itself? Part is the drag of entrenched inequities, archaic work standards, and the resistance of taxpayers to the ever rising cost of public services. And part is the newness of the relationship, the necessity for throttling under the compulsions of a no-strike mandate the kind of irritations that erupted in sit-down strikes and picket-line violence when the basic industries were being organized three decades ago. In civil service the angers are less the product of employer arrogance or oppression than they are the acid fruit of the despair that wells out of daily grappling with the limitless woes of the cities, in the schools,

the welfare depots, and other public agencies.

For all its ineffectiveness in the New York school strike, the new law there does point the way toward an orderly adjustment of all these problems by meeting the essential test of two-way fairness. It creates opportunities as well as responsibilities on both sides; the penalties it authorizes are realistic and reasonable. Indeed, if there is a sound argument against them, it is that the maximum fine of \$10,000 a day is too low to deter a powerful union. Shanker scoffed that the penalty amounted to only 20 cents a day for each member of his union.

The ritualistic objection of labor that any law prohibiting strikes is a reinstitution of slavery squares badly with the record in the federal service. When the bill barring any employee who even asserted the right to strike from holding a federal job was before Congress, all the major unions and associations of federal workers testified in its favor. The railroad unions have twice complied with compulsory arbitration laws forbidding rail stoppages; George Meany himself served on the presidential panel that decreed the settlement terms under the law that ended the railway shopcraft tie-up last summer. Testifying in October before the Cabinet committee on revision of the union code for federal employees, Meany urged arbitration as the solution for all unresolved disputes between government and its unionized workers. He did not challenge the strike ban.

The important thing in the months and years ahead is to build up labor-management relationships in the civil service that will make the no-strike law work—not because of its sanctions, but because the workers, the unions, the administrators, and the citizens are satisfied that it operates for their mutual benefit. “No law is any good unless people accept it,” comments a high-ranking federal official. “Our aim is to keep our personnel practices and pay standards in such good shape that responsible union leaders will not be at the mercy of demagogues who try to shoot them down for upholding reasonableness and orderly procedure.”

The relations will have to be different in many ways from those that have been normal in private industry. Unionization must not become a vehicle for grafting a new bureaucracy onto the already bureaucratized structure of government. New rigidities and new inefficiencies are no need in the public sector. The hope that underlies the Kennedy executive order of 1962 and the similar codes of union rights issued by many governors and mayors is that a more alert, more productive, and better-staffed civil service will develop out of cooperative labor-management policies.

The kind of leapfrogging that has pushed up labor costs in shipping, newspapers, and other industries plagued with multiple unions, each eager to climb over the back of the one before to get something extra for its members, can be particularly damaging where the community is paying the bill. Centralized bargaining will be a necessity to guard against such whipsaw tactics. But bringing all public employees into a single union or a coordinated bargaining council is no guarantee of stability for the community. One reason the Transport Workers Union has such a stranglehold over New York's transit lifeline is that the city deliberately killed off the splinter unions that used to have separate negotiating rights for motormen, signalmen, and other skilled groups. Union responsibility and restraint must accompany arrangements that give a single negotiating team stop-or-go power over all civic services.

As if all these considerations do not pose difficulties enough, there are still others to worry about in the purely political realm. The mushrooming of the civil service makes public employees an increasingly potent force in election campaigns and the year-round financing of local political machines. Unions have traditionally steered clear of acquiring ownership interests in the businesses whose employees they represent. Even with billions of dollars in pension and welfare reserves currently available for investment, union trustees generally insist on buying the securities of companies outside their own industry to avoid any taint of conflict of interest.

But in his capacity as a citizen, every public employee is automatically a shareholder in the governmental unit for which he works. In New York City the 300,000 municipal employees and their families account for at least a million of the city's 8 million people. Envisage a political alliance between them and the 750,000 people now on the public relief rolls in New York, and you have a force of such dimensions that no aspirant for civic office could afford to discount its potential election role. In Philadelphia last November unionized civil service workers and their allies in organized labor were principally responsible for the re-election of Mayor James H. J. Tate. A national coalition of public employees, relief clients, and pensioners might revolutionize the country's political life, especially if the integrating element is a common discontent with the adequacy of payments from the public treasury.

The missing ingredient in civil service unionism thus far is any widespread recognition that collective bargaining must be a two-way street. Until it is, we, the people, will be doing most of the giving and very little of the getting.

AN INTERLUDE

by Robert Duncan

My heart beats to the feet of the first faithful,
long ago dancing in Broceliande's forest,
And my mind when it ceases to contend with the
lies and dreams of Generalissimo Franco
delights in the company of defeated but glorious men
who have taken to the highlands or,
in love with the people, striven to keep secret ways
of brotherhood and compassion alive,
spreading Truth
like seeds of a forbidden hallucinogen, marijuana, or morning glory
hidden away among the grasses of the field.

Love long conceald! Love long suffering!
Love we never knew moved us from the beginning!
Now it may be we are driven to your high
pasture. Hard presst,
my heart opens as if there were a pass in the rock,
unknown, a bypass,
close enough to be very like death.

Solitary door, road of solitudes,
the mute song at last sung in the veins among strangers!
I must go to the old inn in the canyon,
to the roller-skating rink among the pine trees.

For the dancers have come down from the mountains,
and the piano player strikes up such a sound the fiddler
sails away in the waving and waist-clasping rounds of it.
The people then are the people of a summer's night over and gone,
the people of a Polish dance hall before the last war,
in the sweat and reek of Limburger cheese and Bermuda onions,
sweltering in beer and music, Kansas country evangels,
or summer people in the Catskills
who have taken up square dancing as the poet takes up
measures of an old intoxication that leads into poetry,
not "square" dancing, but moving figures,
the ages of man and various personae of an old drama,

coupling and released from coupling,
moving and removing themselves, bowing
and escaping into new and yet old
configurations,
the word "old" appearing and reappearing
in the minds of the youths dancing.

so that I remember I was an ancient man,
"Granpaw," nineteen and ninety,
taking the hand of little Nell, dolce-doeing,

and the dance the grand séance of romancing feet in their numbers,
forward and back, we were the medium
for folk of the Old Days in their ever returning.

In the great figure of many figures the four
directions and empires
change into four times, and opposites of
opposites meet and mate,
separating and joining, ascending a ladder of litanies
until they are "sent,"
losing themselves in each other's being
found again.

Now, because I am Fire and you are Water,
Water and Fire kiss and embrace.
Water and Fire dance together. This,
the grand mimesis,
imitates the wholeness we feel true to What Is.

We must go back to sets of simple things,
hill and stream, woods and the sea beyond —
the time of day: dawn, noon, bright or clouded,
five o'clock in November five-o'clock-of-the-year
— changing definitions of the light.

And say the dancers take the six unbroken lines of the Chinese
hexagram,
and six dance for the six broken lines, the six gates or openings
in the otherwise stable figure: there are twelve in all.
Dividing into groups of three, they dance in four groups.

What twelve things of your world will you appoint guardians,
Truth's signators?
Salt, Cordelia said. Gold and lead.
The poet, the great maker of wars and states, and
the saint, Burckhardt named as the creative
masters of history.
But now, let the twelve be unnamed.

The dancers come forward to represent unclaimed things.

A Satisfactory Settlement

A SAGGING hulk of an American car, its bodywork like colored tinfoil that has been screwed into a ball and smoothed out, was beached on the axle of a missing wheel in a gutter of the neighborhood. Overnight, empty beer cartons appeared against well-oiled wooden gates; out-of-works loped the streets and held converse on corners with nannies in their pink uniforms and houseboys in aprons. In dilapidated outbuildings dating from the time when they housed horses and traps, servants kept all sorts of hangers-on. The estate agent had pointed out that it was one of the quiet old suburbs of Johannesburg where civil servants and university lecturers were the sort of neighbors one had — but of course no one said anything about the natives.

The child was allowed to ride his bicycle on the pavement, and he liked to go and look at the car. He and his mother knew none of their neighbors yet, and in the street he simply thought aloud; he said to a barefoot old man in an army greatcoat, "There's a dead rat by the tree at the corner. I found it yesterday." And the old man clapped his hands slowly, with the gum grin of ancients and infants: "*S'bona*, my *baasie*, may the Lord bless you, you are big man." Under one of the silky oaks of the pavement the child said to a man who had been lying all morning in the shade with a straw hat with a paisley band over his eyes, and a brand-new transistor radio playing beside his head, "Did you steal it?"

The man said without moving, "My friend, I got it in town." The furze of beard and mustache was drawn back suddenly in a lazy yawn that closed with a snap.

"I saw a dead rat there by the corner."

"The crock's been pushed to Tanner Road."

"There's a native boy's got a ten transistor."

His mother was not interested in any of this intelligence. Her face was fixed in vague politeness; she heard without listening to what was said, just as he did when she talked on the telephone: ". . . no question of signing *anything* whatever

until provision's made . . . my dear Marguerite, I've been fooled long enough, you can put your mind at rest . . . only in the presence of the lawyers . . . the door in his face, that's . . . cut out the parties he takes to the races every Saturday, and the flush dinners, then, if he can't afford to make proper provision . . . and, I said, I want a special clause in the maintenance agreement . . . medical expenses *up till the age of twenty-one* . . ."

When his mother was not talking to Marguerite on the telephone it was very quiet in the new house. It was as if she were still talking to Marguerite in her mind. She had taken the white bedside radio from her room in the old house — Daddy's house — to a swap shop, and she had brought home a gray portable typewriter. It stood on the dining table, and she slowly picked out letters, with her eyes on the typing manual beside her. The tapping became his mother's voice, stopping and starting, hesitantly and dryly, out of her silence. She was going to get a job and work in an office; he was going to a new school. Later on when everything was settled, she said, he would sometimes spend a weekend with Daddy. In the meantime it was the summer holidays and he could do what he liked.

He did not think about the friends he had played with in the old house. The move was only across the town, but for the boy seas and continents might have been between and the suburb a new country from where Rolf and Sheila were a flash of sun on bicycles on a receding horizon. He could not miss them as he had done when they had been in the house next door and prevented, by some punishment or other, from coming over to play. He wandered in the street; the rat was taken away, but the old man came back again — he was packing and unpacking his paper carrier on the pavement: knotted rags, a half loaf of brown bread, snuff, a

Miss Gordimer, a native of Johannesburg, is one of South Africa's most gifted novelists and storytellers.

pair of boots whose soles grinned away from the uppers, and a metal funnel. The boy suddenly wanted the funnel, and paid the old man fifteen cents for it. Then he hid it in the weeds in the garden so that his mother wouldn't ask where he'd got it.

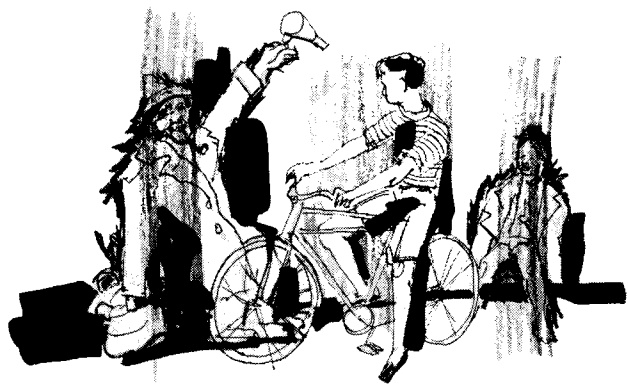
The man with the radio sometimes called out, "My friend, where you going?" "My friend, watch out for the police!"

The boy lingered a few feet off while the man went on talking and laughing, in their own language, with the group that collected outside the house with the white Alsatian.

"Why d'you say that about the policeman?"

The man noticed him again, and laughed. "My friend, my friend!"

Perhaps the old man had told about the funnel; a funnel like that might cost fifty cents. In a shop.



The boy didn't really believe about the policeman, but when the man laughed, he felt he wanted to run away, and laugh back, at the same time. He was drawn to the house with the white Alsatian and would have liked to ride past without hands on the handlebars if only he hadn't been afraid of the Alsatian rushing out to bite the tires. The Alsatian sat, head on paws, on the pavement among the night watchman and his friends, but when it was alone behind the low garden wall of the house, it screamed, snarled, and leapt at the women who went by in slippers and cotton uniforms gaping between the buttons and yelled "*Voetsak!*" and "*Suka!*" at it. There were also two women who dressed as if they were white, in tight trousers, and had straightened hair and lipstick. One afternoon they had a fight, tearing at each other, sobbing, and swearing in English. The Alsatian went hysterical, but the night watchman had him by the collar.

THE old car actually got going — even when the wheel was on, there was still the flat battery, and he put down his bike and helped push. He was offered a ride but stood shaking his head, his chest

heaving. A young man in a spotless white golf cap and a torn and filthy sweater wanted to buy his watch. They had been pushing side by side, and they sat in the gutter, smiling like panting dogs. "I pay you five pounds!" The slim, sticky black hand fingered his wrist, on which the big watch sat a bit off-center.

"But where have you got five pounds?"

"How I can say I buy from you if I can't have five pounds? I will pay five pounds!"

The impossible size of the sum, quoted in old currency, as one might talk wildly of ducats or doubloons, hung in credible bluff between them. He said of his watch, "I got it for Christmas." But what was Christmas to the other?

"Five pounds!"

A nanny pushing a white child in a cart called out something in their language. The hand dropped the skinny wrist, and a derisive tongue click made the boy feel himself dismissed as a baby.

He did not play in the garden. His toys all had been brought along, but there was no place for them yet; they stood about in his room with the furniture that had been set here or there by the movers. His mother dragged his bed under the window and asked, Is that where you want it? And he had said, "I don't know where it's supposed to be."

The bicycle was the only thing he took out with him into the street. It was a few days before the car turned up again. Then he found it, two blocks away. This time it had two flat tires, and no one did anything about them. But a house down there was one of those with grass planted on the pavement outside, and the garden boy let him go back and forth once or twice with the power mower. He went again next day and helped him. The garden boy wanted to know if his father smoked and asked him to bring cigarettes. He said, "My father's not here, but when we're settled I'll ask for some for you." He hardly ever went out now without meeting the old man somewhere; the old man seemed to expect him. He brought things out of his paper carrier and showed them to the boy, unwrapped them from rags and the advertising handouts that drift to city gutters. There was a tin finger, from a cigar, a torch without switch or glass, and a broken plastic duck — nothing like the funnel. But the old man, who had the lint of white hairs caught among the whorls on his head, spread the objects on the pavement with the confidence of giving pleasure and satisfaction. He took the boy's hand and put in it the base of some fancy box; his hand on the boy's was strong, shaky, and cold, with thick nails the color of the tortoise's shell in the old house. The box base had held a perfume bottle and was covered with stained satin; to the boy it was a little throne, but he didn't want it, it was a girl's thing.

He said with an exaggerated shrug, "No money." "Yes, my *baasie*, only shilling, shilling. The Lord bless you, *Nkosana*. Only shilling."

The old man began to wrap it all up again; the base, the duck, the torch, and the tin finger. Afterward, the boy thought that next time he might take the tin finger for, say, two and a half cents, or three. He'd have to buy something. As he rode back to the new house, there was the angle of a straw hat with a band in a little group chatting, accusing, and laughing, and he called out, "Hullo, my friend!"

"Yes, my friend!" the greeting came back, though the man didn't look around at him.

Then he thought he saw, without the white cap, the one who wanted to buy his watch, and with a hasty wobble of pleasurable panic he rode off fast down the hill, lifting his hands from the bars a moment in case somebody was looking, and taking a chance on the white Alsatian.

WHEN she was not at the typewriter she was on her knees for hours at a time, sorting out boxes and suitcases of things to be got rid of. She had gone through the stuff once when she packed up and left, setting aside hers from his and being brought up short when she came upon some of the few things that seemed indisputably theirs and therefore neither to be disposed of nor rightfully claimed by either. Now she went through all that was hers, and this time, on a different principle of selection, set aside what was useful, relevant, and necessary from what was not. All the old nest papers went into the dustbin: letters, magazines, membership cards, even photographs. Her knees hurt when she rose, but she sometimes went on again after she and the child had eaten dinner and he was in bed.

During the day she did not go out except for consultations with the lawyers, and if Marguerite phoned at night to hear the latest, she sat down at the telephone with a gin and bitter lemon—the first opportunity she'd had to think about herself even long enough to pour a drink. She had spoken to no one round about, and awareness of her surroundings was limited to annoyance latent in the repetition of one worn close-harmony record, mutedly blaring again and again from nearby—a gramophone in some native's *kiya*. But she was too busy getting straight to take much notice of anything; the boy was getting a bit too much freedom—still, he couldn't come to any harm, she supposed he wouldn't go far away, while out of the way. She hadn't seen any of the good friends since she'd left, and that was fine. There'd been altogether too much talk and everyone ready to tell *her* what she ought to do one day, and then running

off to discuss the "other side of the story" the next. Naturally, it all got back to her.

Marguerite was quite right. She was simply going ahead to provide a reasonable, decent life for herself and her child. She had no vision of this life beyond the statement itself, constantly in her mind like a line of doggerel, and proclaimed aloud in the telephone conversations with Marguerite, but she was seized by the preoccupations of sorting out and throwing away, as if someone had said, dig here.

She walked around the house at night before she went to bed and checked windows and doors. Of course she was used to that, but when, as had so often happened, she was left alone in the other house, there were familiar servants who could be trusted. There was no one to depend on here; she had taken the first girl who came to the back door with a reference. It was December, and the nights were beautiful, beautiful: she would notice, suddenly, while pulling in a window. Out there in the color of moonstone nothing moved but the vibration of cicadas and the lights in the valley. Both seemed to make shimmering swells through the warm and palpable radiance. Out there you would feel it on bare arms while you danced or talked, you could lie on your back on hard terrace stone and feel the strange vertigo of facing the stars.

It was a postcard of somewhere she had been, and had no power over her in the present. She went to bed and fell asleep at once, as if in a night's lodging come upon in the dark.

But after the first few days something began to happen in the middle of the night. It happened every night, or almost every night (she was not sure; sometimes she might have dreamt it, or in the morning, run the experience of two nights into one). Anyway, it happened often enough to make a pattern of the nights and establish, through unease, a sense of place that did not exist in the light of day.

It was natives, of course; simply one of the nuisances of this quiet neighborhood. A woman came home in the early hours of the morning from some shebeen. Or she had no home and was wandering the streets. First she was on the edge of a dream, among those jumbled cries and voices where the lines of conscious and subconscious cross. Then she drew closer and clearer as she approached the street, the house, the bed—to which the woman lying there was herself returning, from sleep to wakefulness. There was the point at which the woman in the bed knew herself to be there, lying awake with her body a statue still in the attitude of sleep, and the shadowy room standing back all around her. She lay and listened to the shouts, singing, laughter, and sudden cries. It was a monologue; there was no answer, no

response. No one joined in the singing, and the yells died away in the empty streets. It was impossible not to listen because, apart from the singing, the monologue was in English — always when natives were drunk or abusive they seemed to turn to English or Afrikaans; if it had been in their language she could have shut it out with a pillow over her ears, like the noise of cats. The voice lurched and rambled. Just when it seemed to be retreating, fading around a corner or down the hill, there would be a short, fearful, questioning scream, followed by a waiting silence; then there it was, coming back, very near now, so near that slithering footsteps and the loose slap of heels could be heard between the rise and fall of accusations, protests, and wheedling obscenities. “. . . telling LIARS. I . . . you . . . don’t say me I’m . . . and telling liars . . . L-I-A-R-S . . . you know? you know? . . . I’m love for that . . . LI-ARS . . . the man he want . . . LI-A-A-RS . . . my darling I’m love . . . AHH-hahahhahahOOOoooo . . . YOU RUBBISH! YOU HEAR? YOU RUBBISH . . .”

And then slowly it was all gathered together again, it staggered away, the whole muddled, drunken burden of it, dragged off somewhere, nowhere, anywhere it could not be heard anymore. She lay awake until the streets had stifled and hidden it, and then she slept.

Until the next night.

The summons was out of the dark, as if the voice came out of her own sleep like those words spoken aloud with which one wakes oneself with a start. YOU RUBBISH . . . don’t say me . . . he want . . . L-I-A-R-S . . . don’t say me.

Or the horrible jabber when a tape recorder is run backward. Is that my voice? Shrill, ugly; merely back to front? L-I-A-R-S. The voice that had slipped the hold of control, good sense, self-respect, proper provision, the future to think of. My darling I’m love for that. AhhhhhhhahahhaOO-ooooeee. Laughing and sniveling; no answer: nobody there. No one. In the middle of the night, night after night, she forgot it was a native, a drunken black prostitute, one of those creatures with purple lips and a great backside in trousers who hung about after the men. She lay so that both ears were free to listen, and she did not move or open her eyes on the outer dark.

Then one night the voice was right under her window. The dog next door was giving deep regular barks of the kind that a dog gives at a safe distance from uncertain prey, and between bouts of fisting on some shaky wooden door the voice was so near that she could hear breath drawn for each fresh assault. “YOU HEAR? I tell you I’m come find . . . YOU HEAR-R-R . . . I’m come give you nice . . . YOU-OOO-HE-AAR.”

The banging must be on the door of the servant’s room of the next-door house; the dividing wall between the two properties was only ten feet from her bedroom. No one opened the door, and the voice groveled and yelled and obscenely cajoled.

This time she got up and switched on the light and put on her dressing gown, as one does when there is a situation to be dealt with. She went to the window and leaned out; half the sky was ribbed with cloud, like a beach in the moonlight, and the garden trees were thickly black — she could not see properly into the neighbor’s over the creeper-covered wall, but she called ringingly, “Stop that! D’you hear? Stop it at once!”

There was a moment’s silence, and then it all began again, the dog punctuating the racket in a deep, shocked bay. Now lights went on in the neighbor’s house, and there was the rattle of the kitchen door being unbolted. A man in pajamas was in her line of vision for a moment as he stood on the back steps. “Anything wrong?” The chivalrous, reassuring tone between equals of different sex.

“In your yard,” she called back. “Some drunk woman’s come in from the street.”

“Oh, my God. Her again.”

He must have been barefoot. She did not hear anyone cross the yard, but suddenly his voice belated, “Go on, get out, get going . . . I don’t care what you’ve come for, just get on your feet and *hamba* out of my yard, go on, quickly, OUT!” “No master, that boy he —” “Get up!” “Don’t swear me —” There was a confusion of the two voices, with his quick, hoarse, sober one prevailing, and then a grunt with a sharp gasp, as if someone had been kicked. She could see the curve of the drive through the spaced shapes of shrubs, and she saw a native woman go down it, not one of the ladies in trousers but an ordinary servant, fat and middle-aged and drunk, in some garment still recognizably a uniform. “All right over there?” the man called.

“Thanks. Perhaps one can get some sleep now.”

“You didn’t send for the police?”

“No, no I hadn’t done that.”

All was quiet. She heard him lock his door. The dog gave a single bark now and again, like a sob. She got into the cool bed and slept.

THE child never woke during the night unless he was ill, but he was always up long before any adult in the mornings. That morning he remembered immediately that he had left his bicycle out all night and went at once into the garden to fetch it. It was gone. He stared at the sodden long grass and looked wildly around from one spot to another.

His mother had warned him not to leave anything outside because the fence at the lower end of the garden, giving on a lane, was broken in many places. He looked in the shed, although he knew he had not put the bicycle there. His pajamas were wet to the knees from the grass. He stuffed them into the laundry basket in the bathroom and put on a shirt and trousers. He went twice to the lavatory, waiting for her to get up. But she was later than usual that morning, and he was able to go into the kitchen and ask the girl for his breakfast and eat it alone. He did not go out; quietly, in his room, he began to unpack and set up the track for his electric racing cars. He put together a balsa-wood glider that somehow had never been assembled, and slipped off to throw it about, with a natural air, down the end of the garden where the bicycle had disappeared. From there he was surprised to hear his mother's voice, not on the telephone but mingled with other voices in the light, high way of grown-up people exchanging greetings. He was attracted to the driveway, drawn to the figures of his mother and a man and woman dressed for town, pausing and talking, his mother politely making a show of leading them to the house without actually inviting them in. "No, well, I was saying to Ronald, it's all right if one's an old inhabitant, you know —" the woman began, with a laugh, several times without being allowed to finish. "— a bit funny, my asking that about the police, but really, I can assure you —" "Oh, no, I appreciated —" "— assure you, they're as much use as —" "It *was*, five or six years ago, but it's simply become a hangout —" "And the women! Those creatures in Allenby Road! I was saying, one feels quite ashamed —" "Well, I don't think I've had an unbroken night's sleep since I moved in. That woman yelling down the street at two in the morning." "I make a point of it — don't hang about my property, I tell them. They're watching for you to go out at night, that's the thing." "Every morning I pick up beer cartons *inside* our wall, mind you —"

His mother had acknowledged the boy's presence, to the others, by cupping her hand lightly round the back of his head. "And my bicycle's been stolen," he said, up into their talk and their faces.

"Darling . . . where?" His mother looked from him to the neighbors, presenting the sensation of a fresh piece of evidence. "You see?" said the man. "There you are!"

"Here, in the garden," he said.

"There you are. Your own garden."

"*That* you must report," said the woman.

"Oh, really — on top of everything else. Do I have to go myself, or could I phone, d'you think?"

"We'll be going past the police station on the

hill, on our way to town. Ronald could just stop a minute," the woman said.

"You give me the particulars, and I'll do it for you." He was a man with thick-soled, cherry-dark shoes, soaring long legs, an air force mustache, and a funny little tooth that pressed on his lip when he smiled.

"What was the make again, d'you remember?" his mother asked him. And to the neighbors, "But please come inside — won't you have some coffee, quickly? I was just going to make myself — oh, it was a Raleigh, wasn't it? Or was that your old little one?" They went into the house, his mother explaining that she wasn't settled yet.

He told them the make, serial number, wheel-base, and identifying dents of his bicycle. It was the first time he and his mother had had visitors in this house, and there was quite a flurry to find the yellow coffee cups and something better than a plastic spoon. He ran in and out helping and taking part in the conversation. Since they had only just got to know him and his mother, these people did not interrupt him all the time as the friends who came to the other house always had. "And I bet I know who took it, too," he said. "There's an old native boy who just talks to anybody in the street. He's often seen me riding my bike down by the house where the white dog is."

LOVE-MAKING; APRIL; MIDDLE AGE

BY L. E. SISSMAN

A fresh west wind from water-colored clouds
Stirs squills and iris shoots across the grass
Now turning fiery green. This storm will pass
In dits and stipples on the windowpane
Where we lie high and dry, and the low sun
Will throw rose rays at our gray heads upon
The back-room bed's white pillows. Venus will
Descend, blue-white, in horizontal airs
Of red, orange, ocher, lemon, apple green,
Cerulean, azure, ultramarine,
Ink, navy, indigo, at last midnight.
Now, though, this clouded pewter afternoon
Blurs in our window and intensifies
The light that dusts your eyes and mine with age.
We turn our thirties over like a page.

BOOKS and MEN *"He is a fascinating throwback, one of those now solitary American moralists, perfectionists, taskmasters, and schoolmasters who are still lucid in our frantic society." So does one of America's most lucid writers and critics describe George Kennan in this singular essay on the man and mind revealed in MEMOIRS: 1925-1950. Mr. Kazin's most recent book is STARTING OUT IN THE THIRTIES. He teaches at State University of New York at Stony Brook and is at work on a study of the American imagination in the nineteenth century.*

SOLITARY EXPERT:

The Case of George F. Kennan

by ALFRED KAZIN

THERE is probably no reason to expect more of Foreign Service Officers than of other government servants, but they "represent" us and so get watched. Many of them have incomparably direct experiences of foreign countries, an un-American facility in foreign languages, and often do acquire unusual detachment from the home culture and some wit about the human scene in general. Some American diplomats have become scholarly specialists, just as naturally as professional scholars — James Russell Lowell, Claude Bowers, William E. Dodd, John Kenneth Galbraith — have become ambassadors. Nevertheless, the system seems not to turn up as much intellectual distinction as it might, and it is noteworthy that the former professors in the State Department now most zealous in explaining the white man's burden in Vietnam were never very interesting minds to begin with. A leaning toward undertakers' manners and pompously misleading prose is always in favor. The ability to swallow one's objections, to impersonate under the anguished heckling of draft-age students the self-restraint made famous by gentlemen-in-waiting at the court of Louis XVI, who by protocol sat horribly near the fire but were not allowed to move an inch — this seems to require exactly the superficial talents and even the slightly inhuman traits that have often been attributed to diplomats.

Still, the layman rarely knows. Foreign Service people are not encouraged to write for publication; probably the most dedicated of them anonymously give their talents away to training others; all belong to the "Department," to their country, far more than they do to themselves. There are surely intellectual privileges to the diplomatic life — the extraordinary chance, for those capable of using it, to study other cultures; the peculiar freedom as well as the natural loneliness of living abroad. Despite the complacent types one meets in American embassies, who "never had it so good," the more thoughtful ones are consoled by intellectual privileges for the subtle sacrifice they make of their temperamental selves to the success of the job. But those whose minds will not always permit them to be too deliberately ponderous, to swallow every disagreement with policy and outrage at an unnecessary threat to peace, will, sooner or later, get out and do what most educated people want most in the world to do — "write."

Of all American career diplomats in our day, George F. Kennan is surely the best known and the most honored, at least by the scholarly world. Yet he has been the most disputatious of State Department advisers and twice (after he had retired from the Department in 1950) a stormy ambassador. He is now known as an impeccable scholar and his-

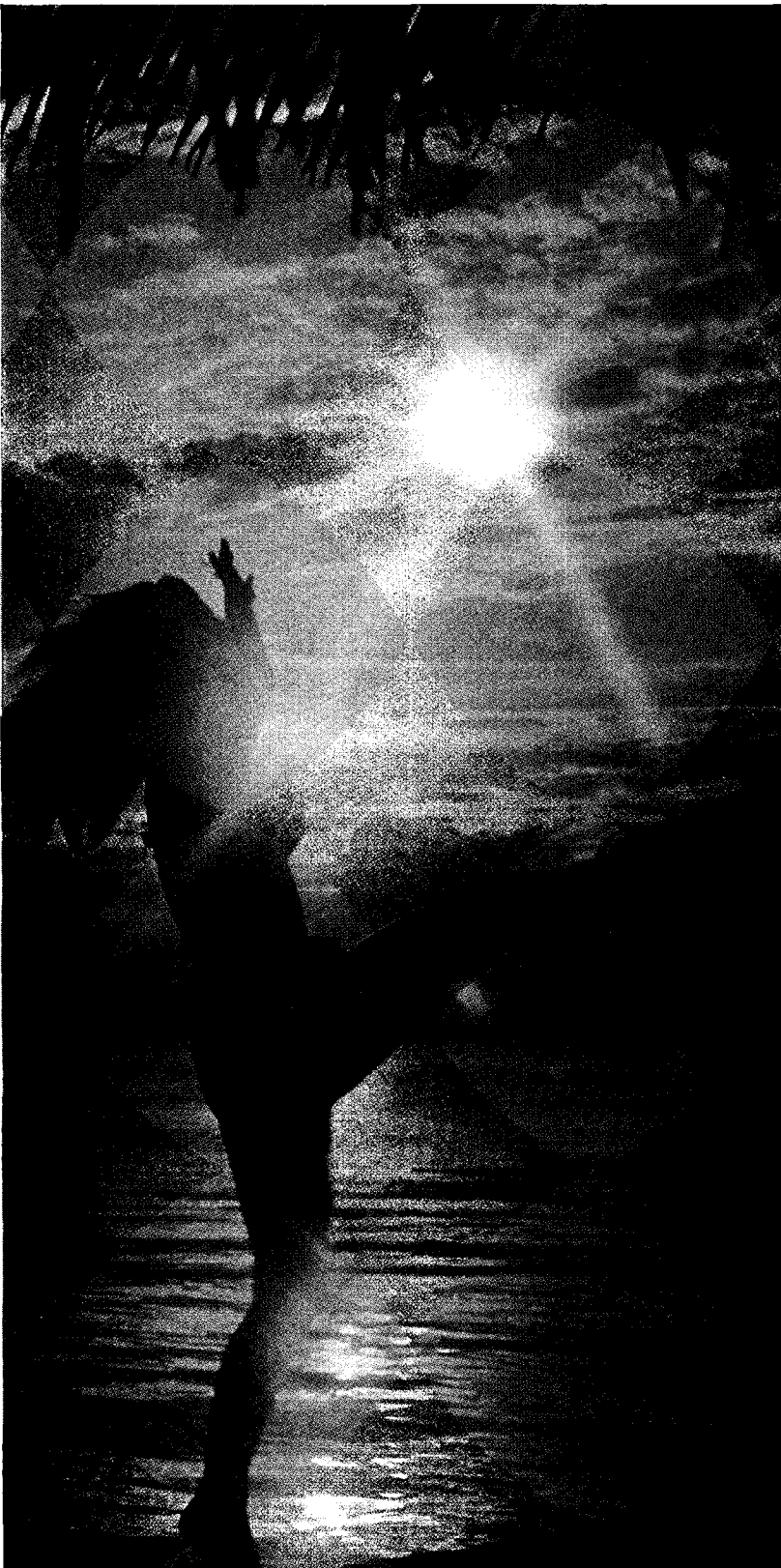
torian, but he could conceivably have become an influential leader of American opinion instead of being rudely disparaged, as he has been, by Presidents and Secretaries of State. Kennan is one of the great Western scholars of Russia. He is a particular authority on Russian-American relations since the Revolution, on which he has published two volumes — *Russia Leaves the War* and *Decision to Intervene* — of a planned three-volume history. Its mastery of all the sources, its literary irony on the disparity between the efforts of diplomats and the decisions of their government, make Kennan one of the more authoritative minds among the many professors writing history in our day. This theme of professional frustration runs through much of Kennan's writing, but never so fiercely as in his *Memoirs: 1925–1950* (Atlantic–Little, Brown).

Kennan entered the Foreign Service at twenty-one, has specialized in Germany as well as Russia and the Baltic, was a principal figure in our Moscow Embassy from the day relations were resumed, was later a leading adviser on Russia, head of the State Department Policy Planning Board, counselor to the Department. Yet as ambassador to the Soviet Union near the end of the Stalin regime, he was so outraged by the more than usual bugging and snooping in the American Embassy that at a famous interview at the Berlin airport he deliberately compared Stalin's regime to Hitler's and so had himself declared *persona non grata*. As Kennedy's ambassador to Yugoslavia his mission was again cut short, this time because he was so intent on Yugoslavia's getting more aid from Congress; Kennedy felt that Kennan was too insistent on his own point of view, too impatient with the political necessity of placating and dealing with Congress. Though these missions were in a sense deliberate "failures," they are typical of Kennan's stern sense of principle in dealing with both the Russian leaders and the often gross representatives of our great democracy; in Russia he was outraged by the spying of Stalin's police, and from Yugoslavia he was protesting against Congress' lack of political imagination in admitting the break in the Communist camp. The reader of Kennan's painfully self-controlled and tragically haughty memoirs soon becomes aware that he can be like no one else in the American diplomatic service; despite many anxious compliments to his old chiefs and colleagues in the Department, one can see that he thinks this too. His exceptional but peculiarly restrictive qualities can be seen in the self-conscious authority of his other books — notably *American Diplomacy* and *Russia and the West under Lenin and Stalin*. But because he is forced to say so much about himself here — he doesn't want to, doesn't always know how to, but is finally revealing in describing the difficult jumps between his private and

official self — his expertness seems more testy, and his contradictions as a human being who is as emotional as he is principled become more fascinating. Rarely has the intellectual anguish that can lie behind political decisions been so clearly revealed.

KENNAN is a formidable scholar in his special subject, Russia: he has a particular understanding of nineteenth-century Russia, when virtually all its great literature was produced, when its greatest spirits were striving for an ethical clarity that, as they thought, would teach the people to find some solution to their political and social frustrations. Many an American, visiting the homes of the great nineteenth-century Russian intellectuals, has recognized physical and moral resemblances to old-fashioned life in New England and the Middle West. The Lenin family home at Simbirsk — the home of an inspector of schools — reminded Edmund Wilson of the plain and bookish houses of Concord. At Tolstoy's estate, Yasnaya Polyana, among the wooden schoolhouses where Tolstoy himself taught peasant children, I found it utterly natural to see a great autographed picture of William Lloyd Garrison with the inscription "Liberty for each, for all, forever!" As Kennan points out, both Russia and the United States developed a significant literature only in the nineteenth century. Both were frontier-minded, with a strong sense of the destiny manifest in their being undeveloped continental masses; both looked to Europe for cultural tradition but were repelled by its worldliness. Addressing students at the Columbia Russian Institute, Kennan once noted with satisfaction that the dominating culture ideal inside Communist Russia was still Pushkin, Tolstoy, Moussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, the architecture of the Kremlin, the palaces of Leningrad, the tradition of the Moscow Art Theater and the Russian ballet — "the fairy-tale world of the age of chivalry."

"You cannot tell me that in these Russian minds the lessons of the nineteenth century have been lost." (But as only a lover of Tolstoy and Chekhov can, Kennan hates the fifty years of Soviet authoritarianism, brutality, and mendacity. He celebrated the "St. Petersburg era" in Russian culture, when it was eagerly looking to the West, for "the incredible freshness and sincerity and clarity of perception which placed the Russian intellectuals of the nineteenth century among the greatest of all critics of contemporary Western civilization.") Then he added significantly of the Communist aftermath: "What fault were [the Russian] people guilty of that led to this result?" With his Scotch-Irish Presbyterian background, Kennan is much given to the question of human "fault," and obvi-



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What's he doing today at IBM?

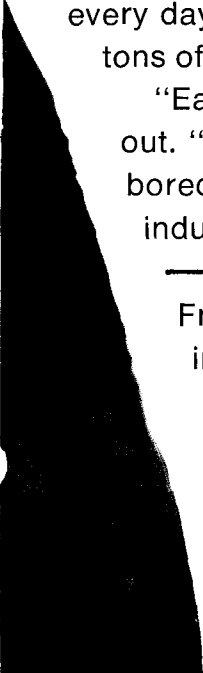
IBM's John Goodrich is probably the loftiest systems engineer in the country. He works at the Climax Molybdenum Mine, located 12,000 feet up in the Colorado Rockies.

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TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

ously he has often confronted his own intellectual pride and knows himself to be austere, didactic, unbending, and noticeably ungiven to the common touch. What he does not like as a fact of life, admit into his thinking, is the influence in politics of people unlike himself.

Kennan complained at Columbia of the tendency “in Russia of the crueller, more brutal and more aggressive natures to rise by some sort of natural attraction to the political surface of society and to monopolize the business of government.” His memoirs are full of uncomprehending contempt for politicians and the political process. He is a fascinatingly complex case even as a professional diplomat. He often writes history with a diplomat’s professional minimizing of the larger historic issues, and obviously feels that negotiation is too important to be left to mere statesmen. There is more than a touch in his memoirs of the old State Department hauteur in dealing with anything so “irregular” as refugees. Yet considering the long and hard training to which he has been put, to which he has put himself, his obvious reverence for many State Department regulars and State Department customs, it is equally clear from the long, hard struggle with authority recounted in his book that he is not an organization man, and essentially very unlike the cool types one is always meeting in American embassies abroad. He is a fascinating throwback, one of those now solitary American moralists, perfectionists, taskmasters, and schoolmasters who are still lucid in our frantic society. Out of his fierce professional involvement, living so long abroad, absorbing German and Russian as if they were his own languages, he has become disgusted with American slickness, commercial pap, the phony benignity and good fellowship, the limitless self-indulgence and angry self-centeredness. But always more alert to the power relationships between countries rather than those between groups in his own country — this has often led to the misapplication or rejection of his advice — Kennan’s strenuous single-mindedness not only has made him influential in Washington, but also has left him an interestingly sharp antagonist of American ways.

GEORGE KENNAN is a serious man. In our time serious people know that “history” tears everything apart, starting with themselves. As a young diplomat in Germany, Kennan was once moved to tears by a Communist demonstration one Sunday in Hamburg, for he suddenly realized that the working people in that parade had no other day, and no other way, to show the burden on their lives. This is the same man who insists throughout his memoirs on the generally messy emotions and un-

informed experiences that often conflict with the hard, limited, consciously stoical work of diplomacy. The reader soon realizes that there are two kinds of writing in the book, expressive of two conscious selves — a lower and a higher, a vulnerable human being and a solemn professional. When he describes his early years in Milwaukee, his sense at Princeton of being “imperfectly visible,” his embarrassment when he tried to earn some Christmas money at college by delivering the mail and made a mess of it, one is aware of someone unused to describing personal emotion to the public, but who has been doing it all his life in private memoranda. As a young consular official in the twenties, Kennan was already a specialist but was limited then to Baltic countries. His diaries of those years — it is clear from the many private documents he quotes that he is a compulsive writer and practiced in “the curious art of writing for oneself alone” — are moody landscape studies, full of loneliness and intellectual excitement and the suggestiveness that Baltic “white nights” leave on the Riga strand — “a condition of nature under the spell of which all human emotions and situations seemed to take on a heightened poignancy, mystery, and promise.”

Kennan’s seriousness has been largely concentrated on his intellectual passion for Russian, which as a young Foreign Service Officer he studied in Germany and perfected in the nine years he spent in Russian-speaking environments. This feeling for a foreign language, for another place and perhaps another time, of course kept Kennan outside his own country, and by concentrating its features in his memory, made him stricter about America, more censorious. Yet his stern, cold disapproval of Communist minds and Communist manners is typically ethical, American, *old-American*: “cynicism, shamelessness, contempt for humanity — all triumphantly enthroned.” “I was never able to accept or to condone the stony-hearted fanaticism that was prepared to condemn to the loss of all civil rights, to ignominy, persecution, and ‘liquidation as a class’ entire great bodies of people . . . for no other reason than that their members had been born into certain stations in life. These savage class distinctions seemed to me only a mirror image of the feudal institutions Russia had so recently rejected.”

A cousin of his grandfather’s, the first George Kennan, was a self-educated telegrapher who first went to Siberia to explore the possibilities of setting up communication by cable. There he learned Russian perfectly, and eventually went back to Siberia again to write for the old *Century* magazine a series of articles that became a classic, *Siberia and the Exile System*. This was the first great account of Czarist oppression to be written by a foreigner; the book was translated into Russian and became a precious document inside the Russian revolutionary

movement. Prison officials, this first George Kennan said, "could not understand a curiosity which was strong enough to take travellers into a Siberian prison hospital"; *Siberia and the Exile System* is a wonderfully graphic book, yet as delicately written as a Howells novel; it is full of the plain-speaking idealism which was to make other nineteenth-century Americans so valued by Tolstoy. The present George Kennan's father was a farmer, born in 1851. It is hard not to see in many of the diplomat's conflicts with Washington the frustrations of a nineteenth-century man in mid-twentieth-century Washington — especially when this nineteenth-century man was a principal adviser on Russia inside the State Department.

Kennan's deepest frustrations came from his efforts after World War II to "contain" Soviet power in Europe without yielding to military solutions or to a McCarthyite crusade against Communism. Kennan's position was that the Russians could be held by a steadfast, "self-confident," "mature," wholly political American strategy. Subjective appeals to the Russians' "better side," he had said during the war, made absolutely no impression on them. Kennan pleaded against the Roosevelt-Hopkins attempt to flatter and charm Stalin and Molotov into becoming regular fellows. He had been horrified by the Soviet massacre of the Polish intelligentsia, of the Polish officer corps in the Katyn forest, by the despoliation of East Prussia — of which he says, with typical State Department obliviousness to the extermination of the Jews, that "the disaster that befell East Prussia with the entry of the Soviet forces has no parallel in modern European experience."

But he makes the important point that one reason for Stalin's treatment of Poland was his need to back up the Soviet police, who had murdered so many Poles in 1939. Kennan thought the Nuremberg trials were unnecessary and absurd; the leading Nazis should have been shot on the spot, and the sight of Soviet judges sitting on the bench revolted him. Kennan's basic position, one that he defined in the famous *Foreign Affairs* article of 1947 under the signature "X," was that Americans now had to learn patience and fortitude in dealing with "sheer power relationships." Although his article was often taken as a brief for military resistance to

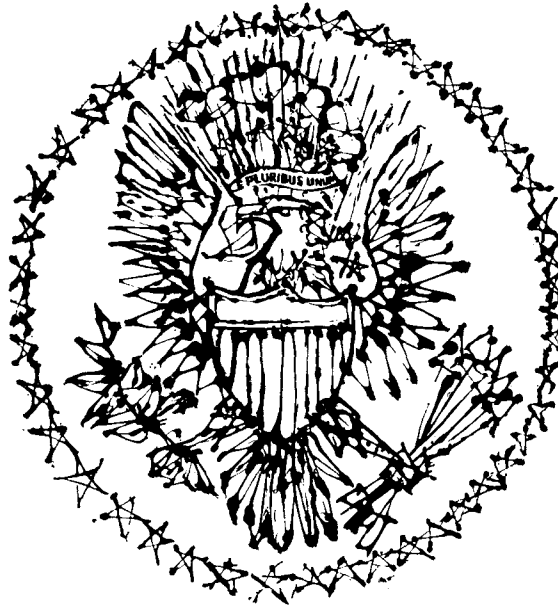
Soviet expansion, Kennan feels that this misunderstanding is inherent in the either-or thinking of Americans on foreign policy. He complains that in the old days Americans didn't like to make specific decisions on specific problems, that they had a weakness, as Wilson did, for high-sounding "universal" solutions. But now, he says, American policy is all too tough and military-minded. So, as usual, he is in the opposition, out in the cold; despite the leading service he gave as an unwitting architect of the cold war, he is opposed to present policy. But, also as usual, he has not been able to change anything. Kennan insists that Russia would never attack us, for "that is not in their

tradition," and that war is not inevitable. The makers of American policy have thought differently for some time, and George Kennan gratefully retired from the Foreign Service in 1950, when he was forty-six.

Even the most sympathetic reader of these memoirs can see why Kennan is now limited to scholarly eminence and why he does not have the kind of influence on American *opinion* that he might have had, only recently, when he testified so brilliantly against our ever-increasing aggressiveness in Vietnam. For the fact is that Kennan

does not see history, not even Russian history, as *moving* from people to the leaders; he does not respect social opinion and ferment, the prejudice and passion that make politics. It is probably difficult for a diplomat to live abroad for a long time without losing touch with the vulgar but effective commotion of common opinion. Kennan tends to overvalue diplomacy not because he believes in its effectiveness, but because it is his special thing, his *Fach*, as the Germans say. And he has a kind of German professorial zeal in stressing single points, a quite conscious condescension toward "slower colleagues," that explains why, among the relatively invisible members of the diplomatic service, Kennan has long stood out. He has had a way of irritating even the most unruffleable fellow ambassadors. Even that last word in unruffleability, Dean Acheson, said rudely in 1958: "Kennan has never, in my judgment, grasped the realities of power relationships, but takes a rather mystical attitude toward them."

All this means, of course, that George Kennan



is a man of extraordinary intellectual passion, a man who loves certain principles and values so intensely, and hates what he hates so fiercely, that he has been left to more subtle minds than Dean Acheson, and they do understand him. Yet what an extraordinary break with his old training, and perhaps with modern liberalism as well, he now represents. To love Russia itself so much, and yet never to grant anything to the Bolshevik Revolution; to despise Americans in their military-government compounds abroad, lapping it up at the PX, spoiled, materialistic, faithless to their traditions, yet all the while angrily to blame them for not being politically more intelligent than they are — these are some of the views that make Kennan the extraordinary figure he is. Here are three little snapshots:

In 1937, during the purge trial of Radek, Krestinski, and Pyatakov, Kennan sat in the courtroom with our ambassador, Joseph E. Davies, "hissing into his ear the best I could produce in the way of a simultaneous translation of Vyshinski's thundering brutalities, of the cringing confessions of some of the accused, and of the delicate innuendoes in the statements of some of the others. During the intermissions I was sent, regularly, to fetch the ambassador his sandwiches, while he exchanged sententious judgments with the gentlemen of the press concerning the guilt of the victims. I cannot recall . . . that I ever discussed the matter with him. His own reports make it evident that he placed considerable credence in the fantastic charges leveled at these unfortunate men."

In the summer of 1944 Kennan had the unpleasant experience of standing at the curb on one of the great Moscow boulevards and watching the passage of some fifty thousand German prisoners in process of being marched several miles across town from one railway station to another. It was a hot day; members of the Soviet police establishment often rode their horses into the ranks, forcing the soldiers to stumble about and to run on the double quick; some soldiers fainted. As Kennan says, "It was not a very great brutality, as brutalities of war go. The Germans, God knows, had done many times worse." But he came away from the sight shaken, saddened, and unsatisfied. "Was it right, then, I asked myself, to punish them all for the acts of a government to whose power their fathers had consigned them already as children and whose policies they had never had the faintest opportunity to oppose? . . . I recognized, at that moment, that I stood temperamentally outside the passions of war — and always would. . . . I had my moments of indignation. . . . The days, in fact, were seldom without them. Wherever I lived — in Berlin, in Moscow, in Washington — the evidences in the daily prints of hypocrisy, of

deliberate falsehood, of vindictiveness and pettiness of spirit, had never failed, and never would fail in the future, to send me into elaborate physical heavings, and mutterings of outraged sentiment."

Once after the war, when he had received permission to visit western Siberia, Kennan on his way back to Moscow happily found that the usual NKVD tail had temporarily lost track of him. "The office at Novosibirsk was, I suppose, done with me, and the center at Moscow had not yet picked me up. The result was that I had, for once, the feeling of not being a stranger, of belonging to a company of ordinary Soviet people. My companions on the plane, in any case, did not seem to recognize me as anything out of the ordinary. At the airport in Omsk, sitting in the grass under the shade of the wing of the plane in the heat of the day, I read aloud to a group of them, at their request, from a volume of Aleksei Tolstoy's *Peter The Great* which I had with me."

WINTER SONG

BY LESLIE NORRIS

Over the bluff hills
At the day's end
The diffident snow
Swirls before dropping

Blow wind, blow
That we may see
Your smooth body

The humble snow
Is waiting for darkness
So its soft light
Can muffle the hills

Blow wind, blow
The copse will be silent
The black trees empty

At the day's end
The small snow is scurrying
White bees in the moon
And the flying wind

Blow wind
Over the cold hills
For the moon is voiceless

Under Another's Sky

by JEFFREY DORAN

SOMEONE was ringing impatiently from below, and Jeremy was trapped with the bell in the elevator when he slammed shut the door. Someone was calling from the warehouse dock, leaning on the button.

Jeremy had taken the elevator to the fourth floor as soon as he had punched in; he still wore his gray jacket with elastic cuffs. He wanted to start early to help the day go more easily. The rest of the morning workers, hushed with hurry throughout the five floors of the warehouse, were finishing orders half-packed and piled the day before, boxes of hardware with gummed labels slapped wetly askew when the horn had blown at five. Occasionally a finished order in a tight box rattled down a ramp of chrome rollers to the shipping room. The dark plank floors sounded with short, heavy heelsteps as men turned from aisles of wholesale hardware to load pallets for Jeremy to run to the dock with his forklift. The upper stories were still cool from the night; electric fans had cleared the indoor air of diesel fumes from the previous day of shipping and receiving. The building muttered like a bedtime house, wood floors creaking, solitary footsteps going for drinks of water; but the elevator bell still hammered beside Jeremy's right ear.

With one foot on the rattling load of shovel handles from the fourth floor, Jeremy slid the control lever to D and sank to the ground floor. He hauled on the canvas-web belt, and the front wall split in two, half sliding up, half sliding down; the bell stopped ringing. Al Bailey stood exposed, leaning on a trash barrel, grinning at Jeremy like a man on stage. Tilting the barrel, he rolled it to one side of the elevator door. As Jeremy stepped from the elevator to lead out his lift, he heard Bailey gurgles his tobacco juice. Bailey spat, and the spurt of juice, spreading like a tiny fisherman's net, flattened on the toe of Jeremy's boot.

Unspeakingly, Jeremy watched the juice darken the worn leather of his ankle boot. The day had not even begun; he had not even hung his jacket in his locker. Still staring at the floor, he balanced on the tip of the forklift, above the single front wheel, and rolled out the load. The cold control lever felt strong in his palm. Bailey stood aside, the fringe of his blond mustache tipped with tobacco juice.

"Sorry about that, Gerny," Bailey said.

Jeremy steered the lift along the dock, not looking back at Bailey. He rode near the edge of the platform lined with splintering timbers that buffeted the rude rear bumpers of the trailers backing in, starting at nine (still half an hour away), to make their first deliveries and pickups. Bailey swept out the parking area each morning before the big warehouse doors opened. He had been on his way upstairs with empty trash barrels when Jeremy had met him at the elevator.

Jeremy dropped the pallet of handles at the bin for Cleveland's Express, always the first to make a pickup, leaving then for the mills in next-door Chicago. He inspected the brown stain on the toe of his boot. Bailey always said he would spit his Copenhagen juice anywhere, even on the company president's white shirt, if he felt like it. Jeremy had heard him say it regularly for three months, since he had quit his nonthinking, private-minded assembly-line job at Westinghouse and had come crosstown to work at the hardware wholesale warehouse in Concordia, Indiana, and had met Bailey, whom the other workers seemed able to ignore.

Jeremy knew Bailey would come back down in a few minutes to sweep off the asphalt. Bent over the broom, he would not be able to see over the

Mr. Doran is an undergraduate at Harvard University.

top of the dock. Jeremy mounted Big Bertha, the orange heavy-duty forklift, and waited for Bailey to enter the parking pit.

The electrical connections in Big Bertha were loose; the Forward pedal often had to be pumped to connect. The brakes were soft: often Big Bertha rolled ten feet before stopping. When Bailey came from the elevator and jumped off the dock, broom in hand, and prepared for his first swath along the edge of the dock wall, Jeremy angled Big Bertha toward the bobbing head. He had slipped the forks into a pallet of fifty-pound bags of Sakrete. It was part of his job to align the heavy skids at the dock's edge for the early pickups.

Bailey was crouched low by the wall, scuffing at a flattened cigarette pack, when Jeremy rolled Big Bertha toward the edge. The battery engine whined with the weight of the load, but Bailey did not look up. Just as Big Bertha neared the edge, when the pallet was in position to be dropped, Jeremy pretended to pump the brake, in case someone might be watching. Gracefully he stepped back off the orange machine as it toppled over the edge and crushed Bailey with a conglomerate ton of machinery and Sakrete—just as the dock workers had always said it would kill someone with its loose brakes; just as Jeremy had known it would kill Bailey when he felt the smack of tobacco juice on his boot.

He shouted and waved his arms convincingly afterward. The foreman sent him home for the day (because, Christ, he was only twenty-four, had only been working three months, and had just killed a man; no one could expect him to work through the afternoon); and the police forgot him after an hour of routine questions because Bailey had no relatives, owed no money, and, they suspected, was not even using his real name since no one seemed to care who he was. And the warehouse bought a new, heavy forklift.

Bailey was the first man Jeremy had ever killed, and lying awake on his cot in the room over Oppenheimer's Delicatessen, he decided he would be the last.

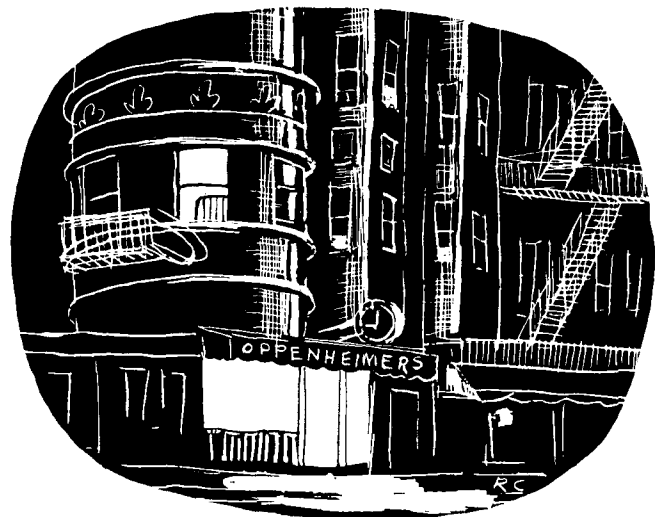
Killing him had been easy, dreamlike. Four years earlier, Jeremy had left his dead grandmother in Valparaiso and had taken a job vacuuming penthouse apartments in Chicago. Alone in a twenty-second-story living room one afternoon, the high sky pounding his brain blue through the picture window, he had held a tenant's cat out a small side window. He had wanted to show it, a cat that never felt grass, the big world below. The cat had raked Jeremy's hands and wrists with fishhook claws, and Jeremy had for a second imagined accidentally dropping the cat. He had replaced it safely inside and washed his wounds in the bathroom sink, thinking how easy it would

have been simply to let go of the fur and drop the parcel twenty-two stories and watch it fall out of sight. Killing Bailey had been as easy as that day-dream.

Jeremy's fellow dock workers appointed him their spokesman after the death, and using Bailey as their martyr (saying in cold breath over stale coffee from the smoking-room vending machine that if it had to be anyone, it was good it had been Bailey), they pressed the management with an ultimatum of complete renovation of the ancient elevator and all heavy forklifts, or a ten-cent raise for all those who worked around and under the half-ton loads and behemoth tractor-trailers. The management chose the raise. Jeremy bought a silk necktie with his first extra four dollars and wore it to work one morning as a joke. The men in the smoking room said he looked as sharp as any of the buyers or salesmen in the warehouse. They started calling him "Jerry."

When Jeremy had worked four months, he earned two full days off without pay in July. Leaving the dock at five on a Wednesday, planning to walk to his room over Oppenheimer's, pull down the shade, and sleep until Monday, he was stopped by Julio Morretti on his motorcycle. While Jeremy had remained a civilian since eighteen, listed as the sole supporter of his mother, her husband noted as dead (not knowing, however, where exactly his mother was supposed to be living or where his father was supposed to have died), Julio, just twenty-three, had already served his time as a paratrooper, and had saved his jump pay and bought the biggest motorcycle sold in Concordia.

Julio drove Jeremy to his room, and they sat on the floor killing the last of Jeremy's cheap California wine. When he was smoking, Julio said, "You know, mon, what you wanta do is take my bike and go off somewhere, hey? You wanta sit around



here? Mon, that's what they *want* you to do. But look: you *go* somewhere and come back and *talk* about it . . . yeah! Then ever-body knows you had a great time. And you earnt those two days."

Julio's plan was to loan Jeremy the motorcycle for the long weekend in return for the use of his room while he was gone. Julio lived with his father, who refused to let him bring his girls home.

"I got a gorl, sec," Julio said, "and she come to my place and my ol' mon say, 'No beetches when I wanta sleep!' so what to do, huh, mon? I take my gorl to *your* place here, sec, and when she think she gotta go, but she still say, 'Hog me, Julio, hog me. Don' make me go,' I say, 'OK, baby, you stay all you want.' Sec? Great, huh? No ol' mon . . . great chick to fool around with . . . you got my bike . . . everything great for a couple of days. Pretty good, huh?"

They exchanged keys the next morning, and Julio provided brief lessons on a quiet street, unnecessary because Jeremy had learned to drive a cycle from a next-door boy in Valparaiso. With an extra pair of denim pants rolled in a big blanket, and fifteen dollars folded in a secret leather-belt compartment used only for trips, Jeremy drove away from the delicatessen, headed for Pennsylvania.

Twenty, he thought, maybe eighteen years ago, his father had come back from the Pacific with a few service ribbons, no medals, no wounds, no good stories, and one Japanese flag with a faded Rising Sun. Jeremy, old enough to understand that the man called Jack was also his father, had been taken to the Gettysburg battlefield at the edge of the southern Pennsylvania line, where in a creosoted cabin he had slept with his parents for the last time. The still-uniformed man, tall enough to spring to the open beams in the cabin and chin himself, had rented a convertible coupe and driven his wife and son around the battlefield, drinking from dark bottles of beer that warmed in the sun on the floorboards. Jeremy had seen him that whole day, and the next morning the man Jack had gone away because, Jeremy's mother explained, they had decided not to love each other anymore. And Jeremy had been given to his grandmother in Valparaiso. When she had died, he had been old enough to get the vacuuming job in Chicago. After a month he had realized cleaning was a woman's work and had hitchhiked with a pencil-circled want ad in a folded newspaper to Concordia for the Westinghouse job. He had smothered within himself for three years, making enough money to know he did not care about being rich, and had crossed town to begin work at the warehouse.

He kept no photographs of his parents, but he remembered the hot-wood cabin at Gettysburg;

and with Julio's big machine he decided to drive to Pennsylvania and look at the battlefield and the cabin again. Julio had said he should go somewhere. Gettysburg was as good a place as any because if the dock workers asked him why he had gone there, he could say, "I got my reasons," and make them wonder and fabricate stories. Their imagined stories would be better than the truth: that Gettysburg was the only distant name Jeremy could speak with familiarity, and that he thought when he got there no one could make him leave even if he were unshaven and broke, because he could say, "Listen, I was almost born here. I belong here, like those white statues you got of soldiers shooting through the trees."

It took two full days of slow riding without a road map for Jeremy to reach the national park. The first night he stopped near the Pennsylvania line outside Hubbard, Ohio, and slept alone under a farmer's tree and a warped paper notice on a board saying "No Trespassing — Hunting — Fishing — Violators Will Be Prosecuted." He passed the pasture by the highway at dusk, the sun slipping unnoticed behind a building cloud bank on the horizon, and rode on into town to eat a sandwich before going back to the open field to sleep.

Breaking through a front-step trio of dogs nosing each other in a circle chain, Jeremy carried his bedroll into a Hubbard diner and ate a bacon-and-egg sandwich in a back room next to a bar where nondrinking boys played the pinball machine and scuffed on the sandy wood floor to jukebox music. He had borrowed Julio's green goggles and white helmet with a colored cutout of the Virgin Mary pasted on the front, and these he set to the right of his plate. When the waitress returned with the check, Jeremy watched her eyes slide down like weighted marbles to the goggles and helmet, but she said only, "Anything else?"

"You know where I can get a motorcycle fixed?" Jeremy said. He focused on the waitress' dry red lips; she glanced at his face, but her eyes, again heavy, sank back to the helmet and goggles on the table.

"What, by a garage?" she said.

"By somebody that knows good motorcycles," Jeremy said.

"Not in Hubbard," the waitress said.

"I got a motorcycle that needs somebody to fix it," Jeremy said. "I'm riding to Pennsylvania."

"Throw out your chest and you'll *be* there," the waitress said, setting down the check. "Pay now," she added.

Jeremy paid and left the diner, the bedroll under one arm, swinging the goggles in the other hand, the helmet already on his head. Maybe, he thought, he should have told her he was going

to New Orleans, or Maine. Or maybe he should have said it was a very special kind of motorcycle that needed tuning every hundred miles. Or that he had come from San Francisco. Or Canada.

Lying awake beneath the No Trespassing sign, while the knee-high grass grew damp under the lightless sky, Jeremy made up the story he would tell the farmer who might come to prosecute him: he was an orphan monk on his way to a big monastery in Virginia especially for orphans, and the motorcycle was the cheapest transportation he could find since monks were not allowed to hitchhike. The story became a long dream as Jeremy pulled the blanket tighter around his shoulders and over his chin to hide from mosquitoes. He dreamt he was head of the monastery because one night after work at the warehouse he had seen God looking in his window, and the Virginia monks had heard of this and written him to come be their leader.

God's face had been Bailey's. Jeremy laughed aloud in his sleep when he saw God with a tobacco-stained mustache. The laugh woke him just before dawn, and in the gray light, the ground mist combing through the wet grass, Jeremy rolled up his blanket. Stuck to the damp underside he found dozens of tiny slugs — soft, shell-less snails — and flicked them off with a fingernail, deciding to sleep the next night in a Gettysburg cabin on a dry bed, off the ground.

IT WAS dark when Jeremy found his way to the battlefield town; he traveled without road maps, asking at gas stations, "Am I headed for Gettysburg?" and answered by bemused attendants, "Well, you're headed in the general direction." In the late afternoon he knew he was going east if he followed his shadow, keeping the thin front tire on the black stretching image of him hunched on the machine. Once in Pennsylvania, he got more specific directions, but lost two hours by having started out on an angle too far to the north. He had known the town was southeast from Concordia, but had been afraid of shooting too far south to the strange land of Virginia with his dream monastery, and beyond; beyond to Florida and the end of the country. He nosed cautiously east, holding the cycle between forty-five and fifty, as a thin-legged boy edges into the shallows of the ocean, scared of letting the dark water lap over his knees and hide his feet. When he found the town, Jeremy parked Julio's machine at a drive-in hamburger stand and asked the cook where he could get a cheap cabin for the night.

The man behind the order window said there were no small cabins on the edge of the battlefield,

not like the ones Jeremy described: far apart from each other with grass between, small and green-painted with one heavy shutter to cover the window. Only some modern cabins, the man said, within sight of the monument of the Eternal Flame.

Jeremy took his bag-wrapped hamburger and paper cup of coffee to a picnic table beside Julio's motorcycle. He ate silently, wondering why the counterman would lie to him about the cabins, until a pink-faced waitress came to sponge off the tabletop.

Jeremy lifted his cup, and the waitress swabbed the sponge beneath it. She was sixteen, Jeremy thought, maybe fifteen. Her face was flushed, as if it had just been scrubbed.

"Do you live here?" Jeremy said. "In Pennsylvania?"

The girl did not answer, but smiled nervously, as if she had heard a dirty joke.

"I come from Indiana," Jeremy said. "Concordia." He gestured with his coffee cup at the black machine. "I rode that."

The girl studied the sponge, and said, "That's pretty far," with a quick flicker of blue eyes that looked away when Jeremy moved his head closer.

"It's a hell of a ways," he said. "And I think I might keep on going."

"Well, then . . . good-bye," the girl said, pleased with herself.

She turned, and her cardboard-stiff uniform seemed almost not to move, as if she rotated within it. Jeremy stretched across the table like a pool player flattened over the felt, and his fingers just missed the retreating uniform.

"Hey!" he said, trying not to sound panicky. "I want something . . . I mean, I want something else."

The girl turned and posed with her order book and pencil. Jeremy relaxed back on the bench.

"I come from Indiana," he said. "I don't know so good what you got here. Name me something except what I had before." When the girl said, "Fish-Burger," Jeremy said, "That's it. That's what I want."

While the girl was gone, Jeremy smoked a stale cigarette, not inhaling. Then, as if remembering an appointment, he flattened a napkin on the table, stretched it tight with thumb and index finger, and wrote carefully on it with a ball-point pen from his shirt pocket. When the girl brought his second sandwich, Jeremy slid the napkin across the table at her. Not picking it up, she read, "How old are you? Have you ever killed anybody?"

"What is this?" she said.

"It's just a question," Jeremy said, trying not to frighten her.

"No," she said, sounding old. "Oh, no. This is

some kind of line." She looked over her shoulder at the counterman. "I don't have to take this stuff."

She swept around inside her stiff uniform, and Jeremy leaped to her side of the table so swiftly that she involuntarily stopped, to listen. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm really sorry. You're probably only sixteen. I should've known you'd never killed anyone. I'm twenty-five or so. Maybe thirty. I lose count . . ." He held a five-dollar bill to her pink face. "I don't want to eat anymore," he said. "Keep the change, and buy something for yourself with it."

The girl looked back to the counterman, who was taking orders, and took Jeremy's money. "I can really bring you change," she said, moving to go. "It's no trouble."

Jeremy lightly touched the flank of her uniform with a flat hand, then withdrew it. "I didn't want to scare you," he said. "I just wanted to see if people in Pennsylvania were the same as people in Indiana. I just wanted to hear you talk. I haven't been here in a long time."

When the girl was gone, Jeremy threw the untouched Fish-Burger in a trash barrel so the waitress would think he had eaten it. He rode the motorcycle into the battlefield, entering between two stone piles on Confederate Avenue. A carved wooden sign said the park closed at ten. Jeremy followed the narrow road, dipping into chill air in the hollows, until he found a dirt road to the right. He wheeled the thin tires around a log blocking the path, and rode until he could not see the paved avenue behind him.

Cutting the headlight and cresting a small hill at the edge of a tall woods, Jeremy surprised a family of deer couched sphinxlike in the grass. Where he found the ground warm from their bodies, he stretched out his blanket to sleep alone under the lightless sky.

The clouds had followed him since Concordia. The morning he left, he had been warned by Julio of the sun and the "peasants"; he said, "The sun burn you hot as a beetch. Keep on the goggles. And don't hit no peasants. I hit a peasant once, mon, and just about wipe-out. They start to fly across the road, and you think, 'Yeah, sure, I can miss it,' but I hit that goddamn bird right with the headlight. Scare me shitless. I know a guy got his face tore right off — hit a bat at night. Didn't have no goggles." But the sky had started to lock in with gray clouds as soon as Jeremy had entered Ohio. He had lost his shadow, his east-pointing arrow, and made two wrong turns, trying to avoid the cities with names he recognized, cities he knew would be jammed with smoking traffic and sweating pedestrians. He had seen no animals along the road, although for a hundred miles he

had watched carefully for birds and bats; the first wildlife to approach him (except for a collie dog that had chased his rear tire) had been the snails in the wet field.

Julio had been wrong: the goggles had been unnecessary. But Jeremy had hung them around his neck while riding, and swung them in his hand when he walked into gas station rest rooms and strange diners where no one knew him; because he knew they made him look alien: they announced that he was not traveling by bus or by foot or even by car. Even so, Julio had not known everything about everything.

Lying stiffly on his back, Jeremy felt the cloud-blocked sky within arm's reach; he sensed the dark tufts just beyond his face, as if he were lying in the lower berth of a bunk bed, breathing at the underside of the upper-berth mattress that bulged in square tufts between the cross springs. Like the bunk bed in a cabin.

The moon and the stars were somewhere far behind the clouds; Jeremy watched the nothing-sky to see something. Able only to sense the clouds, he imagined them descending on him like a quilted comforter to smother him to sleep.

When he imagined the clouds might be so low that he could simply puff a hole through to the light beyond, he heard a man walking cautiously through the woods behind his head. The footsteps sporadically rattled dead leaves, as if the man were unsure of the path. Jeremy did not move; had he turned, he would have seen the edge of the woods as only a darker wall; he knew he could not see the man.

As the scuffing leaf-sound grew louder, Jeremy assured himself that he too could not be seen, such a small thing was he, flattened on the ground. Even if he were discovered, he thought, he could only be told to leave. He could say he had not known the rules; he could use the traveling-monk story. It was a good tale; no one ever bothered monks.

With three quick steps the man from the woods left the trees and entered Jeremy's field. Jeremy knew he had stepped out of the noisy leaves; he thought he felt through his back the vibrations of footsteps on the ground. He lay fifteen feet from the edge of the trees, head pointed slightly uphill to the dark row. The man from the woods could not avoid finding him; he might even stumble over him, putting a big, booted foot in Jeremy's mouth.

"There's a person over here," Jeremy said aloud finally, not moving his head.

The silence that followed told him the man was

listening. Afraid the statement might have sounded like a threat, he added, "No one here's hurting anything."

When no answer followed, Jeremy chose his words carefully and spoke again, trying to sound conversational: "Good. Christian here . . . good Christian monk."

Jeremy knew the man was sneaking up on him under the noise of his voice. He lay tight as an ironing board and tried to hear human sounds. His blood's pulsing seemed to swell the wrapped blanket; he could not hear through the blood in his ears. To move, he knew, would be fatal: the man was waiting for him to stand up as a target. Even in the dark a shotgun blast would find him out. He could only talk to save up time, to decide what to do next.

"This monk thought he could sleep here," Jeremy said. "He'll go if he's told plain and simple."

He heard a squirrel chatter far away, as if it were day. If his drumming ears did not still, he would never hear the man move. He had to talk him away; he spoke straight up at the unseen clouds.

"Mister?" The beating of his pulsing body seemed all the footsteps of the world aimed at his head. "This your land? Mister?" The man seemed to be waiting for the right words; perhaps deciding whether to kill Jeremy straight off, perhaps silently laughing at his stubborn voice. "Who is that?" Jeremy said. "I got a *right* . . ."

He tried to calm himself; he had no right in anything. He had to remember who he was. He held his breath, closing his eyes to listen.

"That . . . that *you*?" he said finally. "Julio?"

What the hell Julio was doing in Pennsylvania, even as a joke, Jeremy did not know. But he had driven for two days, gotten lost, to come to a place where he thought he could find the cabin with the low beam on which his Navy father had chinned himself; and a hamburger man with greasy hands had told him there were no cabins like that, making him sound like a crazy man. And maybe he was crazy. And if so, Julio could certainly be sneaking up on him in the dark. Maybe to spit tobacco juice in his eye.

"Bailey?" Jeremy said softly, questioning himself, remembering the brown stain on the toe of his boot—an old shoe already dirty with deeper stains—and the man, so far the last, who had called him "Germy."

"Bailey?" Out loud the name sounded appropriate. Bailey was dead, crushed flat as the cigarette pack he had stooped to pick up—his last gesture: bending to a piece of trash. Bailey was not standing back in the dark. But his name seemed to fit the silence.

When he spoke the name, Jeremy heard the night sounds fall back on him; his ears were cleared; he heard two squirrels and the spring peepers and, echoing far off, an auto horn. He knew the man was gone. Coming out of the woods he had brought the silence with him, and now the silence was gone, and so the man was gone.

Jeremy loosened his locked limbs; he felt the night air cool on his sweaty face. Still on his back, a roll of the blanket under his head, he saw the sky move just before he fell asleep. He saw the clouds, full and tufted as he had imagined, when a keyhole opened above his head and moonlight seeped around the edges. The hole opened like an eye, and through it, in direct line with Jeremy's face, shone a single star. Then the hole squeezed shut, and the clouds were gone again, and the sky all black. Jeremy slept, not dreaming, waking at daybreak with a crick in his neck.

He woke to the sound of leafy footsteps. In the gray dawnlight it was, of course, not a man but a gray squirrel leaping sporadically in bounds the length of a man's stride. The squirrel broke from the noisy woods and silently crossed the field.

The hell! Jeremy thought. He could never tell anyone of the incident. They would say he had been fooled by a lousy gray squirrel barely big enough to reach up and bite your ankle. Even if he told them that the pounding of his blood might have covered the human sounds that he knew he would hear, they would say he had been fooled. Even if he told how he could almost hear the man's breath, how the man had waited for him to say the right word and had gone away with his awful silence when the word had been said, they would misunderstand.

It did not matter that the gray squirrel came out at dawn to reveal the trick. What mattered was the star that had shone through the keyhole in the clouds, pinpointing in Jeremy's eye, picking him out, showing him that the perhaps-dead Navy man exercising in the nonexistent cabin, the mother who explained to the boy the man's good-bye as she might explain a movie too old for him, the grandmother in Valparaiso who ignored the boy by dying—all these had nothing to do with why he, Jeremy, had killed Bailey because of a small tobacco stain, but that that killing, that dreamlike decision to drive Big Bertha over the dock and on top of Bailey, had been the beginning, twenty-four years belated, of everything.

Jeremy rolled up the warm blanket. His body had smoothed out the tall grass, and he left it flattened to invite back the frightened deer. He had thrown them from their sleep with his rude motorcycle, and now he returned the field to them and the squirrels and the spring peepers. And the monumented park he left to the tourists and

to the buried dead. On the highway, in the 8 A.M. sun, he found his west-pointing shadow and followed it.

THE sky had unchoked in the night. Now Jeremy rode in the sun under a blue that did not, as he usually saw it, seem to arc with limit—an enclosing sphere—but that had no form at all, no flatness or roundness; and that suggested only a depth, as if something were hidden behind the blue: another color, or a star. Jeremy knew stars did not set like the sun; they were always overhead, waiting to be turned on. He crossed Pennsylvania heading west, not asking directions; as if, because he had already made the trip east, on the return trip a long geographical arm from Concordia would reach and guide him to its boundaries.

The road was little used. Jeremy passed straining foreign cars without sliding into the opposite lane, aiming Julio's motorcycle two feet to the left of the little cars' fenders, passing with his right hand on the throttle within reach of the driver-windows. No cars passed him from behind. Tractor-trailers loomed at him from the opposite lane, Atlantic-bound, knocking great earsful of slipstream wind at him, rocking slightly his dwarfed machine. He recognized few trucking names; he was still in a foreign state, even into Ohio.

He was going back a day early—maybe he would catch Julio in bed with some Maria—but he did not know if he might have a flat tire or burn out a spark plug or get very lost, more lost than on the trip east. He would not take a road map; he would rather spend a day getting lost. A map would make the trip meaningless, like the black-eyed girl with hair in a bun that could not be let down, with whom Jeremy had slept one night of his Chicago month; who had guided him officiously saying, "Now do this. Now this. Now you've got to do this," making Jeremy think, So this is all the hell kids are sweating their pants about before they have it. Hell. I'd rather go to a movie.

Just outside a town near the Indiana border where the speed limit dropped to twenty-five, Jeremy stopped at a small yellow-windowed store with a blue Pepsi shield on the door. Inside, helmet and goggles in his left hand, he found the Pepsi machine and drank one bottle quickly. He bought a package of cheese-and-peanut-butter crackers from the humpbacked storekeeper.

The hunchback came from a back room, shoving a lifted shoulder through a dark curtain in the doorway. He walked with one leg twisted so only the toe of his shoe tapped the floor. Before the hump, his head was sunken, cocked slightly to

the raised shoulder as if he were ready to fall asleep on himself. Across the counter he looked up with a delicate face at the taller Jeremy. Between his half-closed, concentrating eyes, the hunchback's thin, straight nose looked fragile; it would not have lasted one minute in a fistfight. So this, Jeremy thought, is what they mean when they call a man handsome; it would not be bad to have a face like this man's.

"Can I get to Concordia, Indiana, from here?" Jeremy asked.

"Suppose so," the man said. "You can't miss Indiana anyways."

Jeremy ate an orange cracker; he offered one to the hunchback, who shook his head, trying not to smile; as if he knew the crackers were stale, or had already tasted everything in the store and were content to watch others eat. "I come from there," Jeremy said. "I'm going back now. I been to Gettysburg."

"Hitchhike?" the storekeeper said.

Jeremy swung the helmet and goggles up on the counter. "Rode a motorcycle," he said.

The hunchback fixed on the green goggles, not touching with his hand. His eyes opened like a little boy's, and except for his weathered, fatherly face, Jeremy thought, he could have passed for a boy: just over five feet tall, harmless and weak. For a second, like the second he thought of dropping the cat from the Chicago penthouse window, Jeremy thought of robbing the man. He wondered why the tough travelers stopping for cigarettes did not just knock the little man on the head and rifle his cash register. It had apparently never happened; the hunchback was not at all guarded or nervous.

Jeremy thrust his hand into the man's gaze and held the goggles to him. "They keep the sun and wind out of your eyes," he said.

The little hunchback held them at arm's length to the light, his mouth twisting to stop a childish smile. While Jeremy watched, suddenly knowing that any made-up monk stories would be out of place in the world of the hunchback, who would probably never have a woman and who might, in the next hour, get his beautifully undeformed head broken by a thief, the man put the goggles to his face without hooking the strap. He held them to his eyes and grinned as if alone. Then, after he had finished whatever he had been seeing or doing in his mind, he set the goggles back by the helmet. He coughed into a fist to kill his grin.

"You can still tell red and green lights apart?" he said.

Jeremy said, Sure, they didn't change colors that much.

The hunchback stared at Jeremy's face, as if he had just been given something for keeps, the green

goggles perhaps. "Do you go very far on your motorbike?" he said.

"It's not mine," Jeremy said. "It's Julio's. He's a guy I work with in Concordia. That's where I'm going back to." The hunchback waited, as if Jeremy were beginning a story. "I had Thursday and Friday off. Just went to Gettysburg. I was there a hell of a long time ago, but I forgot what it looked like."

The hunchback's silent listening made Jeremy talk, as he had talked out loud the night before to fill the silence. "Julio and Al Bailey and I were dock workers . . . loading trucks. You know."

"Who are *you*?" the hunchback said eagerly.

Jeremy gathered the helmet and goggles under an arm. "I'm the guy that killed Bailey," he said easily.

The hunchback's mouth opened in a stupid smile. He waited for the punch line, the clue to the joke. Jeremy left him with a half-wave from the door. He could have given him a dollar for the hell of it, he thought, but a wave was enough.

Stopping for gas fifty miles further west, Jeremy washed his hands and face in the disinfected rest room; he watched two mechanics pump grease

into the steering column of an old car, and wasted time in a diner across the highway, spending left-over money and dozing over coffee; he passed through Indiana in the early evening. He had felt himself too far south, knowing he should soon start heading north to Concordia; but, the motorcycle's belly filled with new gas and the engine running smoothly at sixty, the quiet, west-leading road slipping like a carpet beneath his feet, he had decided not to turn. As white-lettered signs began to tell the short distance to Illinois, the sun started to set in front of Jeremy, and with one hand on the throttle, he zipped up his jacket with the other.

The road rolled ahead to the horizon, disappearing into the red, sinking sun. The sun settled into the distant asphalt. As its flattened shape like a squeezed balloon fell behind the horizon at the pinpoint end line of the highway, great widening spokes of pink rayed out from it like the outspreading beams on the Japanese flag. The sunset sky was reflected in whorls of red on the chrome of the motorcycle. Jeremy felt himself riding on one of those red rays, one that shot from the sun's center and coursed the highway and passed through him as if through glass, and went on, past and behind him.

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For twenty-two years the ATLANTIC has held out a special incentive to short-story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called Atlantic "Firsts" — short stories by unpublished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We are happy to announce the following prizewinners for 1967:

First Prize of \$750 awarded to
JOHN DECK
 for "*Greased Samba*"
 in the September issue

Second Prize of \$250 awarded to
JIB FOWLES
 for "*Babe the Blue Ox*"
 in the February issue

The Revolution in Biology

In its impact on biology, the discovery of the DNA structure in 1953 by Watson and Crick is rivaled only by Darwin's and Wallace's ideas on evolution and by Mendel's discovery of the basic laws of heredity. It opened up the possibility of understanding the chemical basis of heredity, by showing that DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid), the fundamental chemical substance of which genes (a chromosome is a linear collection of genes) are composed, had a simple, well-defined three-dimensional structure eminently suited to its hereditary role.

Until the dramatic announcement of the double-helical structure of DNA, there was complete ignorance of how a chemical substance could carry out the multifold activities needed for a genetic substance. Particularly mysterious was the problem of the self-duplication of the gene. Every time a cell divides to produce two new cells, its chromosomes also divide, producing two gene sets identical in structure to the pre-existing set. But until the structure of the gene became known, there was no way of even formulating the problem. And since DNA was thought to be very complicated, there was fear not only that the structure would not be solved for many decades, but also that when DNA was finally deciphered, it would be so subtle that few scientists would be able to understand it completely.

Hence the extraordinary excitement among the world's biologists when Watson and Crick showed that the basic features of DNA were straightforward and led immediately to a highly plausible model for how one DNA molecule could be duplicated to form two identical copies. The way in which genes duplicate is a concept not restricted to the very few — it is of such simplicity that now it is routinely explained to virtually all students of high school biology.

A revolution in biology was thus set in motion which in many ways parallels the explosive development of atomic physics following Bohr's 1912 analysis of the hydrogen atom and the subsequent

elaboration of quantum mechanics, upon which the development of atomic energy depended. The most striking consequence of this biological revolution has been the virtually complete working out of the genetic code. Given the structure of DNA, it became possible to ask how it can convey genetic information. This was shown to be through the sequence of the four different nucleotides in a DNA molecule. Each different gene has a different nucleotide sequence. A genetic message can thus be visualized as a very long word written in a four-letter alphabet. This message is then translated, by a cell's protein-synthesizing machinery, into the specific sequence of amino acids which characterizes a specific protein.

We know that each gene (that is, a collection of nucleotides) serves as a mold for the synthesis of a specific ribonucleic-acid molecule (RNA), which itself also serves as a mold, in this case to order the amino acids during the construction of a protein molecule. Moreover, it is further known that groups of three nucleotides within each RNA molecule specify a given amino acid and that in virtually all cases, the exact nucleotide sequences corresponding to each amino acid can be determined.

Directly leading from this work is an increasing understanding of why some genes work faster than others. In the near future, we should have a real insight into the chemical basis of embryological development and an understanding of the molecular basis of many important diseases. Already most striking is the abrupt change from the pre-war period when viruses were totally mysterious objects: today they are seen as well-defined molecular assemblages whose multiplication processes are known in great detail. It is hoped that this past decade's successful assault on the nature of viruses will soon be followed by the discovery of how viruses can transform normal cells into cancer cells, an understanding that may lead to the control of many malignant diseases.

— The Editor

Nobel Prize winner James D. Watson was a brash twenty-three-year-old when he went to Cambridge University to do research in the famed Cavendish Laboratory. "DNA was still a mystery, up for grabs," Professor Watson says, "and no one was sure who would get it and whether he would deserve it if it proved as exciting as we believed. Chiefly it was a matter of five people: Maurice Wilkins, Rosalind Franklin, Linus Pauling, Francis Crick, and me." Professor Watson's version of the DNA story is important not only for its scientific information, but also for what it reveals about the way scientists work.

THE DOUBLE HELIX

The Discovery of the Structure of DNA

by James D. Watson

I have never seen Francis Crick in a modest mood. Perhaps in other company he is that way, but I have never had reason so to judge him. It has nothing to do with his present fame. Already he is much talked about, usually with reverence, and someday he may be considered in the category of Rutherford or Bohr. But this was not true when, in the fall of 1951, I came to the Cavendish Laboratory of Cambridge University to join a small group of physicists and chemists working on the three-dimensional structures of proteins. At that time he was thirty-five, yet almost totally unknown. Although some of his closest colleagues realized the value of his quick, penetrating mind and frequently sought his advice, he was often not appreciated, and most people thought he talked too much.

Leading the unit to which Francis belonged was Max Perutz, an Austrian-born chemist who came to England in 1936. He had been collecting X-ray diffraction data from hemoglobin crystals for over ten years and was just beginning to get somewhere. Helping him was Sir Lawrence Bragg, the director of the Cavendish. For almost forty years Bragg, a Nobel Prize winner and one of the founders of crystallography,

had been watching X-ray diffraction methods solve structures of ever increasing difficulty. The more complex the molecule, the happier Bragg became when a new method allowed its elucidation. Thus in the immediate post-war years he was especially keen about the possibility of solving the structures of proteins, the most complicated of all molecules. Often, when administrative duties permitted, he visited Perutz's office to discuss recently accumulated X-ray data. Then he would return home to see if he could interpret them.

Somewhere between Bragg, the theorist, and Perutz, the experimentalist, was Francis Crick, who occasionally did experiments but more often was immersed in the theories for solving protein structures. Often he came up with something novel, would become enormously excited, and immediately tell it to anyone who would listen. A day or so later he would realize that his theory did not work and return to experiments, until boredom generated a new attack on theory.

There was much drama connected with these ideas. They did a great deal to liven up the atmosphere of the lab, where experiments usually lasted several months to years. This came partly from the volume of Crick's voice: he talked louder and faster than anyone else, and when he laughed, his location within the Cavendish was obvious. Almost everyone enjoyed these manic moments, especially when we had the time to listen attentively and to tell him bluntly when we lost the train of his argument. But there was one notable exception. Conversations with Crick frequently upset Sir Lawrence Bragg, and the sound of his voice was often sufficient to make Bragg move to a safer room. Only infrequently would he come to tea in the Cavendish, since it meant enduring Crick's booming over the tearoom. Even then Bragg was not completely safe. On two occasions the corridor outside his office was flooded with water pouring out of a laboratory in which Crick was working. Francis, with his interest in theory, had neglected to fasten securely the rubber tubing around his suction pump.

At the time of my arrival, Francis' theories spread far beyond the confines of protein crystallography. Anything important would attract him, and he frequently visited other labs to see which new experiments had been done. Though he was generally polite and considerate of colleagues who did not realize the real meaning of their latest experiments, he would never hide this fact from them. Almost immediately he would suggest a rash of new experiments that should confirm his interpretation. Moreover, he could not refrain from subsequently telling all who would listen how his clever new idea might set science ahead.

As a result, there existed an unspoken yet real fear of Crick, especially among his contemporaries who had yet to establish their reputations. The quick manner in which he seized their facts and tried to reduce them to coherent patterns frequently made his friends' stomachs sink with the apprehension that, all too often in the near future, he would succeed, and expose to the world the fuzziness of minds hidden from direct view by the considerate, well-spoken manners of the Cambridge colleges.

Though he had dining rights for one meal a week at Caius College, he was not yet a fellow of any college. Partly this was his own choice. Clearly he did not want to be burdened by the unnecessary sight of undergraduate tutees. Also a factor was his laugh, against which many dons would most certainly rebel if subjected to its shattering bang more than once a week. I am sure this occasionally bothered Francis, even though he obviously knew that most High Table life is dominated by pedantic middle-aged men incapable of either amusing or educating him in anything worthwhile. There always existed King's College, opulently nonconformist and clearly capable of absorbing him without any loss of his or its character. But despite much effort on the part of his friends, who knew he was a delightful dinner companion, they were never able to hide the fact that a stray remark over sherry might bring Francis smack into your life.

Before my arrival in Cambridge, Francis only occasionally thought about deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) and its role in heredity. This was not because he thought it uninteresting. Quite the contrary. A major factor in his leaving physics and developing an interest in biology had been the reading in 1946 of *What Is Life?* by the noted theoretical physicist Erwin Schrodinger. This book very elegantly propounded the belief that genes were the key components of living cells and that to understand what life is, we must know how genes act. When Schrodinger wrote his book (1944), there was general acceptance that genes were special types of protein molecules. But almost at this same time the bacteriologist O. T. Avery was carrying out experiments at the Rockefeller Institute in New York which showed that hereditary traits could be transmitted from one bacterial cell to another by purified DNA molecules.

Given the fact that DNA was known to occur in the chromosomes of all cells, Avery's experiments strongly suggested that future experiments would show that all genes were composed of DNA. If true, this meant to Francis that proteins would not be the Rosetta stone for unraveling the true secret of life. Instead, DNA would have to provide the key to

enable us to find out how the genes determined, among other characteristics, the color of our hair, our eyes, most likely our comparative intelligence, and maybe even our potential to amuse others.

Of course there were scientists who thought the evidence favoring DNA was inconclusive and preferred to believe that genes were protein molecules. Francis, however, did not worry about these skeptics. Many were cantankerous fools who unfailingly backed the wrong horses. One could not be a successful scientist without realizing that, in contrast to the popular conception supported by newspapers and mothers of scientists, a goodly number of scientists are not only narrow-minded and dull, but also just stupid.

Francis, nonetheless, was not then prepared to jump into the DNA world. Its basic importance did not seem sufficient cause by itself to lead him out of the protein field which he had worked in only two years and was just beginning to master intellectually. In addition, his colleagues at the Cavendish were only marginally interested in the nucleic acids, and even in the best of financial circumstances it would take two or three years to set up a new research group primarily devoted to using X rays to look at the DNA structure.

Moreover, such a decision would create an awkward personal situation. At this time molecular work on DNA in England was, for all practical purposes, the personal property of Maurice Wilkins, a bachelor who worked in London at King's College.* Like Francis, Maurice had been a physicist and also used X-ray diffraction as his principal tool of research. It would have looked very bad if Francis had jumped in on a problem that Maurice had worked over for several years. Furthermore, the matter was even worse because the two men, almost equal in age, knew each other, and before Francis remarried, had frequently met for lunch or dinner to talk about science.

It would have been much easier if they had been living in different countries. The combination of England's coziness — all the important people, if not related by marriage, seemed to know one another —

*A division of the University of London, not to be confused with King's College, Cambridge.

and the English sense of fair play would not allow Francis to move in on Maurice's problem. In France, where fair play obviously did not exist, these problems would not have arisen. The States also would not have permitted such a situation to develop. One would not expect someone at Berkeley to ignore a first-rate problem merely because someone at Cal Tech had started first. In England, however, it simply would not look right.

Even worse, Maurice continually frustrated Francis by never seeming enthusiastic enough about DNA. He appeared to enjoy slowly understating important arguments. It was not a question of intelligence or common sense. Maurice clearly had both; witness his seizing DNA before almost everyone else. It was that Francis felt he could never get the message over to Maurice that you did not move cautiously when you were holding dynamite like DNA. Moreover, it was increasingly difficult to take Maurice's mind off his assistant, Rosalind Franklin.

Not that he was at all in love with Rosy, as we



Francis Crick and J. D. Watson at the Cavendish Laboratory

called her from a distance. Just the opposite — almost from the moment she arrived in Maurice's lab, they began to upset each other. Maurice, a beginner in X-ray diffraction work, wanted some professional help and hoped that Rosy, a trained crystallographer,

Photograph by A. C. Barrington Brown

could speed up his research. Rosy, however, did not see the situation this way. She claimed that she had been given DNA for her own problem and would not think of herself as Maurice's assistant.

I suspect that in the beginning Maurice hoped that Rosy would calm down. Yet mere inspection suggested that she would not easily bend. By choice she did not emphasize her feminine qualities. Though her features were strong, she was not unattractive and might have been quite stunning had she taken even a mild interest in clothes. This she did not. There was never lipstick to contrast with her straight black hair, while at the age of thirty-one her dresses showed all the imagination of English bluestocking adolescents. So it was quite easy to imagine her the product of an unsatisfied mother who unduly stressed the desirability of professional careers that could save bright girls from marriages to dull men. But this was not the case. Her dedicated, austere life could not be thus explained — she was the daughter of a solidly comfortable, erudite banking family.

Clearly Rosy had to go or be put in her place. The former was obviously preferable because, given her belligerent moods, it would be very difficult for Maurice to maintain a dominant position that would allow him to think unhindered about DNA. Not that at times he didn't see some reason for her complaints — King's had two combination rooms, one for men, the other for women, certainly a thing of the past. But he was not responsible, and it was no pleasure to bear the cross for the added barb that the women's combination room remained dingily poky whereas money had been spent to make life agreeable for him and his friends when they had their morning coffee.

Unfortunately, Maurice could not see any decent way to give Rosy the boot. To start with, she had been given to think that she had a position for several years. Also, there was no denying she had a good brain. If she could only keep her emotions under control, there would be a good chance that she could really help him. But merely wishing for relations to improve was taking something of a gamble, for Cal Tech's fabulous chemist Linus Pauling was not subject to the confines of British fair play. Sooner or later Linus, who had just turned fifty, was bound to try for the most important of all scientific prizes. There was no doubt that he was interested. Our first principles told us that Pauling could not be the greatest of all chemists without realizing that DNA was the most golden of all molecules. Moreover, there was definite proof. Maurice had received a letter from Linus asking for a copy of the crystalline DNA X-ray photographs. After some hesitation he wrote back saying that he wanted to look more closely at the data before releasing the pictures.

All this was most unsettling to Maurice. He had not escaped into biology only to find it personally

as objectionable as physics, with its atomic consequences. The combination of both Linus and Francis breathing down his neck often made it very difficult to sleep. But at least Pauling was six thousand miles away, and even Francis was separated by a two-hour rail journey. The real problem, then, was Rosy. The thought could not be avoided that the best home for a feminist was in another person's lab.

It was Wilkins who had first excited me about X-ray work on DNA. This happened at Naples when a small scientific meeting was held on the structures of the large molecules found in living cells. Then it was the spring of 1951, before I knew of Francis Crick's existence. Already I was much involved with DNA, since I was in Europe on a postdoctoral fellowship to learn its biochemistry. My interest in DNA had grown out of a desire, first picked up while a senior in college, to learn what the gene was. Later, in graduate school at Indiana University, it was my hope that the gene might be solved without my learning any chemistry. This wish partially arose from laziness since, as an undergraduate at the University of Chicago, I was principally interested in birds and managed to avoid taking any chemistry or physics courses which looked of even medium difficulty. Briefly, the Indiana biochemists encouraged me to learn organic chemistry, but after I used a Bunsen burner to warm up some benzene, I was relieved from further true chemistry. It was safer to turn out an uneducated Ph.D. than to risk another explosion.

So I was not faced with the prospect of absorbing chemistry until I went to Copenhagen to do my postdoctoral research with the biochemist Herman Kalckar. Journeying abroad initially appeared the perfect solution to the complete lack of chemical facts in my head, a condition at times encouraged by my Ph.D. supervisor, the Italian-trained microbiologist Salvador Luria. He positively abhorred most chemists, especially the competitive variety out of the jungles of New York City. Kalckar, however, was obviously cultivated, and Luria hoped that in his civilized, Continental company I would learn the necessary tools to do chemical research, without needing to react against the profit-oriented organic chemists.

Then Luria's experiments largely dealt with the multiplication of bacterial viruses (bacteriophages, or phages for short). For some years the suspicion had existed among the more inspired geneticists that viruses were a form of naked genes. If so, the best way to find out what a gene was and how it duplicated was to study the properties of viruses. Thus, as the simplest viruses were the phages, there had sprung up between 1940 and 1950 a growing number of scientists (the phage group) who studied phages with the hope that they would eventually learn how

the genes controlled cellular heredity. Leading this group were Luria and his German-born friend, the theoretical physicist Max Delbrück, then a professor at Cal Tech. While Delbrück kept hoping that purely genetic tricks could solve the problem, Luria more often wondered whether the real answer would come only after the chemical structure of a virus (gene) had been cracked open. Deep down he knew that it is impossible to describe the behavior of something when you don't know what it is. Thus, knowing he could never bring himself to learn chemistry, Luria felt the wisest course was to send me, his first serious student, to a chemist.

He had no difficulty deciding between a protein chemist and a nucleic-acid chemist. Though only about one half the mass of a bacterial virus was DNA (the other half being protein), Avery's experiments made it smell like the essential genetic material. So working out DNA's chemical structure might be the essential step in learning how genes duplicated. Nonetheless, in contrast to the proteins, the solid chemical facts known about DNA were meager. Only a few chemists worked with it, and except for the fact that nucleic acids were very large molecules built up from smaller building blocks, the nucleotides, there was almost nothing chemical that the geneticist could grasp at. Moreover, the chemists who did work on DNA were almost always organic chemists with no interest in genetics. Kalckar was a bright exception. In the summer of 1945 he had come to the lab at Cold Spring Harbor, New York, to take Delbrück's course on bacterial viruses. Thus both Luria and Delbrück hoped the Copenhagen lab would be the place where the combined techniques of chemistry and genetics eventually yielded real biological dividends.

Their plan, however, was a complete flop. Herman did not stimulate me in the slightest. I found myself just as indifferent to nucleic-acid chemistry in his lab as I had been in the States. This was partly because I could not see how the type of problem upon which he was then working (the metabolism of nucleotides) would lead to anything of immediate interest to genetics. There was also the fact that, though Herman was obviously civilized, it was impossible to understand him.

I was able, however, to follow the English of Herman's close friend, Ole Maaløe. Ole had just returned from the States (Cal Tech), where he had become very excited about the same phages on which I had worked for my degree. Upon his return he gave up his previous research problem and was devoting full time to phage. Then he was the only Dane working with phage and so was quite pleased that I and Gunther Stent, a phage worker from Delbrück's lab, had come to do research with Herman. Soon Gunther and I found ourselves going regularly to visit Ole's lab, located several miles from

Herman's, and within several weeks we were both actively doing experiments with Ole.

At first I occasionally felt ill at ease doing conventional phage work with Ole, since my fellowship was explicitly awarded to enable me to learn biochemistry with Herman; in a strictly literal sense I was violating its terms. Moreover, less than three months after my arrival in Copenhagen I was asked to propose plans for the following year. This was no simple matter, for I had no plans. The only safe course was to ask for funds to spend another year with Herman. It would have been risky to say that I could not make myself enjoy biochemistry. Furthermore, I could see no reason why the authorities should not permit me to change my plans after the renewal was granted. I thus wrote to Washington saying that I wished to remain in the stimulating environment of Copenhagen. As expected, my fellowship was then renewed. It made sense to let Kalckar (whom several of the fellowship electors knew personally) train another biochemist.

There was also the question of Herman's feelings. Perhaps he minded the fact that I was only seldom around. True, he appeared very vague about most things and might not yet have really noticed. Fortunately, however, these fears never had time to develop seriously. Through a completely unanticipated event my moral conscience became clear. One day early in December, I cycled over to Herman's lab expecting another charming yet totally incomprehensible conversation. This time, however, I found Herman could be understood. He had something important to let out: his marriage was over, and he hoped to obtain a divorce. This fact was soon no secret—everyone else in the lab was also told. Within a few days it became apparent that Herman's mind was not going to concentrate on science for some time, perhaps for as long as I would remain in Copenhagen. So the fact that he did not have to teach me nucleic-acid biochemistry was obviously a godsend. I could cycle each day over to Ole's lab, knowing it was clearly better to deceive the fellowship electors about where I was working than to force Herman to talk about biochemistry.

At times, moreover, I was quite pleased with my current experiments on bacterial viruses. Within three months Ole and I had finished a set of experiments on the fate of a bacterial-virus particle when it multiplies inside a bacterium to form several hundred new virus particles. There were enough data for a respectable publication, and, using ordinary standards, I knew I could stop work for the rest of the year without being judged unproductive. On the other hand, it was equally obvious that I had not done anything which was going to tell us what a gene was or how it reproduced. And unless I became a chemist, I could not see how I would.

I thus welcomed Herman's suggestion that I go

that spring to the Zoological Station at Naples, where he had decided to spend the months of April and May. A trip to Naples made great sense. There was no point in doing nothing in Copenhagen, where spring does not exist. On the other hand, the sun of Naples might be conducive to learning something about the biochemistry of the embryonic development of marine animals. It might also be a place where I could quietly read genetics. And when I was tired of it, I might conceivably pick up a biochemistry text. Without any hesitation I wrote to the States requesting permission to accompany Herman to Naples. A cheerful affirmative letter wishing me a pleasant journey came by return post from Washington. Moreover, it enclosed a \$200 check for travel expenses. It made me feel slightly dishonest as I set off for the sun.

Maurice Wilkins also had not come to Naples for serious science. The trip from London was an unexpected gift from his boss, Professor J. T. Randall. Originally Randall had been scheduled to come to the meeting on macromolecules and give a paper about the work going on in his new biophysics lab. Finding himself overcommitted, he had decided to send Maurice instead. If no one went, it would look bad for his King's College lab. Lots of scarce Treasury money had to be committed to set up his biophysics show, and suspicions existed that this was money down the drain.

No one was expected to prepare an elaborate talk for Italian meetings like this one. Such gatherings routinely brought together a small number of invited guests who did not understand Italian and a large number of Italians, almost none of whom understood rapidly spoken English, the only language common to the visitors. The high point of each meeting was the day-long excursion to some scenic house or temple. Thus there was seldom chance for anything but banal remarks.

By the time Maurice arrived I was noticeably restless and impatient to return north. Herman had completely misled me. For the first six weeks in Naples I was constantly cold. The official temperature is often much less relevant than the absence of central heating. Neither the Zoological Station nor my decaying room atop a six-story nineteenth-century house had any heat. If I had had even the slightest interest in marine animals, I would have done experiments. Moving about doing experiments is much warmer than sitting in the library with one's feet on a table. At times I stood about nervously while Herman went through the motions of a biochemist, and on several days I even understood what he said. It made no difference, however, whether or not I followed the argument. Genes were never at the center, or even at the periphery, of his thoughts.

Most of my time I spent walking the streets or reading journal articles from the early days of genetics. Sometimes I daydreamed about discovering the secret of the gene, but not once did I have the faintest trace of a respectable idea. It was thus difficult to avoid the disquieting thought that I was not accomplishing anything. Knowing that I had not come to Naples for work did not make me feel better.

I retained a slight hope that I might profit from the meeting on the structures of biological macromolecules. Though I knew nothing about the X-ray diffraction techniques that dominated structural



Maurice Wilkins

analysis, I was optimistic that the spoken arguments would be more comprehensible than the journal articles, which passed over my head. I was specially interested to hear the talk on nucleic acids to be given by Randall. At that time almost nothing was published about the possible three-dimensional configurations of a nucleic-acid molecule. Conceivably this fact affected my casual pursuit of chemistry. For why should I get excited learning boring chemical facts as long as the chemists never provided anything incisive about the nucleic acids?

The odds, however, were against any real revelation then. Much of the talk about the three-dimensional structure of proteins and nucleic acids was hot air. Though this work had been going on for over fifteen years, most if not all of the facts were soft. Ideas put forward with conviction were likely to be the products of wild crystallographers who delighted in being in a field where their ideas could not be easily disproved. Thus, although virtually all bio-

Wide World Photos

chemists, including Herman, were unable to understand the arguments of the X-ray people, there was little uneasiness. It made no sense to learn complicated mathematical methods in order to follow baloney. As a result, none of my teachers had ever considered the possibility that I might do post-doctoral research with an X-ray crystallographer.

Maurice, however, did not disappoint me. The fact that he was a substitute for Randall made no difference: I had not known about either. His talk was far from vacuous and stood out sharply from the rest, several of which bore no connection to the purpose of the meeting. Fortunately these were in Italian, and so the obvious boredom of the foreign guests did not need to be construed as impoliteness. Several other speakers were Continental biologists, at that time guests at the Zoological Station, who only briefly alluded to macromolecular structure. In contrast, Maurice's X-ray diffraction picture of DNA was to the point. It was flicked on the screen near the end of his talk. Maurice's dry English form did not permit enthusiasm as he stated that the picture showed much more detail than previous pictures and could, in fact, be considered as arising from a crystalline substance. And when the structure of DNA was known, we might be in a better position to understand how genes work.

Suddenly I was excited about chemistry. Before Maurice's talk I had worried about the possibility that the gene might be fantastically irregular. Now, however, I knew that genes could crystallize; hence they must have a regular structure that could be solved in a straightforward fashion. Immediately I began to wonder whether it would be possible for me to join Wilkins in working on DNA. After the lecture I tried to seek him out. Perhaps he already knew more than his talk had indicated — often if a scientist is not absolutely sure he is correct, he is hesitant to speak in public. But there was no opportunity to talk to him; Maurice had vanished.

Not until the next day, when all the participants took an excursion to the Greek temples at Paestum, did I get an opportunity to introduce myself. While waiting for the bus, I started a conversation and explained how interested I was in DNA. But before I could pump Maurice we had to board, and I joined my sister Elizabeth, who had just come in from the States. At the temples we all scattered, and before I could corner Maurice again I realized that I might have had a tremendous stroke of good luck. Maurice had noticed that my sister was very pretty, and soon they were eating lunch together. I was immensely pleased. For years I had sullenly watched Elizabeth being pursued by a series of dull nitwits. Suddenly the possibility opened up that her way of life could be changed. No longer did I have to face the certainty that she would end up with a mental defective. Furthermore, if Maurice really liked my sister, it was

inevitable that I would become closely associated with his X-ray work on DNA. The fact that Maurice excused himself to go and sit alone did not upset me. He obviously had good manners and assumed that I wished to converse with Elizabeth.

As soon as we reached Naples, however, my day-dreams of glory by association ended. Maurice moved off to his hotel with only a casual nod. Neither the beauty of my sister nor my intense interest in the DNA structure had snared him. Our futures did not seem to be in London. Thus I set off to Copenhagen and the prospect of more biochemistry to avoid.

I proceeded to forget Maurice, but not his DNA photograph. A potential key to the secret of life was impossible to push out of my mind. The fact that I was unable to interpret it did not bother me. It was certainly better to imagine myself becoming famous than maturing into a stifled academic who had never risked a thought. I was also encouraged by the very exciting rumor that Linus Pauling had partly solved the structure of proteins. The news hit me in Geneva, where I had stopped for several days to talk with the Swiss phage worker Jean Weigle, who was just back from a winter of work at Cal Tech. Before leaving, Jean had gone to the lecture where Linus had made the announcement.

Pauling's talk was made with his usual dramatic flair. The words came out as if he had been in show business all his life. A curtain kept his model hidden until near the end of his lecture, when he proudly unveiled his latest creation. Then, with his eyes twinkling, Linus explained the specific characteristics that made his model — the α -helix — uniquely beautiful. This show, like all of his dazzling performances, delighted the younger students in attendance. There was no one like Linus in all the world. The combination of his prodigious mind and his infectious grin was unbeatable. Several fellow professors, however, watched this performance with mixed feelings. Seeing Linus jumping up and down on the demonstration table and moving his arms like a magician about to pull a rabbit out of his shoe made them feel inadequate. If only he had shown a little humility, it would have been so much easier to take! Even if he were to say nonsense, his mesmerized students would never know because of his unquenchable self-confidence. A number of his colleagues quietly waited for the day when he would fall flat on his face by botching something important.

But Jean could not then tell me whether Linus' α -helix was right. He was not an X-ray crystallographer and could not judge the model professionally. Several of his younger friends, however, trained in structural chemistry thought the α -helix looked very pretty. The best guess of Jean's acquaintances, therefore, was that Linus was right. If so, he had

again accomplished a feat of extraordinary significance. He would be the first person to propose something solidly correct about the structure of a biologically important macromolecule. Conceivably, in doing so, he might have come up with a sensational new method which could be extended to the nucleic acids. Jean, however, did not remember any special tricks. The most he could tell me was that a description of the α -helix would soon be published.

By the time I was back in Copenhagen, the journal containing Linus' article had arrived from the States. I quickly read it and immediately reread it. Most of the language was above me, and so I could get only a general impression of his argument. I had no way of judging whether it made sense. The only thing I was sure of was that it was written with style. A few days later the next issue of the journal arrived, this time containing seven more Pauling articles. Again the language was dazzling and full of rhetorical tricks. One article started with the words "Collagen is a very interesting protein." It inspired me to compose opening lines of the paper I would write about DNA if I solved its structure. A sentence like "Genes are interesting to geneticists" would distinguish my way of thought from Pauling's.

So I began worrying about where I could learn how to solve X-ray diffraction pictures. Cal Tech was not the place — Linus was too great a man to waste his time teaching a mathematically deficient biologist. Neither did I wish to be further put off by Wilkins. This left Cambridge, England, where I knew that someone named Max Perutz was interested in the structure of the large biological molecules; in particular, the protein hemoglobin. I thus wrote to Luria about my newly found passion, asking whether he knew how to arrange my acceptance into the Cambridge lab. Unexpectedly, this was no problem at all. Soon after receiving my letter, Luria went to a small meeting at Ann Arbor, where he met Perutz's co-worker, John Kendrew, then on an extended trip to the States. Most fortunately, Kendrew made a favorable impression on Luria; like Kalckar, he was civilized, and in addition, supported the Labor Party. Furthermore, the Cambridge lab was understaffed, and Kendrew was looking for someone to join him in his study of the protein myoglobin. Luria assured him that I would fit the bill and immediately wrote me the good news.

It was then early August, just a month before my original fellowship would expire. This meant that I could not long delay writing to Washington about



Max Perutz

my change of plans. I decided to wait until I was admitted officially into the Cambridge lab. There was always the possibility that something would go wrong. It seemed prudent to put off the awkward letter until I could talk personally with Perutz. Then I could state in much greater detail what I might hope to accomplish in England. I did not, however, leave at once. Again I was back in the lab, and the experiments I was doing were fun, in a second-class fashion. Even more important, I did not want to be away during the forthcoming International Poliomyelitis Conference, which was to bring several phage workers to Copenhagen. Max Delbrück was in the expected group, and since he was a professor at Cal Tech, he might have further news about Pauling's latest trick.

Delbrück, however, did not enlighten me further. The α -helix, even if correct, had not provided any biological insights; he seemed bored speaking about it. Even my information that a pretty X-ray photograph of DNA existed elicited no real response. But I had no opportunity to be depressed by Delbrück's characteristic bluntness, for the poliomyelitis congress was an unparalleled success. From the moment the several hundred delegates arrived, a profusion of free champagne, partly provided by American dollars, was available to loosen international barriers. Each night for a week there were receptions, dinners, and midnight trips to waterfront bars. It was my first experience with the high life, associated in my mind with decaying European aristocracy. An important truth was slowly entering my head: a scientist's life might be interesting socially as well as intellectually. I went off to England in excellent spirits.

Max Perutz was in his office when I showed up just after lunch. John Kendrew was still in the States, but my arrival was not unexpected. A brief letter from John said that an American biologist might work with him during the following year. I explained that I was ignorant of how X-rays diffract, but Max immediately put me at ease. I was assured that no high-power mathematics would be required: both he and John had studied chemistry as undergraduates. All I need do was read a crystallographic text; this would enable me to understand enough theory to begin to take X-ray photographs. As an example, Max told me about his simple idea for testing Pauling's α -helix. Only a day had been required to get the crucial photograph confirming Pauling's prediction. I did not follow Max at all. I was even ignorant of Bragg's Law, the most basic of all crystallographic ideas.

We then went for a walk to look over possible digs for the coming year. When Max realized that I had come directly to the lab from the station and had not yet seen any of the colleges, he altered our course to take me through King's, along the backs, and

through to the Great Court of Trinity. I had never seen such beautiful buildings in all my life, and any hesitation I might have had about leaving my safe life as a biologist vanished. Thus I was only nominally depressed when I peered inside several damp houses, known to contain student rooms. I knew from the novels of Dickens that I would not suffer a fate the English denied themselves. In fact, I thought myself very lucky when I found a room in a two-story house on Jesus Green, a superb location less than ten minutes' walk from the lab.

The following morning I went back to the Cavendish, since Max wanted me to meet Sir Lawrence Bragg. When Max telephoned upstairs that I was here, Sir Lawrence came down from his office, let me say a few words, and then retired for a private conversation with Max. A few minutes later they emerged to allow Bragg to give me his formal permission to work under his direction. The performance was uncompromisingly British, and I quietly concluded that the white-mustached figure of Bragg now spent most of its days sitting in London clubs like the Athenaeum.

The thought never occurred to me then that later on I would have contact with this apparent curiosity out of the past. Despite his indisputable reputation, Bragg had worked out his Law just before World War I, so I assumed that he must be in effective retirement and would never care about genes. I politely thanked Sir Lawrence for accepting me and told Max I would be back in three weeks for the start of the Michaelmas term. I then returned to Copenhagen to collect my few clothes and to tell Herman about my good luck in being able to become a crystallographer.

Herman was splendidly cooperative. A letter was dispatched telling the Fellowship Office in Washington that he enthusiastically endorsed my change in plans. At the same time I wrote a letter to Washington, breaking the news that my current experiments on the biochemistry of virus reproduction were at best interesting in a nonprofound way. I wanted to give up conventional biochemistry, which I believed incapable of telling us how genes work. Instead I told them that I now knew that X-ray crystallography was the key to genetics. I requested the approval of my plans to transfer to Cambridge so that I might work at Perutz's lab and learn how to do crystallographic research.

I saw no point in remaining in Copenhagen until permission came. It would have been absurd to stay there wasting my time. The week before, Maaløe had departed for a year at Cal Tech, and my interest in Herman's type of biochemistry remained zero. Leaving Copenhagen was of course illegal in the formal sense. On the other hand, my request could not be refused. Everyone knew of Herman's unsettled state, and the Washington office must have been wonder-

ing how long I would care to remain in Copenhagen. Writing directly about Herman's absence from his lab would have been not only ungentlemanly but unnecessary.

Naturally I was not at all prepared to receive a letter refusing permission. Ten days after my return to Cambridge, Herman forwarded the depressing news, which had been sent to my Copenhagen address. The Fellowship Board would not approve my transfer to a lab from which I was totally unprepared to profit. I was told to reconsider my plans, since I was unqualified to do crystallographic work. The Fellowship Board would, however, look favorably on a proposal that I transfer to the cell-physiology laboratory of Caspersson in Stockholm.

The source of the trouble was all too apparent. The head of the Fellowship Board no longer was Hans Clarke, a kindly biochemist friend of Herman's, then about to retire from Columbia. My letter had gone instead to a new chairman, who took a more active interest in directing young people. He was put out that I had overstepped myself in denying that I would profit from biochemistry. I wrote to Luria to save me. He and the new man were casual acquaintances, and so when my decision was set in proper perspective, he might reverse his decision.

At first there were hints that Luria's interjection might cause a change back to reason. I was cheered up when a letter arrived from Luria that the situation might be smoothed over if we appeared to eat crow. I was to write Washington that a major inducement in my wanting to be in Cambridge was the presence of Roy Markham, an English biochemist who worked with plant viruses. Markham took the news quite casually when I walked into his office and told him that he might acquire a model student who would never bother him by cluttering up his lab with experimental apparatus. He regarded the scheme as a perfect example of the inability of Americans to know how to behave. Nonetheless, he promised to go along with this nonsense.

Armed with the assurance that Markham would not squeal, I humbly wrote a long letter to Washington, outlining how I might profit from being in the joint presence of Perutz and Markham. At the end of the letter I thought it honest to break the news officially that I was in Cambridge and would remain there until a decision was made. The new man in Washington, however, did not play ball. The clue came when the return letter was addressed to Herman's lab. The Fellowship Board was considering my case. I would be informed when a decision had been made. Thus it did not seem prudent to cash my checks, which were still sent to Copenhagen at the beginning of each month.

Fortunately, the possibility of my not being paid in the forthcoming year for working on DNA was only annoying and not fatal. The \$3000 fellowship

stipend that I had received for being in Copenhagen was three times that required to live like a well-off Danish student. Even if I had to cover my sister's recent purchase of two fashionable Paris suits, I would have \$1000 left, enough for a year's stay in Cambridge. My landlady was also helpful. She threw me out after less than a month's residence. My main crime was not removing my shoes when I entered the house after 9:00 P.M., the hour at which her husband went to sleep. Also I occasionally forgot the injunction not to flush the toilet at similar hours, and, even worse, I went out after 10:00 P.M. Nothing in Cambridge was then open, and my motives were suspect. John and Elizabeth Kendrew rescued me with the offer, at almost no rent, of a tiny room in their house on Tennis Court Road. It was unbelievably damp and heated only by an aged electric heater. Nonetheless, I eagerly accepted the offer. Though it looked like an open invitation to tuberculosis, living with friends was infinitely preferable to any other digs I might find at this late moment. So without any reluctance I decided to stay at Tennis Court Road until my financial picture improved.

From my first day in the lab I knew I would not leave Cambridge for a long time. Departing would be idiocy, for I had immediately discovered the fun of talking to Francis Crick. Finding someone in Max's lab who knew that DNA was more important than proteins was real luck. Moreover, it was a great relief for me not to spend full time learning X-ray analysis of proteins. Our lunch conversations quickly centered on how genes were put together. Within a few days after my arrival, we knew what to do: imitate Linus Pauling and beat him at his own game.

Pauling's success with the polypeptide chain had naturally suggested to Francis that the same tricks might also work for DNA. But as long as no one nearby thought DNA was at the heart of everything, the potential personal difficulties with the King's lab kept him from moving into action with DNA. Moreover, even though hemoglobin was not the center of the universe, Francis' previous two years at the Cavendish certainly had not been dull. More than enough protein problems kept popping up that required someone with a bent toward theory. But now, with me around the lab always wanting to talk about genes, Francis no longer kept his thoughts about DNA in a back recess of his brain. Even so, he had no intention of abandoning his interest in the other laboratory problems. No one should mind if, by spending only a few hours a week thinking about DNA, he helped me solve a smashingly important problem.

As a consequence, John Kendrew soon realized that I was unlikely to help him solve the myoglobin structure. Since he was unable to grow large crystals

of horse myoglobin, he initially hoped I might have a greener thumb. No effort, however, was required to see that my laboratory manipulations were less skillful than those of a Swiss chemist. About a fortnight after my arrival in Cambridge, we went out to the local slaughterhouse to get a horse heart for a new myoglobin preparation. If we were lucky, the damage to the myoglobin molecules which prevented crystallization would be averted by immediately freezing the ex-racehorse's heart. But my subsequent attempts at crystallization were no more successful than John's. In a sense I was almost relieved. If they had succeeded, John might have put me onto taking X-ray photographs.

No obstacle thus prevented me from talking at least several hours each day to Francis. Thinking all the time was too much even for Francis, and often when he was stumped by his equations, he used to pump my reservoir of phage lore. At other moments Francis would endeavor to fill my brain with crystallographic facts, ordinarily available only through the painful reading of professional journals. Particularly important were the exact arguments needed to understand how Linus Pauling had discovered the α -helix.

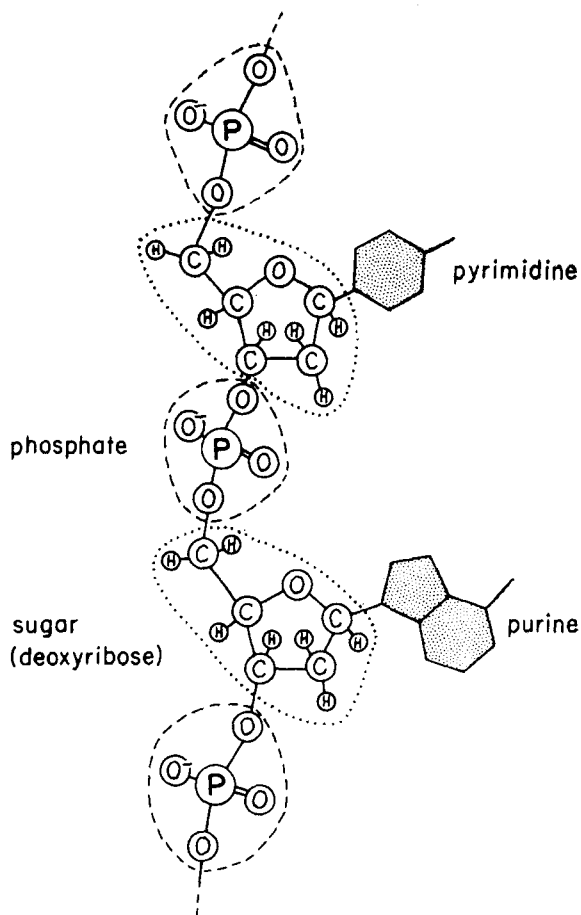
I soon was taught that Pauling's accomplishment was a product of common sense, not the result of complicated mathematical reasoning. Equations occasionally crept into his argument, but in most cases words would have sufficed. The key to Linus' success was his reliance on the simple laws of structural chemistry. The α -helix had not been found by only staring at X-ray pictures; the essential trick, instead, was to ask which atoms like to sit next to each other. In place of pencil and paper, the main working tools were a set of molecular models superficially resembling the toys of preschool children.

We could thus see no reason why we should not solve DNA in the same way. All we had to do was to construct a set of molecular models and begin to play—with luck, the structure would be a helix. Any other type of configuration would be much more complicated. Worrying about complications before ruling out the possibility that the answer was simple would have been damned foolishness. Pauling never got anywhere by seeking out messes.

From our first conversations we assumed that the DNA molecule contained a very large number of nucleotides linearly linked together in a regular way. Again our reasoning was partially based upon simplicity. Although organic chemists in Alexander Todd's nearby lab thought this the basic arrangement, they were still a long way from chemically establishing that all the internucleotide bonds were identical. If this was not the case, however, we could not see how the DNA molecules packed together to form the crystalline aggregates studied by Maurice Wilkins and Rosalind Franklin. Thus, unless we found all future progress blocked, the best course was to regard the

sugar-phosphate backbone as extremely regular and to search for a helical three-dimensional configuration in which all the backbone groups had identical chemical environments.

Immediately we could see that the solution to DNA might be more tricky than that of the α -helix. In the α -helix, a single polypeptide (a collection of amino acids) chain folds up into a helical arrangement held



A short section of DNA as envisioned by Alexander Todd's research group in 1951. They thought that all the internucleotide links were phosphodiester bonds joining sugar carbon atom #5 to sugar carbon atom #3 of the adjacent nucleotide. As organic chemists they were concerned with how the atoms were linked together, leaving to crystallographers the problem of the 3-D arrangement of the atoms.

together by hydrogen bonds between groups on the same chain. Maurice had told Francis, however, that the diameter of the DNA molecule was thicker than would be the case if only one polynucleotide (a collection of nucleotides) chain were present. This made him think that the DNA molecule was a compound helix composed of several polynucleotide chains twisted about each other. If true, then before serious model building began, a decision would have to be made whether the chains would be held together by hydrogen bonds or by salt linkages involving the negatively charged phosphate groups.

A further complication arose from the fact that four types of nucleotides were found in DNA. In this sense, DNA was not a regular molecule but a highly irregular one. The four nucleotides were not, however, completely different, for each contained the same sugar and phosphate components. Their uniqueness lay in their nitrogenous bases, which were either a purine (adenine and guanine) or a pyrimidine (cytosine and thymine). But since the linkages between the nucleotides involved only the phosphate and sugar groups, our assumption that the same type of chemical bond linked all the nucleotides together was not affected. So in building models we would postulate that the sugar-phosphate backbone was very regular, and the order of bases of necessity very irregular. If the base sequences were always the same, all DNA molecules would be identical and there would not exist the variability that must distinguish one gene from another.

Though Pauling had got the α -helix almost without the X-ray evidence, he knew of its existence and to a certain extent had taken it into account. Given the X-ray data, a large variety of possible three-dimensional configurations for the polypeptide chain were quickly discarded. The exact X-ray data should help us go ahead much faster with the more subtly constructed DNA molecule. Mere inspection of the DNA X-ray picture should prevent a number of false starts. Fortunately, there already existed one half-good photograph in the published literature. It was taken five years previously by the English crystallographer W. T. Astbury, and could be used to start us off. Yet possession of Maurice's much better crystalline photographs might save us from six months' to a year's work. The painful fact that the pictures belonged to Maurice could not be avoided.

There was nothing else to do but talk to him. To our surprise, Francis had no problem in persuading Maurice to come up to Cambridge for a weekend. And there was no need to force Maurice to the conclusion that the structure was a helix. Not only was it the obvious guess, but Maurice already had been talking in terms of helices at a summer meeting in Cambridge. About six weeks before I first arrived there, he had shown X-ray diffraction pictures of DNA which revealed a marked absence of reflections on the meridian. This was a feature that his colleague, the theoretician Alex Stokes, had told him was compatible with a helix. Given this conclusion, Maurice suspected that three polynucleotide chains were used to construct the helix.

He did not, however, share our belief that Pauling's model-building game would quickly solve the structure, at least not until further X-ray results were obtained. Most of our conversation, instead, centered on Rosy Franklin. More trouble than ever was coming from her. She was now insisting that not even Maurice himself should take any more X-ray photo-

graphs of DNA. In trying to come to terms with Rosy, Maurice made a very bad bargain. He had handed over to her all the good crystalline DNA used in his original work and had agreed to confine his studies to other DNA, which he afterward found did not crystallize.

The point had been reached where Rosy would not even tell Maurice her latest results. The soonest Maurice was likely to learn where things stood was three weeks hence, the middle of November. At that time Rosy was scheduled to give a seminar on her past six months' work. Naturally I was delighted when Maurice said I would be welcome at Rosy's talk. For the first time I had a real incentive to learn some crystallography: I did not want Rosy to speak over my head.

Most unexpectedly, Francis' interest in DNA temporarily fell to almost zero less than a week later. The cause was his decision to accuse a colleague of ignoring his ideas. The accusation was leveled at none other than his Professor. It happened less than a month after my arrival, on a Saturday morning. The previous day Max Perutz had given Francis a new manuscript by Sir Lawrence and himself, dealing with the shape of the hemoglobin molecule. As he rapidly read its contents Francis became furious, for he noticed that part of the argument depended upon a theoretical idea he had propounded some nine months earlier. What was worse, Francis remembered having enthusiastically proclaimed it to everyone in the lab. Yet his contribution had not been acknowledged. Almost at once, after dashing in to tell Max and John Kendrew about the outrage, he hurried to Bragg's office for an explanation, if not an apology. But by then Bragg was at home, and Francis had to wait until the following morning. Unfortunately, this delay did not make the confrontation any more successful.

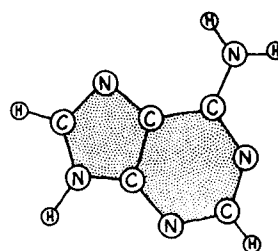
Sir Lawrence flatly denied prior knowledge of Francis' efforts and was thoroughly insulted by the implication that he had underhandedly used another scientist's ideas. On the other hand, Francis found it impossible to believe that Bragg could have been so dense as to have missed his oft-repeated idea, and he as much told Bragg this. Further conversation became impossible, and in less than ten minutes Francis was out of the Professor's office.

For Bragg this meeting seemed the final straw in his relations with Crick. Several weeks earlier Bragg had come into the lab greatly excited about an idea that came to him the previous evening, one that he and Perutz subsequently incorporated into their paper. While he was explaining it to Perutz and Kendrew, Crick happened to join the group. To Bragg's considerable annoyance, Francis did not accept the idea immediately but instead stated that

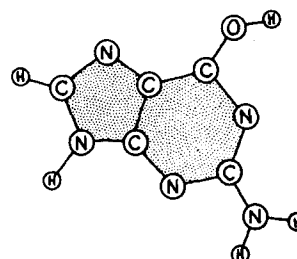
he would go away and check whether Bragg was right or wrong. At this stage Bragg had blown his top, and with his blood pressure all too high, returned home presumably to tell his wife about the latest antics of their problem child.

This most recent tussle was a disaster for Francis, and he showed his uneasiness when he came down to the lab. Bragg, in dismissing him from his room, had angrily told him that he would consider seriously whether he could continue to give Francis a place in the laboratory after his Ph.D. course was ended. Francis was obviously worried that he might soon

PURINES

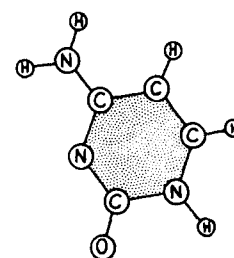


adenine

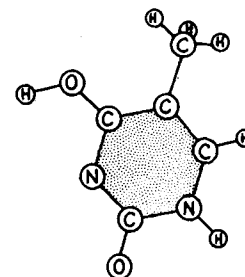


guanine

PYRIMIDINES



cytosine



thymine

The chemical structures of the four DNA bases as they were usually drawn about 1951. Because the electrons in the five- and six-membered rings are not localized, each base has a planar shape with a thickness of 3.4 Å.

have to find a new position. Our subsequent lunch at the Eagle, the pub at which he usually ate, was restrained and unpunctuated by the usual laughter.

His concern was not without reason. Although he knew he was bright and could produce novel ideas, he could claim no clear-cut intellectual achievements, and he was still without his Ph.D. He came from a solid middle-class family and was sent to school at Mill Hill. Then he read physics at University College, London, and had commenced work on an advanced degree when the war broke out. Like almost all other English scientists, he joined the war effort and became part of the Admiralty's scientific establishment. There he worked with great vigor, and although many resented his nonstop conversation, there was a war to win and he was quite helpful in producing ingenious

magnetic mines. When the war was over, however, some of his colleagues saw no sound reason to have him about forever, and for a period he was given to believe that he had no future in the scientific civil service.

Moreover, he had lost all desire to stay in physics and decided instead to try biology. With the help of the physiologist A. V. Hill, he obtained a small grant to come up to Cambridge in the fall of 1947. At first he did true biology at the Strangeways Laboratory, but this was obviously trivial, and two years later he moved over to the Cavendish, where he joined Perutz and Kendrew. Here he again became excited about science and decided that perhaps he should finally work for a Ph.D. He thus enrolled as a research student (of Caius College), with Max as his supervisor. In a sense, this pursuit of the Ph.D. was a bore to a mind that worked too fast to be satisfied with the tedium involved in thesis research. On the other hand, his decision had yielded an unforeseen dividend: in this moment of crisis, he could hardly be dismissed before he got his degree.

Max and John quickly came to Francis' rescue and interceded with the Professor. John confirmed that Francis had previously written an account of the argument in question, and Bragg acknowledged that the same idea had occurred independently to both. Bragg by that time had calmed down, and any question of Crick's going was quietly shelved. Keeping him on was not easy on Bragg. One day, in a moment of despair, he revealed that Crick made his ears buzz. Moreover, he remained unconvinced that Crick was needed. Already for thirty-five years he had not stopped talking and almost nothing of fundamental value had emerged.

A new opportunity to theorize soon brought Francis back to normal form. Several days after the fiasco with Bragg, the crystallographer V. Vand sent Max a letter containing a theory for the diffraction of X rays by helical molecules. Helices were then at the center of the lab's interest, largely because of Pauling's α -helix. Yet there was still lacking a general theory to test new models as well as to confirm the finer details of the α -helix. This is what Vand hoped his theory would do.

Francis quickly found a serious flaw in Vand's efforts, became excited about finding the right theory, and bounded upstairs to talk with Bill Cochran, a small, quiet Scot, then a lecturer in crystallography at the Cavendish. Bill was the cleverest of the younger Cambridge X-ray people, and even though he was not involved in work on the large biological macromolecules, he always provided the most astute sounding board for Francis' frequent ventures into theory. When Bill told Francis that an idea was unsound or would lead nowhere, Francis could be sure that pro-

fessional jealousy was not involved. This time, however, Bill did not voice skepticism, since independently he had found faults in Vand's paper and had begun to wonder what the right answer was. For months both Max and Bragg had been after him to work out the helical theory, but he had not moved into action. Now, with the additional pressure from Francis, he too began seriously to ponder how the equations should be set up.

The remainder of the morning Francis was silent and absorbed in mathematical equations. At lunch at the Eagle a bad headache came on, and he went home instead of returning to the lab. But sitting in front of his gas fire doing nothing bored him, and again he took up his equations. To his delight, he soon saw that he had the answer. Nonetheless, he stopped his work, for he and his wife, Odile, were invited to a wine tasting at Matthews', one of Cambridge's better wine merchants. For several days his morale had been buoyed by the request to sample the wines. It meant acceptance by a more fashionable and amusing part of Cambridge and allowed him to dismiss the fact that he was not appreciated by a variety of dull and pompous dons.

He and Odile were then living at the "Green Door," a tiny, inexpensive flat atop a several-hundred-year-old house just across Bridge Street from St. John's College. There were only two rooms of any size, a living room and a bedroom. All the others, including the kitchen, in which the bathtub was the largest and most conspicuous object, were almost nonexistent. But despite the cramp, its great charm, magnified by Odile's decorative sense, gave it a cheerful, if not playful, spirit. Here I first sensed the vitality of English intellectual life, so completely absent during my initial days in my Victorian room several hundred yards away on Jesus Green.

They had then been married for three years. Francis' first marriage did not last long, and a son, Michael, was looked after by Francis' mother and aunt. He had lived alone for several years until Odile, some five years his junior, came to Cambridge and hastened his revolt against the stodginess of the middle classes, which delight in unwicked amusements like sailing and tennis, habits particularly unsuited to the conversational life. Neither was politics or religion of any concern. The latter was clearly an error of past generations, which Francis saw no reason to perpetuate. But I am less certain about their complete lack of enthusiasm for political issues. Perhaps it was the war, whose grimness they now wished to forget. In any case, *The Times* was not present at breakfast, and more attention was given to *Vogue*, the only magazine to which they subscribed and about which Francis could converse at length.

By then I was often going to the Green Door for dinner. Francis was always eager to continue our conversations, while I joyously seized every oppor-

tunity to escape from the miserable English food that periodically led me to worry about whether I might have an ulcer. Odile's French mother had imparted to her a thorough contempt for the unimaginative way in which most Englishmen eat and house themselves. Francis thus never had reason to envy those college fellows whose High Table food was undeniably better than their wives' drab mixtures of tasteless meat, boiled potatoes, colorless greens, and typical trifles. Instead, dinner was often gay, especially after the wine turned the conversation to the currently talked about Cambridge popsies.

There was no restraint in Francis' enthusiasms about young women—that is, as long as they showed some vitality and were distinctive in any way that permitted gossip and amusement. When young, he saw little of women and was only now discovering the sparkle they added to life. Odile did not mind this predilection, seeing that it went along with, and probably helped, his emancipation from the dullness of his Northampton upbringing. They would talk at length about the somewhat artsy-craftsy world in which Odile moved and into which they were frequently invited. No choice event was kept out of our conversations, and he would show equal gusto in telling of his occasional mistakes. One occurred when there was a costume party and he went looking like a young G. B. Shaw in a full red beard. As soon as he entered he realized that it was a ghastly error, since not one of the young women enjoyed being tickled by the wet, scraggly hairs when he came within kissing distance.

But there were no young women at the wine tasting. To his and Odile's dismay, their companions were college dons contentedly talking about the burdensome administrative problems with which they were so sadly afflicted. They went home early, and Francis, unexpectedly sober, thought more about his answer.

The next morning he arrived in the lab and told Max and John about his success. A few minutes later,

Bill Cochran walked into his office, and Francis started to repeat the story. But before he could let loose his argument, Bill told him that he also thought he had succeeded. Hurriedly they went through their respective mathematics and discovered that Bill had used an elegant derivation compared with Francis' more laborious approach. Gleefully, however, they found that they had arrived at the same final answer. They then checked the α -helix by visual inspection with Max's X-ray diagrams. The agreement was so good that both Linus' model and their theory had to be correct.

Within a few days a polished manuscript was ready and jubilantly dispatched to *Nature*. At the same time, a copy was sent to Pauling to appreciate. This event, his first unquestionable success, was a signal triumph for Francis. For once the absence of women had gone along with luck.

By mid-November, when Rosy's talk on DNA rolled about, I had learned enough crystallographic argument to follow much of her lecture. Most important, I knew what to focus attention upon. Six weeks of listening to Francis had made me realize that the crux of the matter was whether Rosy's new X-ray pictures would lend any support for a helical DNA structure. The really relevant experimental details were those which might provide clues in constructing molecular models. It took, however, only a few minutes of listening to Rosy to realize that her determined mind had set upon a different course of action.

She spoke to an audience of about fifteen in a quick, nervous style that suited the unornamented old lecture hall in which we were seated. There was not a trace of warmth or frivolity in her words. And yet I could not regard her as totally uninteresting. Momentarily I wondered how she would look if she took off her glasses and did something novel with her hair. Then, however, my main concern was her description of the crystalline X-ray diffraction pattern.

The years of careful, unemotional crystallographic training had left their mark. She had not had the advantage of a rigid Cambridge education only to be so foolish as to misuse it. It was downright obvious to her that the only way to establish the DNA structure was by pure crystallographic approaches. As model building did not appeal to her, at no time did she mention Pauling's triumph over the α -helix. The idea of using tinker-toy-like models to solve biological structures was clearly a last resort. Of course Rosy knew of Linus' success but saw no obvious reason to ape his mannerisms. The measure of his past triumphs was sufficient reason in itself to act differently; only a genius of his stature could play like a ten-year-old boy and still get the right answer.

GLOSSARY

α -helix — alpha-helix, a helical arrangement of amino acids within a polypeptide (protein).

Å — ångstrom unit, equivalent to one hundred millionth of a centimeter, the unit used to measure light waves.

DNA — deoxyribonucleic acid, the fundamental genetic material.

DNA bases — the organic (carbon-making) molecules adenine, cytosine, guanine, and thymine.

ion — a positively or negatively charged atom.

Mg⁺⁺ — magnesium ions with two positive charges.

phage — often called bacteriophage, a virus which multiplies in bacteria.

X-ray crystallography — the science of determining the structure of molecules by studying the way their crystals reflect X-rays.

Rosy regarded her talk as a preliminary report which, by itself, would not test anything fundamental about DNA. Hard facts would come only when further data had been collected which could allow the crystallographic analyses to be carried to a more refined stage. Her lack of immediate optimism was shared by the small group of lab people who came to the talk. No one else brought up the desirability of using molecular models to help solve the structure. Maurice himself only asked several questions of a technical nature. The discussion then quickly stopped with the expressions on the listeners' faces indicating either that they had nothing to add or that, if they did wish to say something, it would be bad form since they *had said it before*. Maybe their reluctance to utter anything romantically optimistic, or even to mention models, was due to fear of a sharp retort from Rosy. Certainly a bad way to go out into the foulness of a heavy, foggy November night was to be told by a woman to refrain from venturing an opinion about a subject for which you were not trained. It was a sure way of bringing back unpleasant memories of lower school.

Following some brief, and as I was later to observe, characteristically tense small talk with Rosy, Maurice and I walked down the Strand and across to Choy's Restaurant in Soho. Maurice's mood was surprisingly jovial. Slowly and precisely he detailed how, in spite of much elaborate crystallographic analysis, little real progress had been made by Rosy since the day she arrived at King's. Though her X-ray photographs were somewhat sharper than his, she was unable to say anything more positive than he had already. True, she had done some more detailed measurements of the water content of her DNA samples, but even here Maurice had doubts about whether she was really measuring what she claimed.

To my surprise, Maurice seemed buoyed up by my presence. The aloofness that existed when we first met in Naples had vanished. The fact that I, a phage person, found what he was doing important was reassuring. It really was no help to receive encouragement from a fellow physicist. Even when he met those who thought his decision to go into biology made sense, he couldn't trust their judgment. After all, they didn't know any biology, and so it was best to take their remarks as politeness, even condescension, toward someone opposed to the competitive pace of post-war physics.

To be sure, he got active and very necessary help from some biochemists. If not, he could never have come into the game. Several of them had been absolutely vital in generously providing him with samples of highly purified DNA. It was bad enough learning crystallography without having to acquire the witchcraft-like techniques of the biochemist. On the other hand, the majority weren't like the high-powered types he had worked with on the bomb

project. Sometimes they seemed even ignorant of the way DNA was important.

But even so they knew more than the majority of biologists. In England, if not everywhere, most botanists and zoologists were a muddled lot. Not even the possession of University Chairs gave many the assurance to do clean science; some actually wasted their efforts on useless polemics about the origin of life or how we know that a scientific fact is really correct. What was worse, it was possible to get a university degree in biology without learning any genetics. That was not to say that the geneticists themselves provided any intellectual help. You would have thought that with all their talk about genes they should worry about what they were. Yet almost none of them seemed to take seriously the evidence that genes were made of DNA. This fact was unnecessarily chemical. All that most of them wanted out of life was to set their students onto uninterpretable details of chromosome behavior or to give elegantly phrased, fuzzy-minded speculations over the wireless on topics like the role of the geneticist in this transitional age of changing values.

So the knowledge that the phage group took DNA seriously made Maurice hope that times would change and he would not have painfully to explain, each time he gave a seminar, why his lab was making so much fuss and bother about DNA. By the time our dinner was finished, he was clearly in a mood to push ahead. Yet all too suddenly Rosy popped back into the conversation, and the possibility of really mobilizing his lab's efforts slowly receded as we paid the bill and went out into the night.

The following morning I joined Francis at Paddington Station. From there we were to go up to Oxford to spend the weekend. Francis wanted to talk to Dorothy Hodgkin, the best of the English crystallographers, while I welcomed the opportunity to see Oxford for the first time. At the train gate Francis was in top form. The visit would give him the opportunity to tell Dorothy about his success with Bill Cochran in working out the helical diffraction theory. The theory was much too elegant not to be told in person — individuals like Dorothy who were clever enough to understand its power immediately were much too rare.

As soon as we were in the train carriage, Francis began asking questions about Rosy's talk. My answers were frequently vague, and Francis was visibly annoyed by my habit of always trusting to memory and never writing anything on paper. If a subject interested me, I could usually recollect what I needed. This time, however, we were in trouble, because I did not know enough of the crystallographic jargon. Particularly unfortunate was my failure to be able to report exactly the water content of the DNA

samples upon which Rosy had done her measurements. The possibility existed that I might be misleading Francis by an order-of-magnitude difference.

The wrong person had been sent to hear Rosy. If Francis had gone along, no such ambiguity would have existed. It was the penalty for being oversensitive to the situation. For, admittedly, the sight of Francis mulling over the consequences of Rosy's information when it was hardly out of her mouth would have upset Maurice. In one sense it would be grossly unfair for them to learn the facts at the same time. Certainly Maurice should have the first chance to come to grips with the problem. On the other hand, there seemed no indication that he thought the answer would come from playing with molecular models. Our conversation on the previous night had hardly alluded to that approach. Of course, the possibility existed that he was keeping something back. But that was very unlikely — Maurice just wasn't that type.

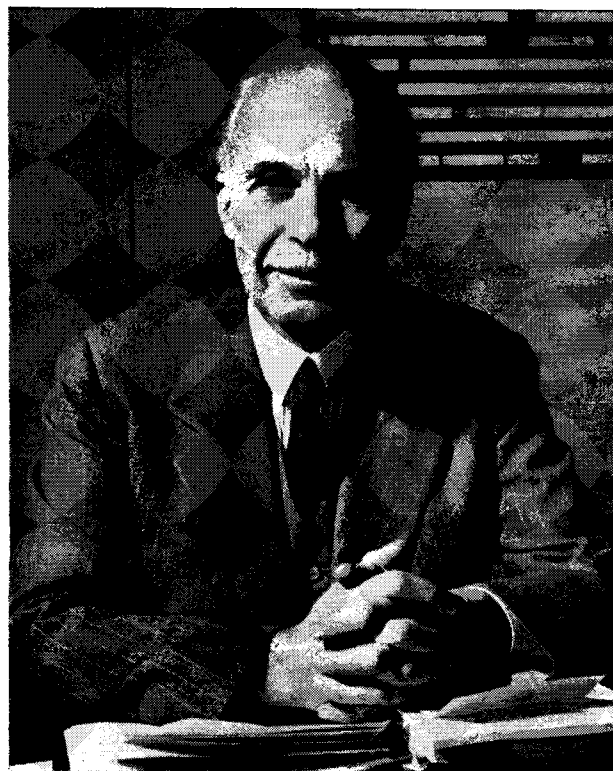
The only thing that Francis could do immediately was to seize the water value, which was easiest to think about. Soon something appeared to make sense, and he began scribbling on the vacant back sheet of a manuscript he had been reading. By then I could not understand what Francis was up to and reverted to *The Times* for amusement. Within a few minutes, however, Francis made me lose all interest in the outside world by telling me that only a small number of formal solutions were compatible both with the Cochran-Crick theory and with Rosy's experimental data. Quickly he began to draw more diagrams to show me how simple the problem was. Though the mathematics eluded me, the crux of the matter was not difficult to follow. Decisions had to be made about the number of polynucleotide chains within the DNA molecule. Superficially, the X-ray data were compatible with two, three, or four strands. It was all a question of the angle and radii at which the DNA strands twisted about the central axis.

By the time the hour-and-a-half train journey was over, Francis saw no reason why we should not know the answer soon. Perhaps a week of solid fiddling with the molecular models would be necessary to make us absolutely sure we had the right answer. Then it would be obvious to the world that Pauling was not the only one capable of true insight into how biological molecules were constructed. Linus' capture of the α -helix was most embarrassing for the Cambridge group. About a year before that triumph, Bragg, Kendrew, and Perutz had published a systematic paper on the conformation of the polypeptide chain, an attack that missed the point. Bragg in fact was still bothered by the fiasco. It hurt his pride at a tender point. There had been previous encounters with Pauling, stretching over a twenty-five-year interval. All too often Linus had got there first.

Even Francis was somewhat humiliated by the

event. He was already in the Cavendish when Bragg had become keen about how a polypeptide chain folded up. Moreover, he was privy to a discussion in which the fundamental blunder about the shape of the peptide bond was made. That had certainly been the occasion to interject his critical facility in assessing the meaning of experimental observations, but he had said nothing useful. It was not that Francis normally refrained from criticizing his friends. In other instances he had been annoyingly candid in pointing out where Perutz and Bragg had publicly overinterpreted their hemoglobin results. This open criticism was certainly behind Sir Lawrence's recent outburst against him. In Bragg's view, all that Crick did was to rock the boat.

Now, however, was not the time to concentrate on past mistakes. Instead, the speed with which we



Sir Lawrence Bragg

talked about possible types of DNA structures gathered intensity as the morning went by. No matter in whose company we found ourselves, Francis would quickly survey the progress of the past few hours, bringing our listener up to date on how we had decided upon models in which the sugar-phosphate backbone was in the center of the molecule. Only in that way would it be possible to obtain a structure regular enough to give the crystalline diffraction patterns observed by Maurice and Rosy. True, we had yet to deal with the irregular sequence of the bases that faced the outside; but this difficulty might

vanish in the wash when the correct internal arrangement was located.

There was also the problem of what neutralized the negative charges of the phosphate groups of the DNA backbone. Francis, as well as I, knew almost nothing about how inorganic ions were arranged in three dimensions. We had to face the bleak situation that the world authority on the structural chemistry of ions was Linus Pauling himself. Thus if the crux of the problem was to deduce an unusually clever arrangement of inorganic ions and phosphate groups, we were clearly at a disadvantage. By midday it became imperative to locate a copy of Pauling's classic book, *The Nature of the Chemical Bond*. Then we were having lunch near High Street. Wasting no time over coffee, we dashed into several bookstores until success came in Blackwell's. A rapid reading was made of the relevant sections. This produced the correct values for the exact sizes of the candidate inorganic ions, but nothing that could help push the problem over the top.

When we reached Dorothy's lab in the University Museum, the manic phase had almost passed. Francis ran through the helical theory itself, devoting only a few minutes to our progress with DNA. Most of the conversation centered instead on Dorothy's recent work with insulin. Since darkness was coming on, there seemed no point in wasting more of her time. We then moved on to Magdalen, where we were to have tea with Avrion Mitchison and Leslie Orgel, both then fellows of the college. Over cakes Francis was ready to talk about trivial things, while I quietly thought how splendid it would be if I could someday live in the style of a Magdalen don.

Dinner with claret, however, restored the conversation to our impending triumph with DNA. By then we had been joined by Francis' close friend, the logician George Kreisel, whose unwashed appearance and idiom did not fit into my picture of the English philosopher. Francis greeted his arrival with great gusto, and the sound of Francis' laughter and Kreisel's Austrian accent dominated the spiffy atmosphere of the restaurant along High Street at which Kreisel had directed us to meet him. For a while Kreisel held forth on a way to make a financial killing by shifting money between the politically divided parts of Europe. Avrion Mitchison then rejoined us, and the conversation for a short time reverted to the casual banter of the intellectual middle class. This sort of small talk, however, was not Kreisel's meat, and so Avrion and I excused ourselves to walk along the medieval streets toward my lodgings. By then I was pleasantly drunk and spoke at length of what we could do when we had DNA.

I gave John and Elizabeth Kendrew the scoop about DNA when I joined them for breakfast on

Monday morning. Elizabeth appeared delighted that success was almost within our grasp, while John took the news more calmly. When it came out that Francis was again in an inspired mood and I had nothing more solid to report than enthusiasm, he became lost to the sections of *The Times* which spoke about the first days of the new Tory government. Soon afterward, John went to his rooms in Peterhouse, leaving Elizabeth and me to digest the implications of my unanticipated luck. I did not remain long, since the sooner I could get back to the lab the quicker we could find out which of the several possible answers would be favored by a hard look at the molecular models themselves.

Both Francis and I, however, knew that the models in the Cavendish would not be completely satisfactory. They had been constructed by John some eighteen months before, for the work on the three-dimensional shape of the polypeptide chain. There existed no accurate representations of the groups of atoms unique to DNA. Neither phosphorus atoms nor the purine and pyrimidine bases were on hand. Rapid improvisation would be necessary since there was no time for Max to give a rush order for their construction. Making brand-new models might take all of a week, whereas an answer was possible within a day or so. Thus as soon as I got to the lab I began adding bits of copper wire to some of our carbon-atom models, thereby changing them into the larger-sized phosphorus atoms.

Much more difficulty came from the necessity to fabricate representations of the inorganic ions. Unlike the other constituents, they obeyed no simple-minded rules telling us the angles at which they would form their respective chemical bonds. Most likely we had to know the correct DNA structure before the right models could be made. I maintained the hope, however, that Francis might already be on to the vital trick and would immediately blurt it out when he got to the lab. Over eighteen hours had passed since our last conversation, and there was little chance that the Sunday papers would have distracted him upon his return to the Green Door.

His tenish entrance, however, did not bring the answer. After Sunday supper he had again run through the dilemma but saw no quick answer. The problem was then put aside for a rapid scanning of a novel on the sexual misjudgments of Cambridge dons. The book had its brief good moments, and even in its most ill-conceived pages there was the question of whether any of their friends' lives had been seriously drawn on in the construction of the plot.

Over morning coffee Francis nonetheless exuded confidence that enough experimental data might already be on hand to determine the outcome. We might be able to start the game with several completely different sets of facts and yet always hit the same final answers. Perhaps the whole problem

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would fall out just by our concentrating on the prettiest way for a polynucleotide chain to fold up. So while Francis continued thinking about the meaning of the X-ray diagram, I began to assemble the various atomic models into several chains, each several nucleotides in length. Though in nature DNA chains are very long, there was no reason to put together anything massive. As long as we could be sure it was a helix, the assignment of the positions for only a couple of nucleotides automatically generated the arrangement of all the other components.

The routine assembly task was over by one, when Francis and I walked over to the Eagle for our habitual lunch with the chemist Herbert Gutfreund. These days, John usually went to Peterhouse while Max always cycled home. Occasionally John's student Hugh Huxley would join us, but of late he was finding it difficult to enjoy Francis' inquisitive lunchtime attacks. For just prior to my arrival in Cambridge, Hugh's decision to take up the problem of how muscles contract had focused Francis' attention on the unforeseen opportunity that, for twenty years or so, muscle physiologists had been accumulating data without tying them into a self-consistent picture. Francis found it a perfect situation for action. There was no need for him to ferret out the relevant experiments since Hugh had already waded through the undigested mass. Lunch after lunch, the facts were put together to form theories which held for a day or so, until Hugh could convince Francis that a result he would like ascribed to experimental error was as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. Now the construction of Hugh's X-ray camera was completed, and soon he hoped to get experimental evidence to settle the debatable points. The fun would be all lost if somehow Francis could correctly predict what he was going to find.

But there was no need that day for Hugh to fear a new intellectual invasion. When we walked into the Eagle, Francis did not exchange his usual raucous greetings with the Persian economist Ephraim Eshag, but gave the undistilled impression that something serious was up. The actual model building would start right after lunch, and more concrete plans must be formulated to make the process efficient. So over our gooseberry pie we looked at the pros and cons of one, two, three, and four chains, quickly dismissing one-chain helices as incompatible with the evidence in our hands. As to the forces that held the chains together, the best guess seemed to be salt bridges in which divalent cations like Mg^{++} held together two or more phosphate groups. Admittedly there was no evidence that Rosy's samples contained any divalent ions, and so we might be sticking our necks out. On the other hand, there was absolutely no evidence against our hunch. If only the King's groups had thought about models, they would have asked which salt was present and we would not be placed in this

tiresome position. But, with luck, the addition of magnesium or possibly calcium ions to the sugar-phosphate backbone would quickly generate an elegant structure, the correctness of which would not be debatable.

Our first minutes with the models, though, were not joyous. Even though only about fifteen atoms were involved, they kept falling out of the awkward pincers set up to hold them the correct distance from one another. Even worse, the uncomfortable impression arose that there were no obvious restrictions on the bond angles between several of the most important atoms. This was not at all nice. Pauling had cracked the α -helix by ruthlessly following up his knowledge that the peptide bond was flat. To our annoyance, there seemed every reason to believe that the phosphodiester bonds which bound together the successive nucleotides in DNA might exist in a variety of shapes. At least with our level of chemical intuition, there was unlikely to be any single conformation much prettier than the rest.

After tea, however, a shape began to emerge which brought back our spirits. Three chains twisted about each other in a way that gave rise to a crystallographic repeat every 28 Å along the helical axis. This was a feature demanded by Maurice's and Rosy's pictures, so Francis was visibly reassured as he stepped back from the lab bench and surveyed the afternoon's effort. Admittedly a few of the atomic contacts were still too close for comfort, but after all, the fiddling had just begun. With a few hours' more work, a presentable model should be on display.

Ebullient spirits prevailed during the evening meal at the Green Door. Though Odile could not follow what we were saying, she was obviously cheered by the fact that Francis was about to bring off his second triumph within the month. If this course of events went on, they would soon be rich and could own a car. At no moment did Francis see any point in trying to simplify the matter for Odile's benefit. Ever since she had told him that gravity only went three miles into the sky, this aspect of their relationship was set. Not only did she not know any science, but any attempt to put some in her head would be a losing fight against the years of her convent upbringing. The most to hope for was an appreciation of the linear way in which money was measured.

Our conversation instead centered upon a young art student then about to marry Odile's friend Harmut Weil. This capture was mildly displeasing to Francis. It was about to remove the prettiest girl from their party circle. Moreover, there was more than one thing cloudy about Harmut. He had come out of a German university tradition that believed in dueling. There was also his undeniable skill in persuading numerous Cambridge women to pose for his camera.

All thought of women, however, was banished by the time Francis breezed into the lab just before

morning coffee. Soon, when several atoms had been pushed in or out, the three-chain model began to look quite reasonable. The next obvious step would be to check it with Rosy's quantitative measurements. The model would certainly fit with the general locations of the X-ray reflections, for its essential helical parameters had been chosen to fit the seminar facts I had conveyed to Francis. If it were right, however, the model would also accurately predict the relative intensities of the various X-ray reflections.

A quick phone call was made to Maurice. Francis explained how the helical diffraction theory allowed a rapid survey of possible DNA models, and that he and I had just come up with a creature which might be the answer we were all awaiting. The best thing would be for Maurice immediately to come and look it over. But Maurice gave no definite date, saying he thought he might make it sometime within the week. Soon after the phone was put down, John came in to see how Maurice had taken the news of the breakthrough. Francis found it hard to sum up his reply. It was almost as if Maurice were indifferent to what we were doing.

In the midst of further fiddling that afternoon, a call came through from King's. Maurice would come up on the 10:10 train from London the following morning. Moreover, he would not be alone. His collaborator Willy Seeds would also come. Even more to the point was that Rosy, together with her student R. G. Gosling, would be on the same train. Apparently they were still interested in the answer.

Maurice decided to take a cab from the station to the lab. Ordinarily he would have come by bus, but now there were four of them to share the cost. Moreover, there would be no satisfaction in waiting at the bus stop with Rosy. It would make the present uncomfortable situation worse than it need be. His well-intentioned remarks never came off, and even now, when the possibility of humiliation hung over them, Rosy was as indifferent as ever to his presence and directed all her attention to Gosling. There was only the slightest effort made at a united appearance when Maurice poked his head into our lab to say they had come. Especially in sticky situations like this, Maurice thought that a few minutes without science was the way to proceed. Rosy, however, had not come here to throw out foolish words but quickly wanted to know where things stood.

Neither Max nor John did anything to take the stage away from Francis. This was his day, and after they came in to greet Maurice they both pleaded pressure of their work to retire behind the closed doors of their joint office. Before the delegation's arrival, Francis and I had agreed to reveal our progress in two stages. Francis would first sum up the advantages of the helical theory. Then together we could explain

how we had arrived at the proposed model for DNA. Afterward we could go to the Eagle for lunch, leaving the afternoon free to discuss how we could all proceed with the final phases of the problem.

The first part of the show ran on schedule. Francis saw no reason to understate the power of the helical theory and within several minutes revealed the way Bessel functions gave neat answers. None of the visitors, however, gave any indication of sharing Francis' delight. Instead of wishing to do something with the pretty equations, Maurice wanted to concentrate on the fact that the theory did not go beyond some mathematics his colleague Stokes had worked out without all this fanfare. Stokes had solved the problem in the train while going home one evening and had produced the theory on a small sheet of paper the next morning.

Rosy did not give a hoot about the priority of the creation of the helical theory, and as Francis prattled on, she displayed increasing irritation. The sermon was unnecessary, since to her mind there was not a shred of evidence that DNA was helical. Whether this was the case would come out of further X-ray work. Inspection of the model itself only increased her disdain. Nothing in Francis' argument justified all this fuss. She became positively aggressive when we got on the topic of Mg^{++} ions that held together the phosphate groups of our three-chain model. This feature had no appeal at all to Rosy, who curtly pointed out that the Mg^{++} ions would be surrounded by tight shells of water molecules and so were unlikely to be the kingpins of a tight structure.

Most annoyingly, her objections were not mere perversity: at this stage the embarrassing fact came out that my recollection of the water content of Rosy's DNA samples could not be right. The awkward truth became apparent that the correct DNA model must contain at least ten times more water than found in our model. This did not mean that we were necessarily wrong — with luck the extra water might be fudged into vacant regions on the periphery of our helix. On the other hand, there was no escaping the conclusion that our argument was soft. As soon as the possibility arose that much more water was involved, the number of potential DNA models alarmingly increased.

Though Francis could not help dominating the lunchtime conversation, his mood was no longer that of a confident master lecturing hapless colonial children who until then had never experienced a first-rate intellect. The group holding the ball was clear to all. The best way to salvage something from the day was to come to an agreement about the next round of experiments. In particular, only a few weeks' work should be necessary to see whether the DNA structure was dependent upon the exact ions used to neutralize the negative phosphate groups. Then the beastly uncertainty about whether Mg^{++} ions were

important could vanish. With this accomplished, another round of model building could start, and, given luck, it might occur by Christmas.

Our subsequent after-lunch walk into King's and along the backs to Trinity did not, however, reveal any converts. Rosy and Gosling were pugnaciously assertive; their future course of action would be unaffected by their fifty-mile excursion into adolescent blather. Maurice and Willy Seeds gave more indication of being reasonable, but there was no certainty that this was anything more than a reflection of a desire not to agree with Rosy.

The situation did not improve when we got back to the lab. Francis did not want to surrender immediately, so he went through some of the actual details of how we went about the model building. Nonetheless, he quickly lost heart when it became apparent that I was the only one joining the conversation. Moreover, by this time neither of us really wanted to look at our model. All its glamour had vanished, and the crudely improvised phosphorus atoms gave no hint that they would ever neatly fit into something of value. Then when Maurice mentioned that if they moved with haste, the bus might enable them to get the 3:40 train to Liverpool Street Station, we quickly said good-bye.

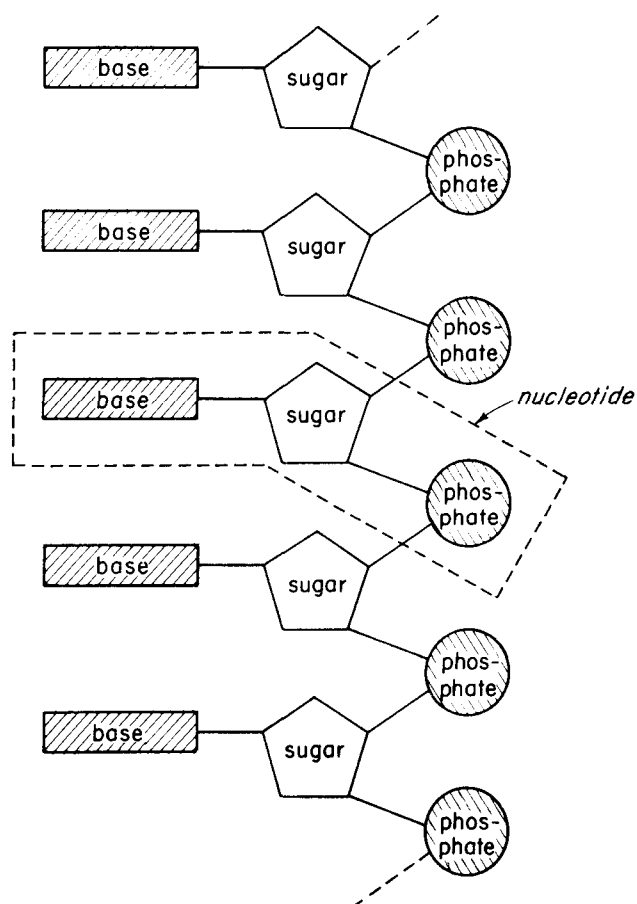
Rosy's triumph all too soon filtered up the stairs to Bragg. There was nothing to do but appear unperturbed as the news of the upset confirmed the fact that Francis might move faster if occasionally he would close his mouth. The consequences spread in a predictable fashion. Clearly this was the moment for Maurice's boss to discuss with Bragg whether it made sense for Crick and the American to duplicate King's heavy investment in DNA.

Sir Lawrence had had too much of Francis to be surprised that he had again stirred up an unnecessary tempest. There was no telling where he would let loose the next explosion. If he continued to behave this way, he could easily spend the next five years in the lab without collecting sufficient data to warrant an honest Ph.D. The chilling prospect of enduring Francis throughout the remaining years of his tenure as the Cavendish Professor was too much to ask of Bragg or anyone with a normal set of nerves. Besides, for all too long he had lived under the shadow of his famous father, with most people falsely thinking that his father, not he, was responsible for the sharp insight behind Bragg's Law. Now when he should be enjoying the rewards accorded the most prestigious chair in science, he had to be responsible for the outrageous antics of an unsuccessful genius.

The decision was thus passed on to Max that Francis and I must give up DNA. Bragg felt no qualms that this might impede science, since inquiries to Max and John had revealed nothing original in our

approach. After Pauling's success, no one could claim that faith in helices implied anything but an uncomplicated brain. Letting the King's group have the first go at helical models was the right thing in any circumstance. Crick could then buckle down to his thesis task of investigating the ways that hemoglobin crystals shrink when they are placed in salt solutions of different density. A year to eighteen months of steady work might tell something more solid about the shape of the hemoglobin molecule. With a Ph.D. in his pocket Crick could then seek employment elsewhere.

No attempt was made to appeal the verdict. To the relief of Max and John, we refrained from publicly questioning Bragg's decision. An open outcry would reveal that our Professor was completely in the dark about what the initials DNA stood for. There was no reason to believe that he gave it



A more detailed view of the covalent bonds of the sugar-phosphate backbone.

one hundredth the importance of the structure of metals, for which he took great delight in making soap-bubble models. Nothing then gave Sir Lawrence more pleasure than showing his ingenious motion-picture film of how bubbles bump each other.

Our reasonableness did not arise, however, from a desire to keep peace with Bragg. Lying low made

sense because we were up the creek with models based on sugar-phosphate cores. No matter how we looked at them, they smelled bad. On the day following the visit from King's, a hard look was given both to the ill-fated three-chain affair and to a number of possible variants. One couldn't be sure, but the impression was there that any model placing the sugar-phosphate backbone in the center of a helix forced atoms closer together than the laws of chemistry allowed. Positioning one atom the proper distance from its neighbor often caused a distant atom to become jammed impossibly close to its partners.

A fresh start would be necessary to get the problem rolling again. Sadly, however, we realized that the impetuous tangle with King's would dry up our source of new experimental results. Subsequent invitations to the research colloquia were not to be expected, and even the most casual questioning of Maurice would provoke the suspicion that we were at it again. What was worse was the virtual certainty that cessation of model building on our part would not be accompanied by a burst of corresponding activity in their lab. So far, to our knowledge, King's had not built any three-dimensional models of the necessary atoms. Nonetheless, our offer to speed that task by giving them the Cambridge molds for making the models was only halfheartedly received. Maurice did say, though, that within a few weeks someone might be found to put something together, and it was arranged that the next time one of us went down to London the jigs could be dropped off at their lab.

Thus the prospects that anyone on the British side of the Atlantic would crack DNA looked dim as the Christmas holidays drew near. Though Francis went back to proteins, obliging Bragg by working on his thesis was not to his liking. Instead, after a few days of relative silence, he began to spout about superhelical arrangements of the α -helix itself. Only during the lunch hour could I be sure that he would talk DNA. Fortunately, John Kendrew sensed that the moratorium on working on DNA did not extend to thinking about it. At no time did he try to reinterest me in myoglobin. Instead, I used the dark and chilly days to learn more theoretical chemistry or to leaf through journals, hoping that possibly there existed a forgotten clue to DNA.

The book I poked open the most was Francis' copy of *The Nature of the Chemical Bond*. Increasingly often, when Francis needed it to look up a crucial bond length, it would turn up on the quarter bench of lab space that John had given to me for experimental work. Somewhere in Pauling's masterpiece I hoped the real secret would lie. Thus Francis' gift to me of a second copy was a good omen. On the flyleaf was the inscription, "To Jim from Francis — Christmas '51." The remnants of Christianity were indeed useful.

I did not sit through the Christmas holidays in Cambridge. Avrion Mitchison had invited me to Carradale, the home of his parents, on the Mull of Kintyre. This was real luck, since over holidays Av's mother, Naomi, the celebrated writer, and his Labor MP father, Dick, were known to fill their large house with odd assortments of lively minds. Moreover, Naomi was a sister of England's most clever and eccentric biologist, J. B. S. Haldane. Neither the feeling that our DNA work had hit a roadblock nor the uncertainty of getting paid for the year was of much concern when I joined Av and his sister Val at Euston Station. No seats were left on the overnight Glasgow train, giving us a ten-hour journey seated on luggage listening to Val comment on the dull, boorish habits of the Americans who each year are deposited in increasing numbers at Oxford.

At Glasgow we found my sister Elizabeth, who had flown to Prestwick from Copenhagen. Two weeks previously she had sent a letter relating that she was pursued by a Dane. Instantly I sensed impending disaster, for he was a successful actor. At once I inquired whether I could bring Elizabeth to Carradale. The affirmative reply I received with much relief, since it was inconceivable that my sister could think about settling in Denmark after two weeks of an eccentric country house.

Dick Mitchison met the Campbelltown bus at the turnoff for Carradale to drive us the final twenty hilly miles to the tiny Scottish fishing village where he and Naomi had lived for the past twenty years. Dinner was still going on as we emerged from a stone passage, which connected the gunroom with several larders, into a dining room dominated by sharp authoritative chatter. Av's zoologist brother Murdoch had already come, and he enjoyed cornering people to talk about how cells divide. More often, the theme was politics and the awkward cold war thought up by the American paranoids, who should be back in the law offices of Middle Western towns.

Upon my return to Cambridge I had expected to hear from the States about my fellowship, but there was no official communication to greet me. Since Luria had written me in November not to worry, the absence of firm news by now seemed ominous. Apparently no decision had been made and the worst was to be expected. The ax, however, could at most be only annoying. John and Max gave me assurance that a small English stipend could be dug up if I was completely cut off. Only in late January did my suspense end, with the arrival of a letter from Washington: I was sacked. The letter quoted the section of the fellowship award stating that the fellowship was valid only for work in the designated institution. My violation of this provision gave them no choice but to revoke the award.

(To be concluded)

accent

Tail-Wagging Warbler

by R. G. G. Price

The harish bird of East Nepal, long believed to be extinct, has turned up again, and my paper says it can produce a musical sound from its tail. This is a skill that any creature could be proud of; but what conditions can evolution have thought it was fitting the harish bird for? Perhaps it is very greedy and its mouth is always full, so that if it didn't issue its love calls from the other end, the breed would die out — as, apparently, it nearly did. Evolution has contributed a good deal to the gaiety of nations, what with the peacock's fan, the hummingbird's hum, and the chameleon's chromatic versatility, and it deserves the credit for this particular addition to the resources of entertainment.

If the bird had not been rediscovered but had survived only in legend, we would never have believed in its caudal music, which would have seemed just a part of its fabulousness. As the story moved westward along the great trade routes, it would have grown more marvelous, and modern skepticism would have rejected the lot, the true with the false, the melody with the ability to cure the quinsy by its tears or to turn itself into an aeolian harp when menaced. We would have laughed in a superior way when we opened a moldering calf-bound volume and read, "The harish bird doth approach his love humbly, scilicet retrowise, and doth pour out music of angelic sweetness from his tail. These sounds be said to resemble the Lydian mode. If a witch be fanned seven times with the feathers. . . ." Rationalism has left too many casualties.

Our zoologists are going to look pretty silly if a phoenix rises out of some ashes in Kurdistan or a unicorn is taken captive by a virgin in a London park. (The virgin would be as improbable as the beast.) One day the Abominable Snowman may be found. Perhaps he may turn out to be another entertainer, not just making fire, like Neanderthal man, but eating it at parties. Many legends are coming true already — men changing into women, monster builders who make Frankenstein seem like a primitive, chariots that cross the sky faster than sound, including sounds that take off from the harish bird's vivacious rear.

Not all the legends in the books are zoological. For example, the

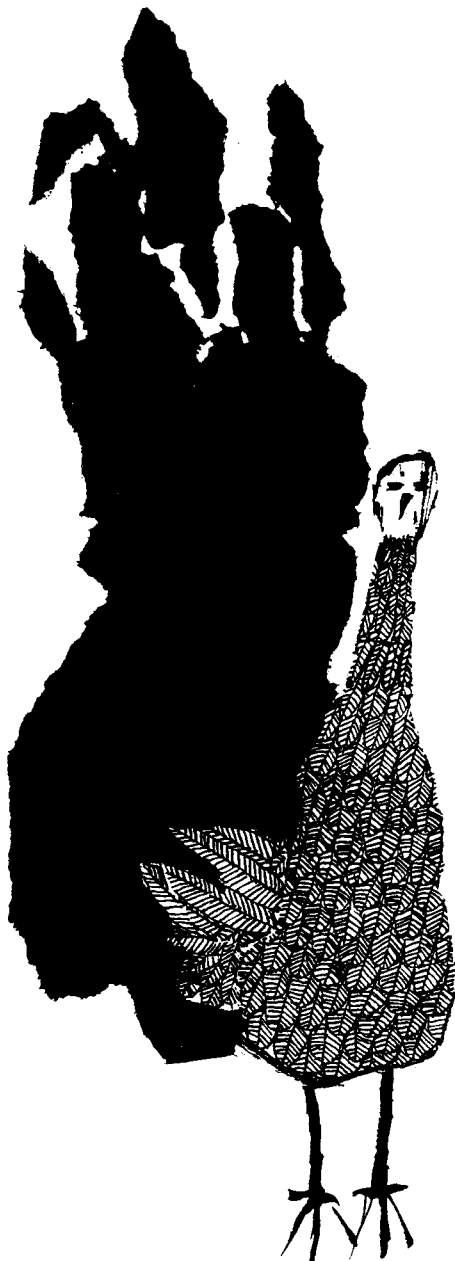
Holy Roman emperor Frederick Barbarossa (1152–1190) was long believed to be living in a cavern near Salzburg. His beard continued to grow, and fairly soon after his arrival underground it had grown twice around the great table at which he and his knights sat in a trance. When it had grown around a third time, he was going to bring Germany a golden age. If some party of archaeologists, crowded out of the hunt for the Dead Sea Scrolls, ran across him and brought him around, there could be tensions. The cave is at Berchtesgaden, and Frederick might easily feel jealous of the rival local celebrity. Let us hope the team's sponsor, say the University of Pennsylvania, would be lucky and discover he had a fine bass and cover the cost of the expedition out of his recordings.

Can we be sure that Assyrian winged bulls exist only in museums, and museums with strong floors? If some live in a backwater on the Iraqi-Iranian border, I should expect them to be grounded, like the duckbill platypus. Those wings look aerodynamically unsound to me. But they are certainly picturesque, and used rather like fans, would be the making of a courtship dance. Lucky the traveler who sees winged bulls gyrating to the music of a migratory harish bird.

Do melodies produced from tail feathers count as birdsong? I suspect that neither Shelley nor Wordsworth would have been so enthusiastic about skylarks if the silver sound had come from the inferior end. Poets ought to show appreciation of originality; but there is a certain prejudice. However, the whole topic is complex and ambiguous, and very short on facts. Am I even right in assuming that the bird is dumb? Perhaps the throat produces the melody and the tail the harmony. Which end is the rhythm section? Ornithologists may know much more than leaked into the press. Lazily, I don't want to hear. No facts can possibly irradiate my imagination like this tantalizing glimpse of nature's endless riches. I am prepared to believe that East Nepal is crammed with exciting rarities.

My encyclopedia gives me the feeling that the whole country is on the odd side. Autos have to be dis-

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mantled and carried in by hand, to be reassembled for use on the one good road; but the first manufacture on the list it gives is matches. Perhaps the strain of attaining a fully developed transport system with only spare parts and of supplying the flame deficiency caused by a complete absence of lighters rather distracted attention from the local wildlife, though to me, sitting comfortably in the West, it seems peculiar that a bird of such marked individuality should have escaped notice long enough to be thought extinct.

Perhaps what happened was that when white naturalists interrupted a group of elders as they chattered in the bazaar, to get rid of their irritating inquiries the elders told them that the bird had died out. Being, like most naturalists, men who believed what foreigners told them, they went off to New Zealand moa hunting, or roc hunting in Arabia. The elders would then continue their excited conversation about

their country's industrial development -- now there were to be matchboxes with jokes on them, starting with one about two Sherpas meeting on Everest -- and then they would fall into a fierce argument over where the steering wheel went in the new four-seater; if they could only fit the contents of the packages together in the right order, they could spend the afternoon on Katmandu.

I wonder whether there is much interest in its homeland in the bird's re-emergence. News of it will arouse more comment along the urban motorways of more industrialized lands, where the birdsong is drowned by the noise of progress and men sit in traffic jams reading wistfully about this tuneful nonconformer, this odd, lovable creature. But even "lovable" is a guess. The story contained no indication of size. I hope I haven't been sentimentalizing over something with the dimensions, and the personality, of a buzzard.

An Investigation Into the Causes of Hyperpedantism

by Charles Price Ridley

Beyond his work in pedantry, Charles Ridley is a research associate in Chinese studies at the Hoover Institution of Stanford University.

It has been known from early times that scholars are frequently afflicted by a syndrome characterized by compulsive attention to minute details, hyperbibliophilia, and insomnia. Early investigators were of the opinion that this disorder was of psychogenic origin and resulted from the arrestation of psychic development at the anal erotic stage. This conclusion has long been felt to be inadequate, and a number of workers, calling attention to such secondary symptoms as the sallow complexion, general emaciation, and muscular atrophy characteristic of the scholar, have hypothesized an endocrine origin. However, initial research along these lines proved inconclusive.

In a unique experiment designed to demonstrate the presence of the postulated "pedantic" hormone, ten research scholars were subjected to textual stimulation.¹ The stimulus objects consisted of unfootnoted papers chosen from the subjects' fields of specialization. Immediately upon presentation of the stimulus objects, the subjects experienced a rapid rise in pulse rate and blood pressure. Each subject was permitted to document his assigned text for a period of

¹ The scholars participating in this study included specialists in the following disciplines: classical literature,^a educational philosophy,^b experimental psychology,^c comparative education,^d and Chinese history.^e Other scholars included experts in comparative primate proctology, metaphrastic linguistics, psychoentomology, the calculus of nonexistent functions, and tetrachoric factor analysis of Sioux courtship patterns.

^a The function of the ablative case in Roman poets of the republican period.

^b Comparative studies on the effects of classroom use of fluorescent and incandescent lighting on badminton scores in elementary school children.

^c Mastery of Ping Pong ball pushing in mature pigeons as a function of traumatic prepuberal socialization experiences.

^d The pencil sharpener as a means of cultural stimulation in disadvantaged nations.

^e Styles of dress among imperial concubines during periods of dynastic decline.

Poets

by X. J. Kennedy

"These people are . . . quenched. I mean the natives." — D. H. Lawrence, letter of August 14, 1923, from Dover, New Jersey.

Le vierge, le vivace, et le bel aujourd'hui . . .

What were they like as schoolboys? Long on themes
And short of wind, perpetually outclassed,
Breaking their glasses, always chosen last
When everyone was sorted out in teams,

Moody, a little dull, the kind that squirmed
At hurt cats, shrank from touching cracked-up birds,
With all but plain girls at a loss for words,
Having to ask to have their fishhooks wormed,

Snuffers of candles every priest thought nice,
Quenching their own wicks nightly, eyes put down
And smoldering. In Dover, my home town,
No winter passed but we had swans in ice,

Birds of their quill: so beautiful, so dumb,
They'd let a window glaze about their feet,
Not seeing through their dreams till time to eat.
A fireman with a blowtorch had to come

Thaw the dopes loose. Sun-silvered, plumes aflap,
Weren't they grand, though? — not that you'd notice it,
Crawling along a ladder, getting bit,
Numb to the bone, enduring all their crap.

one hour, after which blood samples were taken.

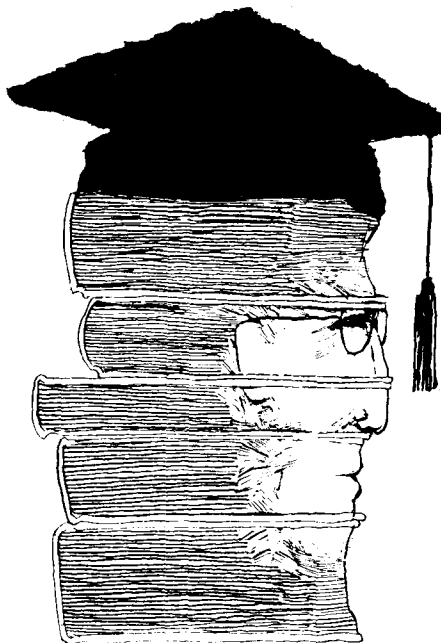
Microanalysis of the blood samples indicated the presence of a high concentration of a Pituitrin-like substance. In order to test the exogenetic properties of this substance, two groups of scholars—an experimental group, and a control group treated with physiological saline—were instructed to write short papers on subjects of their choice. Scholars treated with the Pituitrin-like substance produced twice as many footnotes as did the control group and exhibited a pronounced tendency to footnote their already extensive footnotes. Further chemical analysis confirmed that the substance was closely related to Pituitrin, and it was tentatively designated as “pedantin.”

Several investigators using pedantin tagged with radioactive carbon have reported that high concentrations occur in the pituitary gland, and a recent histological study has pinpointed a small area of the pituitary, the “pars pedantica,” which is made up of glandular tissue and which elaborates pedantin. Additional radiobiological tests have demonstrated that many productive scholars suffer from frank hypertrophy of the pars pedantica, and that the severity of the affliction is in direct proportion to the eminence of the scholar in his field.²

On the basis of the experiments in textual stimulation, some workers have postulated the existence of a cortical pedantic center which, when excited, triggers the elaboration and secretion of pedantin. Extensive histological studies are now in progress, and it is hoped that the precise location of the center and its nervous connections with the pars pedantica can be ascertained in the near future.

Although opinion in the medical profession is divided, the majority of practitioners believe that hormonal therapy is the preferred mode of treatment for chronic hyperpedantism. The profession is in unanimous agreement that excision of the pars

pedantica is to be avoided if at all possible, unless the presenting hyperpedantism is accompanied by indications of prepsychotic behavior or other severe and disruptive psychological states.³ On the other hand, it has been suggested that aspiring doctoral candidates be given a regular course of pedantin therapy in order to increase the



tediousness, and consequently the scholarly worth, of their seminar papers and doctoral dissertations.⁴

Thus, present knowledge concerning hyperpedantism is still rather limited. It is our hope that future research will succeed in clarifying the remaining gaps in our understanding of this significant condition.

³ Only one case necessitating radical pedantectomy has come to our attention. The afflicted pedant was referred for medical treatment by the editor of a scholarly journal to which he had submitted a ninety-page treatise consisting of footnotes without an accompanying text. Subsequent to complete excision of the pars pedantica, the pedant ceased publication entirely, and shortly thereafter was forced to retire from university teaching. He has since made a satisfactory adjustment as an encyclopedia salesman.

⁴ Preliminary experimentation has been conducted on graduate students dismissed from doctoral programs on the grounds of insufficient elaboration of footnotes. Four such “failures” were treated with pedantin (“Pedantules”—i.e., pedantin hydrochloride time capsules, USP) over a six-month period. Upon readmission to graduate study, they succeeded in maintaining highly satisfactory records. Relapse occurred in one case when medication was discontinued.

Why Learn the Language?

by David MacNeil Doren

David MacNeil Doren is a native of Syracuse, New York, who sojourned in Sweden after living for six years in Crete.

I came across a little story recently about a retired Englishman who prefers *not* to learn the language of the country he is living in. On those few occasions when he started to learn a language, he found that his life became complicated, and he was forced to move on.

This reminded me of a college classmate I had once. He was a war veteran whose ears had been damaged in a plane crash, so that he always had to wear a hearing aid. He used to sit at the back of the room during lectures, and when the professor had droned on a bit too long, he would simply switch off the gadget and sit there musing idly in a pool of silence in his own world.

I always envied that student, but it was not until I started to live abroad most of the time that I discovered another way of duplicating his act of retirement from an intrusive world. Like the retired Englishman, I prefer to live in countries whose languages I do not know. When others' words become a mere blur of incomprehensible syllables, one's own thoughts sail on undisturbed.

When I went to live in Greece some years ago, I decided not to learn the language—or languages, rather, for in that confusing country there are at least two separate languages: the *katharevusa*, or “purified” speech of orators and other snobs, and the *demotiki*, or popular tongue of the masses. There is also the newspaper language, which is a mixture of the two; not to mention all the local dialects. I decided not to learn any of them.

For the first three years my efforts, or lack of them, met with complete success: I did not learn enough Greek to be disturbed by it. I picked up just enough to get by in shops and restaurants, and to hold simple colloquies with shepherds and fishermen whom I met in my rambles. Those were three of the most tranquil years of my life—mainly, I believe, because I had never had so much time for my own thoughts. During those years there was a succession of political crises, in Cyprus

² Scholastic eminence is determined by obtaining the “coefficient of productive scholarship.” This is the ratio of total publications produced (T_p) to duration of academic career in years (C_y):

$$\frac{T_p}{C_y} = s_p$$

and elsewhere, and some of my foreign friends who had learned fluent Greek complained bitterly about all the bombast and rhetoric they were forced to listen to from every *kafeneion* orator they met. I never heard a word of all that: confronted with my linguistic stone wall, even the gabbiest Greeks had to throw up their hands and admit defeat.

While my friends who had thoughtlessly picked up the language had to undergo this *martyrion* (to use a Greek expression that I did not learn), I would just sit there, with my hearing aid off, as it were, observing the life around me. For I had made a remarkable discovery: my powers of observation had improved when I became free to not listen. I learned to prefer the eyes to the ears. "Believe what you see, not what you hear," says a Muslim proverb. (This was especially true in Crete, where I spent most of my time. Saint Paul complained that "all Cretans are liars," and the tradition goes back even farther, to Epimenides, a sixth-century-B.C. Cretan philosopher and verbal trickster who posed the riddle: "All Cretans are liars; Epimenides is a Cretan; is Epimenides a liar?") But even the Cretans, with over 2500 years of experience behind them, could not lie without their language. It takes a very great actor to lie without using words: commonly people's movements and the expression of their eyes will give them away to a keen observer.

Sometimes friends from America, and other foreigners, would come to see me. They would say, "Of course, you speak Greek fluently by now?"

"No," I would answer matter-of-factly, "I hardly know a word."



Recrimination on the Edge

by Stephen Dunn

Whaleback steamer on the fall of horizon,
convex, flying a flag that blurs in dusklight, west-
bound, knot speed not much, at least not from the lub
of land where you sit building sand castles

on the ocean's lip, preferring
the snail-shell roar to the real thing, meticulous
with your clothes and clock time, obeying
the orderliness of land and thinking the sea

on this calm day is wild, wild in its seeming
disregard, its jello-shouldered shrugging, its confidence,
like that of a woman with secrets, of irresistible come-
on. Gray speck. The whaleback steamer, suitor

with sea guts, your diminution,
adversary, nail bed — already past the first wet kiss — turns
you to your Mustang parked on the cliff and memories
of beautiful women, stared at, and left; duck soup.

"But you have been here for
years!"

"It hasn't been easy, but then I
am a complete linguistic idiot."

And then (especially if they were
Europeans) they would start to look
down on me. Language snobbery is
endemic throughout Europe; com-
petition is keen, and many fall by the
way. One woman I knew, whose
Greek was quite good, confessed that
she became absolutely tongue-tied
in the presence of any of her coun-
trymen who happened to speak a
little better Greek than she did. I
provided them with an easy victory.

Sometimes I would tell people,
"How can I start learning Greek
when I still haven't learned Eng-
lish?"

They nearly always regarded this
remark, which I made in all sin-
cerity, as either a flippancy or a
piece of incomprehensible stupidity.
Yet it is quite true: hardly anyone
learns his own language properly,
let alone a foreign tongue as com-
plex as Greek. After all, English is
the world's leading language now —
I can read anything I want in it —
so why should I sweat and strain to
learn (imperfectly) another language
in which to be bombarded with addi-
tional trivialities?

Yet he that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learner than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.

Samuel Butler knew.

I would not wish to impose my
method upon everyone — far be it

from me to deprive anyone of the
undoubted pleasure of learning lan-
guages — any more than I would
wish to prohibit the reading of
mysteries or the solving of puzzles.
To each his own. For my part, I
would rather keep my pool of silence.

However, it didn't work out quite
as I had hoped. After three years
something totally unexpected began
to happen. I found that I was speak-
ing and understanding Greek in
spite of myself. I had picked it up
by sheer osmosis — as a child learns
a language.

From that day on, my peace of
mind suffered. My life began to
change; complications entered in.
The tangled grapevine of village
gossip and intrigue wrapped itself
around my once simple life. I had
to listen to political discussions, and
to offer my own opinions on such dis-
tressing matters as Vietnam, Cyprus,
the Church versus the State.

Finally it was too much. Like the
retired Englishman, I had to move
on. I am now in Sweden. There is
little danger that I will learn enough
of this vowel-crazy speech to disturb
my inner repose — at least not for
several years, by which time the
climate will probably have driven
me out anyway. I have learned the
barest minimum necessary to get by
in this formalistic land. I can say
"Thank you" four different ways:
Tack tack, Tack so mycket, Tusen tack,
and *Manga tack*. It makes a very
good impression. They have no
word for "Please."

places

Passion on a Bicycle

by Henry S. Resnik



I am obsessed with bicycling in New York. My passion began rather innocently in January, 1965, when I bought a brand-new Raleigh, equipped with a basket and a strident chromium bell. Frankly, though, it was still just a bicycle, and as I labored home over seventy blocks of surprisingly hilly avenue, I began to wonder if the bicycle wasn't a mistake, like the accordion I bought when I was an avaricious, callow eighteen and which I sold to my avaricious, callow seventeen-year-old cousin a few months later.

I did not just wake up one day and think, Here's a fun idea: I'm going to buy a bicycle! On the contrary, my purchase was riddled with ulterior motives. Like so many people who are afflicted with contemporary megalopolis-itis, I had been falling into a sedentary life that somehow managed to be as temptingly sweet as it was sedentary. I was gaining weight. I needed girth control, and if I hadn't already made the resolution to get plenty of exercise, I probably would have returned the bicycle after that first ride.

But I didn't. I pedaled relentlessly here and there, hating every minute of it, my hands numb, my old overcoat chewed by gears, my face scarlet for hours when I managed to get inside a building, my legs constantly tired and aching. I thought viciously of all the cyclists in the world, of their (doubtless) egomaniacal boasts of forty-mile, day-long rides, of their silly little hosteling trips and their substandard living conditions and their stale bread and cheese. Since I needed the overcoat for civilized occasions, I finally bought a ski parka, the most practical winter uniform for cycling but, to my childishly nonconformist mind, one of the most loathsome.

I had never been in better shape, however. I could have accomplished this by doing ten miles a day on an exercycle, I suppose, but since I have always associated physical fitness programs, even solitary ones, with shrill-whistling sadists in immaculate sweat clothes, I needed an elaborate rationale to keep me going. Thus, I consoled myself with frequent reminders about how convenient a bike was for visiting friends in the neighborhood, for minor shopping errands (in spite of bad experiences with a small filing cabinet, which I could not carry on the bike at all, and the New York Post, which

blew away in sections before I reached home), and how useful it would be for impressing dates with my athletic qualities, riding to meet them and casually parking it in their apartments. By the time March arrived, with its great swords of wind, drawn, it seemed, in Ardsley or Nyack and gathering strength as they commuted to Manhattan, I had a cruising range that included Bloomingdale's, the Plaza, homes of friends in the East Nineties, Lincoln Center, and the netherest regions of Columbia; I also had perpetually clenched teeth and an aching jaw — but no matter, I was healthy.

Spring came suddenly one day, and I shed my ski parka for a succession of expensive poor-boy turtle-necks, in which I cut a rather dashing figure as I streaked through Central Park, smiling my best Thomas P. F. Hoving smile and imagining that all the pedestrians could tell at a glance what a swinger I was. I was thin; I had strong legs, with more tendons than the average fellow; I had a completely new lease on life. At about this time I was also ready for a new lease on my apartment, and I decided to move to the Village. Every young man has to live in the Village before — or, as in my case, after — he settles down; my time had come. Filled with visions of great mounds of marijuana and blondes with straight hair down to the hems of their miniskirts, I boarded a subway bound for Sheridan Square.

My licentious fantasies might have come closer to realization if it weren't for a charming librarian whom I happened to be dating at the time and who lived on West Ninety-third Street. I liked her very much; she was not the *usual* librarian. She was a modern librarian — young, good-looking, and thoroughly trained in library science. She even had a miniskirt, though she never wore it to work. Since things were not serious enough between us to warrant my moving to the West Nineties, however, I finally took a place on Thirteenth Street, not quite in the middle of what I thought to be the capital of sin, but close enough to make eternal damnation pleasantly imminent.

To be fair, I cannot blame the librarian, who was incapable of guile, her miniskirt notwithstanding. Nor can I be sure that eighty blocks made the heart grow fonder. I sup-

pose the real cause of my disaster was the diabolical stage manager who has always lurked in the wings of my life, prompting me with the wrong cues at the most inappropriate moments. Whatever the reason (I prefer the stage-manager theory myself), I did not stop seeing my librarian; for weeks after the move, until the fatal evening, I commuted to her house by subway.

It was in June, and I clearly recall stepping on the scale that morning and shuddering to see that my weight had shot up two pounds over the ideal weight for my height and frame, according to the U.S. Health Service. Thoroughly depressed, I resigned myself to a dinner of stewed kale and an early, two-wheeled departure for Ninety-third Street.

The longest ride to date had been the seventy blocks home from the bicycle shop that first day. From my old apartment to Philharmonic Hall was approximately two miles, allowing for variations of route. But eighty blocks . . . well, eighty blocks was the big time, Marlboro country. If I was going against the wind, how many calories could I burn up riding eighty blocks? I left Thirteenth Street at 7:30, fully expecting to be a skeleton when I arrived at my destination a half hour later.

There was no wind at all that evening, however. The city was at the beginning of a two-month heat wave, and after five blocks of puffing up Eighth Avenue I was already beginning to tap my supply of emergency rationalizations. But I knew myself well enough to have made the evening's plans so rushed that I could not possibly take the time to go back and turn the bike in for a subway token. Small rivulets of sweat blew behind me like streamers as I rode, and my shirt was soaking by the time I reached what used to be the back of Penn Station.

The city has never seemed uglier to me than it was during the first half of that ride. Odors of soot, burned fuel, and Chinese-Latin cooking caromed off my nostrils, and I contemplated giving the bike away, or possibly making a quick sale at Times Square before I hopped the I.R.T. express. The clock on the Franklin Savings Bank at Eighth Avenue and Forty-second Street said 7:45. I began to think that the desirability of being thin was a huge fraud perpetrated by

Madison Avenue hucksters, that I had submitted to their tricks like some ludicrous puppet. I realized, as I started up the long hill leading to a misty view of Columbus Circle, that I was *destined* to turn into a portly middle-aged man. I had been duped by subliminal Pepsi-generationism, and I had a moral obligation to grow old and fat as soon as possible; it was all I could do to advance the cause of individual rights.

By this time I was breathing the great wheezing gasps that used to overtake me when I ran for a moment in my smoking days. My vision, blurred by sweat, revealed a surrealistic cityscape, twisted and menacing. I saw green and red lights, heard the sound of angry horns, witnessed dark shapes advancing on me. My bike wobbled, but, letting out a shrill cry of "Aieeee!" or something of that kind, I forced a burst of speed and managed to cross Forty-seventh Street just in time to escape an onslaught of automobile and pedestrian traffic. I was congratulating myself on having gotten out of the whole thing alive when suddenly a bus rumbled past me, having also rushed the light, and missed me by no more than a few inches. As if to show me what it was capable of, the bus swerved toward the curb in front of me and stopped, forcing me to head for the sidewalk. Instead of crashing into the sidewalk and splitting my head open after tumbling over the handlebars, however, I steered between the monolithic intruder and the curbstone, skimmed several terrified ladies about to board, executed an incredible two-foot double turn between the front of the bus and a car parked directly in my path, and emerged . . .

Well, I certainly don't think I am overly boastful in saying that I emerged triumphant, that in those few moments I had proved myself a cyclist of such enormous cool, such dazzling technique, that I knew I would never again slow down for an advancing truck, veer to avoid a threatening limousine, or hesitate to plunge into the midst of a pedestrian phalanx. I had tasted blood, and now I knew what all those pillar-legged hostellers felt as they sat around their campfires, recalling the encounters and skirmishes of the day. Now I knew what this whole cycling business was really about. And to think that only a moment be-

fore my triumph I was actually thinking about giving it up. Dizzy with dreams of the Tour de France, I virtually flew to Ninety-third Street in a matter of minutes. When I reached the familiar brownstone, I lifted my Raleigh with one powerful hand and bore it up the four flights as if it were the beacon of the future.

Since then my cycling career has been all, so to speak, uphill. I continued to make the four-mile ride to Ninety-third Street and back throughout the summer until I met a high school teacher who lived in Boston. But by that time I was such a fanatic that I would get up at 7:00 just to have the streets more or less to myself, ride up Eighth Avenue to the park drive, make the entire circle of the park back to Seventh Avenue, and get home in time to catch part of *Don McNeil's Breakfast Club*.

Every great passion reaches a moment, of course, when it seems purer, more intense than it has ever been before or ever can be again; for me this moment came when I discovered third gear. It was Emily who introduced me to third gear. We met on the Sheep Meadow, late on a Constable sort of morning in July. I had been doing my circuit of the park when I suddenly heard music. I slowed down. It was Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*, and unless someone had a superb hi-fi system or a live orchestra, I was even more insane than I had begun to think. I followed the music to the meadow, saw the temporary shell in which the New York Philharmonic was rehearsing for a performance that evening, prepared to stay for a while, and then . . . two wheels . . . a basket . . . and Emily!

Emily, wherever you are (and I assume that you are with your husband somewhere), I will not betray the rest of that rapturous morning. The ride on the mall. The secret paths you showed me near the Bethesda Fountain. The lemonade we sipped while our two bikes — a boy bike and a girl bike — shone in the sun nearby. I will not betray it except to say that as we raced up the hill near the Tavern on the Green you saw that I began to lag and called out with such kindness and tenderness and womanly feeling, "Why don't you try third gear — it's faster!" Farewell, Emily, thank you, and . . . whenever you shift gears, think of me.

music

A Tale of Two Juliuses
by Herbert Kupferberg



At the threshold of the Metropolitan Opera in Lincoln Center stands an institution called the New York City Opera Company. Although it has been in existence more than twenty years, presented some 121 different operas, and toured extensively, its renown has remained largely local, perhaps because of the geographical limitations suggested by its name.

This year, however, the New York City Opera not only has become the "in" company in New York musical circles, but it has made a spectacularly successful recording for RCA Victor of a baroque operatic masterpiece, Handel's *Julius Caesar* (LSC-6182, stereo; LM-6182, monaural: three records).

Actually, the New York City Opera, which is directed by the brilliant and adventuresome conductor Julius Rudel, has been generating musical excitement almost since its inception. But it has always operated in rather shabby quarters: an abandoned Shriners' temple on West Fifty-fifth Street, side by side with George Balanchine's New York City Ballet Company. Now both groups have moved up to the elegant New York State Theater at Lincoln Center, flanking the entranceway to the Met. It's no secret that Rudolf Bing, the Met's general manager, while welcoming the ballet as a neighbor, did all he could to forestall the move by the City Opera to Lincoln Center.

Although both Bing and Rudel deny for the record that their companies are in any way competitive, the fact remains that a keen and at times open rivalry exists. When the Met put on a *Magic Flute* designed by Marc Chagall in its opening Lincoln Center season, the City Opera staged one with decor by Beni Montresor; when Bing's company gave a new production of Verdi's *La Traviata* along traditional lines, Rudel's countered with a novel interpretation, in which Violetta's normally sedate Act I party, for instance, almost turned into a drunken brawl. The critics loved it.

Previous recordings by the New York City company have been generally limited to new American operas, the species in which it specializes. It is responsible for the only available recordings of such works as Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, Robert Ward's *The Crucible*, Marc Blitzstein's *Regina*, and

Jack Beeson's *Lizzie Borden*, all of them highly prestigious, but none the kind an opera company, or a record manufacturer, gets rich on.

Presumably nobody gets rich on Handel either, except for the inevitable Christmastime recordings of *Messiah*. But *Julius Caesar* has proved a box-office smash for two seasons at the State Theater now, and RCA Victor has invested \$100,000 in recording it. In fact, it is one of the few operas in recent years to have been recorded in its entirety in the United States, where costs are far higher than in Europe.

Whether *Julius Caesar*, which to most of the world's great opera houses, including the Met, represents the early Pleistocene period of music, will prove a financially remunerative recording is a matter to be decided by time and the ledger. But that *Caesar* is a musical triumph, indeed, that it is one of the most fascinating operatic recordings ever made, there is not the slightest doubt.

True, certain adjustments have to be made by the listener. The work, which deals with Caesar's romance with Cleopatra, is in Italian (it might have been more accurate to call it, as Handel did, *Giulio Cesare*); it is lacking in dramatic action; it has few ensembles; and even its choral numbers, that great Handelian specialty, are sparse. Nevertheless, such are its boldness of line and beauty of melody that after a time one becomes dazzled by its vocal brilliance and caught up in its musical characterization.

To a considerable extent this *Julius Caesar* represents a collaboration across the centuries between George Frideric Handel and Julius Rudel. For one thing, Handel wrote the music of *Caesar* for a *castrato*, a kind of singer now extinct, or at least not numbered on the New York City Opera's roster. Rudel changed the role from a male alto to a bass-baritone. He also wrote out a set of embellishments to be used by each singer in embroidering his or her musical lines. These vocal ornamentations lie at the heart of baroque opera, and this is the first recording I have encountered which gives a sense of their musical vitality, and enables one to understand why they so delighted and excited the audiences of Handel's day. Although most of the arias in *Julius Caesar* have repeat sections, nothing is repeated exactly. Instead there

are roulades, trills, appoggiaturas, and other vocal variations to freshen the interest and sometimes even add dramatic point and characterization — as when, for instance, Cleopatra's seductively lovely aria "I'adoro, pupille" is overlaid with an array of vocal *fioreture* that glitter like a queen's diamonds.

Obviously it takes singers of unusual gifts, both vocal and temperamental, to master this kind of singing nowadays. Rudel's company fortunately is richly equipped with them. This is especially true of Beverly Sills and Norman Treigle, who have sung Cleopatra and Caesar in every *Julius Caesar* the company has given so far, and who shine forth brilliantly in the recording. Miss Sills, who says she worked out her ornamentations with Rudel during a summer at West Chop on Martha's Vineyard — a most un-Handelian locale — sings with tones at once pearly and pointed, and Treigle is a Caesar vocally virile and agile, a kind of coloratura basso.

But the triumph of *Julius Caesar* is more than a matter of vocal acrobatics; this is a production in which every singer creates a musical personality — Maureen Forrester as Cornelia, Beverly Wolff as Sextus, Spiro Malas as Ptolemy, and Dominic Cossa as Achilles. The chorus and orchestra are excellent and the recorded sound clear and ample. *Julius Caesar* has had to wait a long time for a complete recording, but it is hard to imagine how it could have found a finer one.

Several of the singers of the New York City company have also had to wait surprisingly long for discovery by the record companies. Most notable, perhaps, is the case of Norman Treigle, who at the age of forty has just made his first recording of operatic solos, including arias by Mozart, Verdi, Gounod, Ponchielli, and Halévy, accompanied by the Vienna Radio Orchestra under Jussi Jalas (Westminster WST-17135, stereo; XWN-19135, monaural). Not everything here is sung to perfection (it seems curious, for instance, that Treigle should have chosen to sing the *Credo* from *Otello*, which lies out of his best range), but this collection, along with his powerful Caesar, leaves the impression that this bass-baritone represents a blend of vocal richness and dramatic instinct unmatched since the days of Ezio Pinza.

Whatever the success of *Julius Caesar* may do to further the fortunes of individual singers, it is certain to advance the already substantial career of Julius Rudel. Now a square-shouldered and vigorous forty-six, Rudel has spent most of his musical years with the New York City Opera, which he joined as a rehearsal pianist in 1943, five years after emigrating from Nazified Vienna. He has directed the company for the last ten years, during which he has conducted everything in opera from Mozart to Shostakovich.

Of late Rudel has been turning his hand increasingly to symphonic activities both in the United States and abroad. He has already appeared with the Chicago and Philadelphia orchestras, and in April he will make his debut with the Boston Symphony, conducting, along with symphonies by Mozart and Sibelius, the world premiere of a new work which the Argentinian composer Alberto Ginastera is writing. Rudel can claim to be one of the world's great exponents of Ginastera; one of his New York City Opera successes was the North American premiere of the widely admired twelve-tone opera *Don Rodrigo*. Rudel also gave Ginastera's controversial opera *Bommarzo* its world premiere with the Washington, D.C., Opera Society last May, and Columbia has recorded it for release shortly.

With his status as an impresario well established and his reputation as a conductor growing, Rudel's importance on the American musical scene seems assured for years to come. Late in 1967 he was offered the prestigious post of artistic director of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, the national cultural showcase which is scheduled to open in 1970.

Wherever his future takes him, Julius Rudel's *Julius Caesar* can stand as a permanent attestation of his musical art and enterprise. And with the New York City Opera playing in a beautiful theater to sold-out subscription audiences, and making major-label recordings on the side, he can reflect with some pride that he has helped build a sound, successful, and enduring opera company — which was more than George Frideric Handel could do.

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Record Reviews

Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade

Herbert von Karajan conducting Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Deutsche Grammophon 139022 (stereo) and 39022

And what is Herbert von Karajan, that most coolly analytical and dispassionate of conductors, doing playing *Scheherazade*, that most warmly romantic and lush-textured of tone poems? Giving it about the most compellingly beautiful recording it has ever received, that's what. The delicacy and suavity of sound Karajan draws from the Berlin Philharmonic produce an astonishing effect upon a score that is often overblown and underestimated. From the masterful playing of the solo violin parts by Michel Schwalbé to the gently rocking sea motion that underlies the whole work, *Scheherazade* is restored to its rightful place as a masterpiece of orchestration and imagination.

Giordano: Andrea Chenier

Oliviero de Fabritiis conducting La Scala Orchestra and Chorus, with Beniamino Gigli, tenor; Maria Caniglia, soprano; Gino Bechi, baritone; and others; Seraphim IB-6019 (monaural only): two records

This is a recording to substantiate the well-known operatic aphorism that they don't make singers like that anymore. "That" in this case signifies Beniamino Gigli and Maria Caniglia, who in 1941 made a recording of *Andrea Chenier* which to my knowledge has never been surpassed in vocal power, ardor, and sumptuousness. Once available in RCA Victor's Collector's Issue series, it had dropped out of the catalogue, to which it is now happily restored on the low-priced Seraphim label. Among its other attributes, this rerelease demonstrates that Giordano's musical drama of the French Revolution, composed in 1896, still packs a dramatic punch when performed with the kind of conviction it receives here. Considering the age of the recording, the sound is fine.

Prokofiev: Ivan the Terrible (oratorio)

Abram Stasevich conducting U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra and Moscow State Chorus, with Valentina Levko, mezzo-soprano, and Aleksander Estrin, narrator; Melodiya-Angel SRB-4103 (stereo): two records

Sergei Prokofiev gave new meaning to the term "movie music" in his score for Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky*, which has almost become a concert hall staple. These selections drawn from music for another Eisenstein film, *Ivan the Terrible*, have somewhat less impact, but there are attractive passages nonetheless — a depiction of the Tartar Steppes, for instance, and a portrayal of the storming of the town of Kazan. The conductor, Abram Stasevich has attempted to assemble an oratorio from these vocal solos, choruses, and instrumental passages but the effect is impaired by the repeated intrusions of a narrator who must be the most talkative Russian since Khrushchev. The *Ivan the Terrible* score, one imagines, would really come alive when presented along with the movie — as movie music should be.

Vocal Music of Vivaldi

Renato Fasano conducting Virtuosi di Roma and Polyphonic Ensemble of Rome, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; RCA Victor LSC-2935 (stereo) and LM-2935

Early LP collectors may remember a Vox recording of 1952 which brought to light an absolutely stunning setting by Vivaldi of Psalm 112, *Beatus Vir* — "Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord." From that day until this no one has rerecorded *Beatus Vir*, so it is a joy to hear this powerful, noble, and soaring work for chorus and orchestra set forth in all the splendor of modern stereo sound. For all the revival of interest in his instrumental output, Vivaldi as a vocal composer is still sadly neglected. In addition to *Beatus Vir*, this beautiful record also presents Vivaldi's *Credo* and *Stabat Mater*. Surely there are other pieces of like majesty.

R. Buckminster Fuller Thinks Aloud (Part I)

R. Buckminster Fuller, speaker; Credo 2 (Pathways of Sound, Inc.)

How Buckminster Fuller can talk! On this nearly-hour-long recording, the noted architect-engineer never once mentions his most famous recent achievement, the geodesic dome which was the United States pavilion at Expo 67, but he touches on virtually every other subject in the world in a rambling but lively discourse on the changes he has seen in his long lifetime, and those he ex-

pects to come. Fuller has faith in technology, and even more important, in man himself. Most impressive of all is his confidence in the younger generation; the student dissidents at Berkeley, he points out, were born in the year of Hiroshima — as good an explanation as any of the cause of the “generation gap.” He is just developing this idea when the record ends, but it is marked “Part I,” indicating that more on this theme is to follow.

Edward R. Murrow: I Can Hear It Now Columbia D3L-366 (monaural only): three records

This album brings together in LP form the three famous *I Can Hear It Now* recordings made by the late Edward R. Murrow, which still constitute a model of recorded history and journalism. The best remains Volume II, which covers the epochal years of 1933–1945 and which sets the actual voices of such men as Franklin Roosevelt, Churchill, LaGuardia, Hitler, and the whole generation of World War II leaders in a stirring dramatic framework. Volume I, 1919–1932 (which actually was compiled afterward), has to rely on re-enactments as well as actual voices, and Volume III, 1945–1949, deals with years somewhat less imposing. Depending on the age of the listener, these three records together constitute either a vivid historical document or an album of unforgettable memories.

Right as the Rain

Leontyne Price, soprano, with André Previn, conductor-pianist-arranger; RCA Victor LSC-2983 (stereo) and LM-2983 On the face of it, Leontyne Price might seem to have no more business singing such songs as “Melancholy Baby” and “Hello, Young Lovers” than Ella Fitzgerald would have singing the Quartet from *Rigoletto*. But a voice as vibrant as Miss Price’s can add something to almost any song, and such numbers as Richard Rodgers’s “Nobody’s Heart” and Harold Arlen’s “A Sleepin’ Bee” are quite enchanting. However, a true sympathy with the style is lacking for many of the others; “Falling in Love Again” sounds like a bad parody of Marlene Dietrich. Many of André Previn’s accompaniments are fussy and overwrought, as witness his souped-up version of that wistful little song from *Fiddler on the Roof*, “Sunrise, Sunset.”

Fly Buttons and Other Comedy Favorites

Members of the BBC’s “*That Was the Week That Was*” cast; Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks; and others; Capitol ST-2502 (stereo) and T-2502

Any record that includes the wonderfully funny “2000 Year Old Man” skit of Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks is always worthy of a warm welcome. This one offers in addition “Fly Buttons,” a zany British bit about a bourgeois British girl and her unbuttoned boy friend, excerpted from a *That Was the Week That Was* broadcast. The hilarity level is somewhat lowered by the rest of the record, including an Eisenhower mock interview, but on the whole this is a fine selection of civilized modern humor.

Doctor Dolittle (original motion picture sound track)

With Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar, and Anthony Newley; 20th-Century Fox DTCS-5101 (stereo)

Anthony Newley Sings the Songs From Doctor Dolittle

Anthony Newley with the Jimmy Joyce Children’s Chorus; RCA Victor LSP-3839 (stereo) and LPM-3839

Bobby Darin Sings Doctor Dolittle

Bobby Darin with orchestra conducted by Roger Kellaway; Atlantic SD-8154 (stereo)

The list above is but a sampling of the variety of *Doctor Dolittle* records currently available, all of them related to the motion picture of the same name. Nor will a word be uttered here against the timeless figure created by Hugh Lofting in his books and played by Rex Harrison on the screen. As to the score composed by Leslie Bricusse, however, it seems a bit placid and unvaried for so distinctive a personage. Sheer repetition, if nothing else, is certain to turn some of the songs into hits, and these records offer a head start on “My Friend, the Doctor” (perhaps the catchiest number), “At the Crossroads,” “Talk to the Animals,” and the others. Only the original-cast set has the advantage of Rex Harrison’s dry, wry delivery. But Anthony Newley, who plays Matthew Mugg in the film, shows he can undertake all the songs with authority, and there is a surprising zest in the way Bobby Darin sails through the score. All the same, the vote here is for the original-cast album.

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books

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks



Like the Bronx, Brooklyn is one of the five boroughs of New York City, but from its cinders and pavements there springs a different spirit. Brooklyn Bridge, with its glorious high arch, has been a perennial temptation for those who like to jump; and the moment one puts foot on a Brooklyn street one is aware of a different vernacular, Brooklynese, of a sense of comedy that produced in the old Dodgers the daffiest team in baseball, and of a native pride that somehow has blended the bloodstreams into a hotly competitive community.

TO BROOKLYN WITH LOVE by **GERALD GREEN** (Trident Press, \$5.95) is a reminiscent novel of what went on in Longview Avenue during one roaring hot summer of the Depression when the priorities of that poverty-ridden neighborhood were divided between the Jews, the Poles, and the Negroes. It is the story of a doting father and a repressive mother and an only son, with the son speaking. The father, Solomon Abrams, M.D., is a huge barrel of a man, with a dark Mohawk head, big biceps, and an irascible temper. His practice has been slipping, and he is driven to profanity by the disloyalty and nonpayment of his patients. The boy, twelve-year-old Albert, is the apple of his father's eye and a weakling with the best brain in his class. A spindly, sickly kid, with ankles too weak for roller-skating, Albert stands far down in the pecking order of his gang, the Raiders. He lives in daily dread of the bullying he gets from Bimbo Wexler, in fear of what will happen to him if he is ever cut off from the others and beaten up by Lee Roy, the most menacing of the jeering Negroes.

Albert's salvation in the jungle of the streets, as at home, is his wits; the Raiders need him because he is the new softball and his is the best glove; but they need him also because he is a faultless scorekeeper, with the courage to confront the Hawks when they deliberately mix up their batting order. These games in the crowded street, cheered on by the loafers, are ferocious, and it disgusts Albert that he can never play the hero, but he compensates in his imagination, and the sarcasm with which he defends himself is a sharp weapon.

At home his struggle is a more sensitive one, for he is more mature

than either parent will allow. He resists his mother's mollicoddling and never confides to her his own fears, which are much more realistic than hers; his heart goes out to his father when the old man is working in the cindery garden and even more when he bursts into fury; and Albert's dreams, derived as they are from his omnivorous reading of the classics and the sports page, of how he will make the old man proud, speak for all of us who were miscast in adolescence. Mr. Green has a musician's ear for the Brooklyn vocabulary, and this is necessary, for his story is told largely in dialogue. I feel it is softened somewhat by being cast in the form of nostalgia, and I realize that the strife on the pavements in the 1930s, when all were feeling the pinch, did not have the vindictiveness which lurks so close to the surface today.

Alexis and Rasputin

The disintegration of Russia under the rule of the last Czar, Nicholas II, was a tragedy so overwhelming in its change, so pitiable in its destructiveness that it will be told and retold for succeeding generations. The most comprehensive political picture, *The Fall of the Monarchy*, was written by Sir Bernard Pares, who as the British ambassador at St. Petersburg took note of what was happening at close range. The most poignant and sympathetic account of the royal couple, the grand duchesses, and of Alexis, the pathetic little Czarevitch, is **NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA** by **ROBERT MASSIE** (Atheneum, \$10.00). What gives this book its singular pathos is that the author, Mr. Massie, is himself the father of a hemophiliac son. Hemophilia is still a severe though more manageable disease; transfusions of fresh blood plasma are applied at the first sign of bleeding, and non-habit-forming drugs are used to alleviate the waves of pain as they were not with the Czarevitch. If the patient survives childhood, he may live a relatively normal life. Mr. Massie's natural curiosity led him to wonder how Alexis' vulnerability may have affected his parents and whether it accelerated the fall of the dynasty.

I find the author's study of the royal household understanding, admirably documented, and full of short but fascinating portraits. Many

unusual details turned up in his research. It is strange to think that Queen Victoria, the famous match-maker of her century and "Granny" to most of Europe's royalty, was unknowingly a hemophiliac carrier. The youngest of her four sons, Prince Leopold, had hemophilia; two of her five daughters, Princess Alice and Princess Beatrice, were hemophiliac carriers, and two of *their* daughters transmitted the dread disease to the royal houses of Russia and Spain. The Queen naturally was shocked to discover the illness in her family, and Leopold, who was lively and willful, gave her a hard time with his accidental hemorrhages. But in England no effort was made to conceal his affliction, whereas in Russia Alexis' suffering, which came from the slightest bruise or sprain and was excruciating, was kept a state secret.

At Spala, the hunting lodge in Poland, in 1912 Alexis almost died from the hemorrhaging in his thigh and groin; his screams could not be stifled; the last sacrament was administered, and in her desperation the Empress had a telegram sent to Gregory Rasputin in Siberia, a mystic with a foul reputation who was believed to be a healer. His reply ended with the words: "The Little One will not die. Do not allow the doctors to bother him too much." The hemorrhaging stopped the next day, and from that moment the Czar and his wife reposed trust in the monk whose influence as he came into the inner circle eventually prompted Kerensky to say, "Without Rasputin, there could have been no Lenin."

In its very human detail this is a book of alternating sunlight and sorrow. Mr. Massie believes that Nicholas II was "at least as intelligent as any European monarch in his day or ours," and indeed the Czar's tastes were surprisingly similar to those of King George V, whom physically he so much resembled. Nicholas' visits to England were always sunny affairs; he was one of Granny's favorites; and his courtship of Alix, whom he passionately loved, was not long resisted by his parents. But in his English exposure he did not learn the benefits of constitutional monarchy. Nicky at thirteen had witnessed the horrible assassination of his father; he was never to forget that death bed, nor the lessons instilled in him by his

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reactionary and brilliant tutor Pobedonostsev that he was born to be an autocrat.

The life of the royal household at Tsarskoe Selo, in the Peterhof palace, and aboard the royal yacht is charmingly described, and stands in honest contrast to the frivolity of St. Petersburg and the marriage shambles and dissolute behavior of the Grand Dukes. The pathetic efforts of the eleven-year-old Alexis to play his part as the war approached are touching, and the determination of the Empress to accept Rasputin's prophecies and not to believe in the police reports of his drunken orgies is fateful. History is full of "ifs." Nicholas' absolutism could never have survived the First World War, but if Rasputin in 1914 had not recovered from the knife wound that so nearly finished him, the future of Russia might have been very different.

"People we visit"

STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM is a novelist who has made a most successful venture into social history; in **"OUR CROWD"** (Harper & Row, \$8.95) he has brought together a composite, warmly human picture of the great Jewish families of New York. The first Jew to settle in Manhattan, Jacob Barsimson, arrived early in 1654, and later that year the bark *St. Charles*, known as "the Jewish Mayflower," landed twenty-three more Jewish immigrants, all of them Sephardim, who, in Mr. Birmingham's words, "consider themselves the most noble of all Jews because they claim . . . the longest unbroken history of unity and suffering." But most of the families he writes about, the pivotal names, Belmont, Loeb, Lehman, Lewisohn, Straus, Schiff, Seligman, Goldman, Warburg, Guggenheim, came to us in the early and mid nineteenth century, and it is surprising how closely they followed a single pattern of success. They came from Germany; they had the hardihood to penetrate the rough country of the Midwest and South as itinerant peddlers, those who had the capital to afford a horse being a notch higher than those who traveled on foot; they sent money back to the old country to import their younger brothers or a wife; and by working harder than gentiles, with Horatio Alger celerity they acquired prop-

city and transformed themselves into bankers even before they had reached middle life. They gravitated to New York, the wealthiest of them living in luxurious houses between East Sixtieth and East Eightieth Streets, and they formed a closed society where the values were fixed and immutable. There were, according to Mrs. Philip J. Goodhart, two kinds of people. There were "people we visit" and "people we wouldn't visit." This book is about those Mrs. Goodhart would welcome.

Not all of them were impecunious; the Warburgs had money, and August Belmont, born August Schönberg, was sent to America as the agent for the Rothschilds and had their huge reserves behind him. Mr. Birmingham acutely appraises the big man of each clan, his capacity, his taste, his idiosyncrasies; and able citizens they were: Joseph Seligman; Jacob Schiff, who by force and finesse placed Harriman on the Burlington Board despite the stubborn opposition of J. P. Morgan; Otto Kahn in his Italian Renaissance palace on Fifth Avenue; Felix Warburg; and Adolph Lewisohn.

The comedy in the book is most often supplied by the more erratic, less responsible juniors, and there is plenty of it. What is so impressive is the generosity of the giants: the grace with which Otto Kahn sustained the Metropolitan Opera simply blew away the banality of anti-Semitism. Occasionally the author finds it difficult to check or judge the family hearsay. Thus in his account of August Belmont, who lived in great style and who was easily the most pretentious figure in the book, there is the apocryphal story of how Belmont would occasionally use his father-in-law, Commodore Perry, as his butler: "There's a good fellow," the story has it, "run down to the cellar and see if there are six more bottles of the *Rapid Madeira*." Well, the Commodore, who topped his son-in-law by six inches, was known in the Navy as "Old Bruin," and although he owed the young man money, his answer to such nonsense would probably have been "The hell I will."

In Frank Crowninshield's *Vanity Fair* the portrait-photograph acquired the distinction of a good painting, and his best craftsman was a Hungarian, NICKOLAS MURAY, who landed in New York the summer of 1913 with twenty-five dollars

and fifty words of English. Muray had the eye of an artist and such friendly charm that he could relax his subject, pose him, and with his silent shutter take the picture while the sitter was still unaware. When he was sent abroad to make studies of the eighty-six-year-old Claude Monet, the artist, who was old and tired, asked, "*Eh bien*, my friend, and when are you going to start taking the pictures?" to which Muray replied, "But I have already taken half a dozen, *Maitre*." THE REVEALING EYE (Atheneum, \$25.00) is an assortment of a hundred and fifty photographs of the men and women who made the 1920s memorable, each picture enlivened by a thumbnail portrait by PAUL GALICO. A handsome book and a revealing one.

Muray was not interested in the pores of the skin; gregarious and a good talker, he made converts of his subjects and then portrayed them as they wanted to appear. He never hesitated to touch up a rough complexion, as in the case of Sinclair Lewis, and he stressed the lines and wrinkles only when they were a determined part of a man's individuality, as they were with Humphrey Bogart and Clarence Darrow. The results can be astonishingly lovely, as in the duet of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the magical study of Greta Garbo, the lithe and lovely Martha Graham, the incredibly youthful Harold Ross, the dark loveliness of Katharine Cornell, the forthrightness of John Galsworthy, and the unforgettable eyes of Jed Harris. Or through too much smoothing out they can be as vapid as the shots of Scott Fitzgerald, Lillian Gish, Helen Hayes, and Herbert Hoover.

The single-page characterizations by Paul Gallico are deft, amusing, and in most cases, pertinent. I particularly liked his sketch of Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, and what he says of Jean Harlow, but I think he protests too much in his admiration of Joseph Hergesheimer and Frank Crowninshield. Mr. Gallico tells us that Mr. Crowninshield "discovered" Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker, and Robert Sherwood, which I don't believe, and he does not tell us that Crowninshield fired Parker and that the other two resigned in protest when Flo Ziegfeld complained about Miss Parker's acid reviews.



Continuing their annual award which was instituted one year ago, Abingdon Press will consider manuscripts in the "general book" category for the 1969 prize of \$5,000. The 1968 award will be given for the best religious book, and the 1970 prize will go to the author of the best children's book. Plans call for continuing the awards program in the same three-year cycle.

THE CRITERIA

The 1969 award will go to the author of the manuscript which, in the opinion of the judges, contributes most significantly to man's understanding of himself and his role in relationship to the issues confronting contemporary society. All manuscripts and entry forms must be submitted between January 1 and March 1, 1969.

THE JUDGES

Judges for the 1969 award are Max Lerner and Steve Allen. Lerner is professor of American civilization and world politics at Brandeis University, a syndicated columnist for the New York Post, and author of a dozen books. Comedian, actor, composer-musician Steve Allen is also a popular lecturer and author of eleven books ranging from collections of humor to *The Ground Is Our Table*, an analysis of farm-labor poverty.

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Reader's Choice

by Oscar Handlin



THE BLAST OF WAR 1939-1945 (Harper & Row, \$12.50) is the second volume of **HAROLD MACMILLAN's** autobiography. This thoroughly honest and straightforward account by the Conservative statesman who later became Prime Minister offers an interesting view of the course of the great war against Nazi Germany. It also raises questions with serious implications for the later foreign policy decisions which arose from that conflict.

Macmillan's earlier volume carried him through the period of his political career when he was critical of his party's leadership. Now he was to see the bitter consequences of appeasement. Through much of the war Macmillan functioned as Churchill's deputy, representing his country as political minister in the Mediterranean. He thus was involved in the formulation of Allied strategy from the North African invasion to the end of the war. The policies then adopted had an immediate impact on military affairs. But they also set the outlines of the post-war settlements in France, Italy, and Greece.

Macmillan's portraits of the leading figures with whom he dealt are generally fair. De Gaulle had already displayed the single-minded sense of determination and the disregard for the sensibilities of others by which he made his presence felt. Stafford Cripps, a "rich and aristocratic revolutionary," combined so-

cialist principles with Christian puritanism in a way that left an impression of "ineffable superiority." Eisenhower radiated a sense of fairness and manliness which charmed those who disagreed with him even when he was wrong.

These memorable vignettes set off the serious discussion of basic issues. The British moved placidly through the first months of war, their lack of preparation concealed by a sublime overconfidence. No more than the French were they aware in 1939 that appeasement had rendered them far less capable of resisting Hitler than they had been in 1936. Moreover, Macmillan's countrymen shackled themselves with curious antique notions of right and wrong. It was thus argued that "there should not even be any question of bombing the munition works at Essen, for, after all, these are private property." It took a heavy toll of suffering in Britain to overcome these scruples.

Although not himself in a position to make decisions, Macmillan was involved in the great policy conflicts which divided the Allies. Churchill, thinking of the shape of post-war Europe, pressed for an assault through Italy at the heart of Axis power. Roosevelt, for whom short-run tactical considerations were more important, wished to move across the Channel into France, even if that left the east to the advancing Russians. Macmillan, in the light of hindsight, is critical of the American President, who gave "little weight to political consequences" and "took the view that the only thing that mattered was to beat the Germans," so "that almost any means were justifiable if they contributed to that end."

Macmillan's most interesting comments, and those also most relevant to the present, deal with the situation in Greece and Italy. There Communist partisans, in the field before the fighting ended, endangered the prospect of stable government for the future. In Greece the Allies labored for a long time to work out a coalition broad enough to include the Reds. The English discovered that it was not easy to negotiate a settlement with a determined revolutionary minority willing to use democratic procedures in its own interest, but ready to disregard the rules when it wished. The Communists kept raising their demands, jockeying

for ultimate control of the police and the army; discussion with them only postponed the civil war that ravaged Greece after December, 1944.

Allied vacillation in Greece left a bitter heritage that persisted for decades. Reflecting on the crisis in retrospect, Macmillan points out that "Many of my Greek friends reproached us then and later that we had not forced the issue and carried the campaign in Greece to a point at which revolutionary Communism could be totally suppressed. Many of our British friends believed that Communism was only a form of Leftism which could be softened by kindness or cajolery. In the essentials our Greek critics were right. Had we possessed the power; had we not had to face the hostility of Washington and the American government; had we not been committed to a hard and difficult spring campaign in Italy, with insufficient forces; had British public opinion been fully seized of the truth; then indeed we might have completed the task."

By contrast, the experience of Italy showed that the Allies had learned from the lesson of Greece. In Italy the Americans and English moved to get control of the resistance movement from the start. There it was possible to infiltrate the partisans with British officers and reliable Italians and to create the basis for a government that could survive and sustain itself. Italy was thus spared the trauma of revolution.

Naval diplomacy

In "**OLD BRUIN**," **COMMODORE MATTHEW C. PERRY** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$12.50), **SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON** adds a striking figure to his pantheon of American naval heroes. This is a lively biography of an officer who devoted a long and exciting career to the service of his country. Born in 1794, Perry entered the Navy as a young man, following the course his father and older brother had already taken. Called "Old Bruin" because of his commanding voice and powerful figure, Calbraith Perry was as close to a professional as the Navy boasted in the nineteenth century.

Before the Civil War, the United States was a minor force in international affairs. However grandly the rhetoric of its citizens puffed up its future destiny, it disposed of

little power and therefore scarcely counted in the calculations of European foreign offices. The main energies of Americans were, after all, focused on internal expansion in the West. Nevertheless, they were not isolationists, and their interests were worldwide. In this anomalous situation, the government of the United States, which lacked a professional diplomatic corps, often relied upon whatever instruments were available, among them its small navy.

That accounts for the breadth of Perry's experience. He took part in the War of 1812 and in the Mexican War, but in addition played a significant peacetime role. He participated in the establishment of Liberia, chased pirates in the West Indies, and acted as a diplomat in Turkey and Italy. He was instrumental in pushing such reforms as the introduction of steam and the use of the shell gun, as well as the recruitment of seamen by apprenticeship. He was best known for his leadership of the naval expedition which opened Japan to the world.

Admiral Morison tells the story with his accustomed skill. He has read all the documents, unearthed some previously unpublished correspondence, and has personally visited all the sites that were important in the life of Commodore Perry. He writes with verve, and the touches of humor that enliven the narrative reflect the warmth of his own identification with the subject.

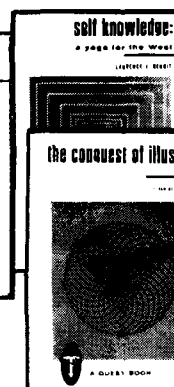
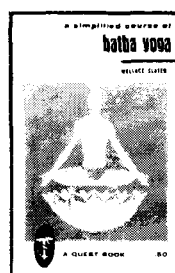
Perry's achievement in Japan contains elements of paradox. He was a tough commander and had to be, given the character of the men who shipped aboard American vessels in the nineteenth century. Flogging was still a common practice, and shipboard life was often brutal, as the vivid account of the mutiny on the *Somers* demonstrates. Yet Perry, who spent his whole life in this environment, was capable of undertaking the most delicate negotiations in Japan with a proud and sensitive people who were about to be coerced into modernity. That he was able to bring this task off successfully and without a residue of hard feelings was evidence not only of his personal skill but also of his understanding of the uses and the limits of power.

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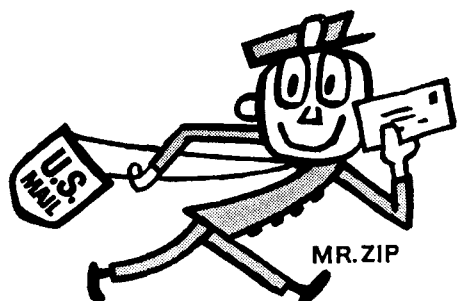
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cism. By their very nature, they address a vast audience which does not talk back. Consequently, the producers of movies and television rarely find an opportunity to take stock, to review their achievements or evaluate their techniques. The audience too suffers from the inability to reflect upon the evanescent images which flash once across the screen and are rarely seen again. The poverty of criticism is as characteristic of the movies which have a long history as it is of the more recent forms of television.

HITCHCOCK by **FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT** (Simon and Schuster, \$8.95) is a welcome addition to the meager list of works which treat the cinema seriously but sensibly. The book, which reads well and is handsomely illustrated with 300 stills, records the thoughtful and illuminating conversations of two distinguished directors. Hitchcock is the veteran whose career reaches back to the silent days, but who successfully made the transition to sound and color and the wide screen, and whose latest efforts still show the play of a vigorous imagination. There is probably no other modern director more widely respected by his peers. Truffaut, creator of *Jules and Jim* and of *The 400 Blows*, is among the young men who led the French new wave in an effort to transform the modern cinema.

Truffaut's is the more analytical, more probing mind. It is he who asks the questions. Hitchcock is alert and responsive, having reached the age and status at which he can answer the challenges of the young without self-doubt about his own achievements. The interchange is therefore more than a casual exchange of views. It constitutes a coherent and reflective review of Hitchcock's career and of its import for the art of the cinema.

The problems of technique interest Truffaut most. How does the director in *Sabotage* convey to the audience by purely cinematic means the frame of mind of a woman who plans to kill her husband? Not by statements from her or by changing her facial expressions, but by allowing the camera to pan back and forth between the knife in her hand and the figure of her victim. How in *Notorious* or *The Girl Was Young* does the camera, set up high where it takes in a thronged hall, dolly down to focus on a single object or face and

thus tell a story without dialogue? Hitchcock was a remarkable innovator in devising means for purely visual narration. These discussions explain how he did so and also account for his influence upon all subsequent directors.

The analysis of technique is so engrossing that the subject matter of the films seems almost of secondary importance. Often, the story is treated as if it were no more than an excuse for the director's display of virtuosity. This is a valid point of departure for criticism. One need not, after all, identify the kings or saints in order to understand renaissance painting. But in Hitchcock's case, the subject matter has an importance of its own. This director plays upon the emotions of an audience which is drawn to the theater less by an awareness of technique than by involvement in a story which he has told and retold throughout his career. Hitchcock himself describes his theme as suspense. Truffaut is more perceptive. Hitchcock, he explains, wins the audience by rousing its fears — "by reawakening all the strong emotions of childhood. In his work the viewer might recapture the tensions and thrills of the games of hide-and-seek or blindman's buff and the terror of those nights when, by a trick of the imagination, a forgotten toy on the dresser gradually acquires a mysterious and threatening shape."

The source of these fears — Hitchcock's and the audience's — is not social but personal. Even in *The Lady Vanishes*, which comes closest of all his films to treating a subject of social significance, the nature of the totalitarian regime from which Miss Froy escapes remains obscure. There is some suggestion that Hitchcock's Catholic upbringing may explain his fears; and there is a certain parallelism between his work in the 1930s and that of Graham Greene. But the universality of the emotions upon which Hitchcock plays may derive from a somewhat different personal experience that remains fixed in his memory. "I must have been about four or five years old. My father sent me to the police station with a note. The chief of police read it and locked me in a cell for five or ten minutes, saying, 'This is what we do to naughty boys.'"

Fear also shows through the clowning of some popular comics,

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who flail about destructively, pulling down an order which may have no place for them. **WILLIAM K. EVERSON** in **THE ART OF W. C. FIELDS** (Bobbs-Merrill, \$7.50) argues against an excessively autobiographical interpretation of his subject; and indeed, it is not necessary to link antisocial attitudes to the incidents of childhood. Yet Everson's careful account reveals the extent to which hostility and fear permeate the comedy of W. C. Fields.

The value of this well-illustrated book lies in its patient reconstruction of Fields's career. Everson has read widely and has viewed all the surviving films. He writes judiciously and patiently corrects the errors of earlier accounts. He thus provides the material for an understanding of the development of one great American comedian.

Fields's base was in vaudeville; his films in the 1920s simply transferred to the screen the gags and the tricks the juggler had used on the stage. But his most creative years lay in the next decade, when he himself had passed beyond the age of fifty. He then deepened the role he had already created — the perpetual Eustace McGargle, the amiable charlatan ready to exploit any sucker by reversing the familiar morality of the times. An absurd hatred of babies and dogs, of mothers and bankers, of hard work and sobriety is usually the source of the Fields humor. And that hatred springs from fear; in *The Pharmacist* and *The Bank Dick*, a shrewish wife turns the family into an instrument of personal torture, and, more generally throughout the final years of his screen career, Fields is the individual whom society wishes to crush.

Men under stress

MR. THEODORE MUNDSTOCK by **LADISLAV FUKS** (Orion Press, \$4.95) is a brilliant short novel sensitively translated from the Czech by Iris Urwin. Its subject is by now distressingly familiar, the tribulations of Jews in a Europe occupied by the Nazis. But the treatment in this story is far from hackneyed. Here a simple tale, told without sentimentality, illuminates the situation of human beings under stress.

At the start Mundstock, like the other Jews of Prague, is totally disorganized. Brief staccato passages convey his utter sense of bewilder-

ment and also evoke the memories of his former life. The people about him appear in a haze, but dimly perceived by the reader, for Mundstock is himself uncertain of where he stands in relation to them. So long as he harbors messianic delusions or subsists on false hopes, he can bring no order to his life and remains a victim ready for destruction. But from the moment that he surrenders illusion and recognizes his position for what it is, he can begin to cope with it and to organize his existence. A subtle change in the author's style reflects the growing coherence of the protagonist's activities. The people and places around Mundstock come into focus. He understands and slowly, painfully, prepares for deportation, which has supplied meaning to his experience.

HAROLD COURLANDER'S THE AFRICAN (Crown, \$5.95) also deals with the reactions of a man under stress. This unusual novel is an imaginative reconstruction of slavery. It begins in Dahomey early in the nineteenth century when the boy Hwesuhunu is captured and transported to America. In Georgia, he becomes Wes Hunu, and passes through the hands of a variety of masters before he attempts to escape. In the process he discovers his identity as a man.

Courlander tells his story sympathetically yet without sentimentality. He is strikingly successful in reconstructing the character of Wes Hunu and in tracing the reactions of an African who makes the transition from one culture to another under the harsh conditions of slavery. Fate, for Wes Hunu, ceases to be an implacable and ungovernable external force and becomes an inner imperative that moves him to action.

Man without stress

THE LOST REVOLUTIONARY by **RICHARD O'CONNOR** and **DALE L. WALKER** (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$6.95) is an enlightening biography of John Reed. Based on competent research and pleasantly written, the book traces the self-discovery of a young man who wandered into a critical moment of history.

Reed was a romantic for whom the very idea of revolution was exciting and meaningful. The youth, who had everything by the time he left Harvard in 1910 — looks, brains, and family connections — yearned

for experience, for something real to do. The heady talk of Mabel Dodge's New York salon, the reading of fragments of socialist literature, and a glimpse of actual class war in the Paterson strike persuaded him to flex his muscles in remaking the world. But there was still a fundamental lack of seriousness in him when he went off to the German front lines as a correspondent and fired a few shots at the French for the fun of it.

He met reality at last in the Petrograd of 1917 and at first found it exhilarating to change the world in ten days. But reality had its revenge in the years that followed as Reed watched the revolution take a course that betrayed the men who made it.

Potpourri

by Phoebe Adams



Good bad books, although regrettably scarce, are not unknown, but a good nonbook is something quite new in the world. It is a unique and surprising pleasure to report the appearance of a good nonbook. It is called **ANDY WARHOL'S INDEX[BOOK]** (Random House, \$12.95; \$4.95 paper), and presumably Mr. Warhol is responsible for it, but don't be misled by that word, book, into expecting to read it. The thing is a marvelously amusing construction which pops, squeaks, unfolds extra flaps, and extrudes what looks like a Cubist bomb on a string. It also reeks goatishly of glue, but this aspect may be a happening. The package contains a lot of photographs of Mr. Warhol and film-making friends, all looking scruffy with the

same stylized determination that Hollywood devotes to looking elegant. It contains some satirical and even literate printed matter, and ultimately, more or less against the principles of the proprietor, it makes a point: art is what an artist does, and discussion of it is irrelevant. This idea, generally adopted, could save us all a lot of trouble.

ONE OF OUR MILLIONAIRES IS MISSING (Grove, \$4.50), by the Danish author **LEIF PANDURO**, is a novel so light that one is tempted to anchor it with a paperweight. In this frippy tale, one Jonsson, grown frightfully rich in the United States, proposes to make a quiet visit to Denmark, his childhood home, to which he hasn't given a thought in sixty years. Since the old pirate is a valuable, and somewhat fragile, national resource, he ends up traveling on a government mission, dogged by a doctor, a psychiatrist, a security force, a bevy of servants, and a mad old Swedish sidekick from Texas. Mr. Panduro, cheerfully disrespectful of everything, rolls official entertainment, psychiatry, medicine, and sentimental childhood memories into a muddle that recalls the inventions of P. G. Wodehouse, or, in another medium, Rube Goldberg. On the side, Mr. Panduro clobbers policemen (stupid), security officers (stupider), spies (stupid and lazy), and diplomats (stupid, lazy, and drunk). Nationality has nothing to do with the matter. The Danish police are as dumb as anybody, while the Russian and American spies are equally indolent and incompetent. Their chief amusement is a running bet on whose boss will get drunker at the next reception. The book is a positive massacre of sacred cows, executed with wit. It is a pity that this farce of harmlessness in high places cannot be called realistic.

I AM A LOVER (Angel Island, \$5.95; \$3.95 paper) is a reissue of a still fascinating picture book. The photographs, by Jerry Stoll, show people ambling about their business in the multiracial, semi-artistic, semi-slum neighborhood of Telegraph Hill. The pictures are accompanied by quotations, selected from a wild variety of sources by Evan S. Connell, Jr. This jigsaw text is sometimes ironic, sometimes sentimental, sometimes savage, and now and then superbly, deliberately irrelevant.

BRAVO STRAVINSKY (World, \$15.00)

is an unusual portrait of an artist. **ARNOLD NEWMAN**, photographer, and **ROBERT CRAFT**, Stravinsky's friend and colleague, followed the composer about through weeks of work, concerts, plane trips, parties, and more work. While Newman took pictures (Stravinsky refused to pose or to repeat an action that had been missed), Craft asked questions, argued, listened, and took notes. The method could easily have led to syrupy canonization, but has not; what emerges is valuable information from and about Stravinsky, his music, his philosophy, and his memories.

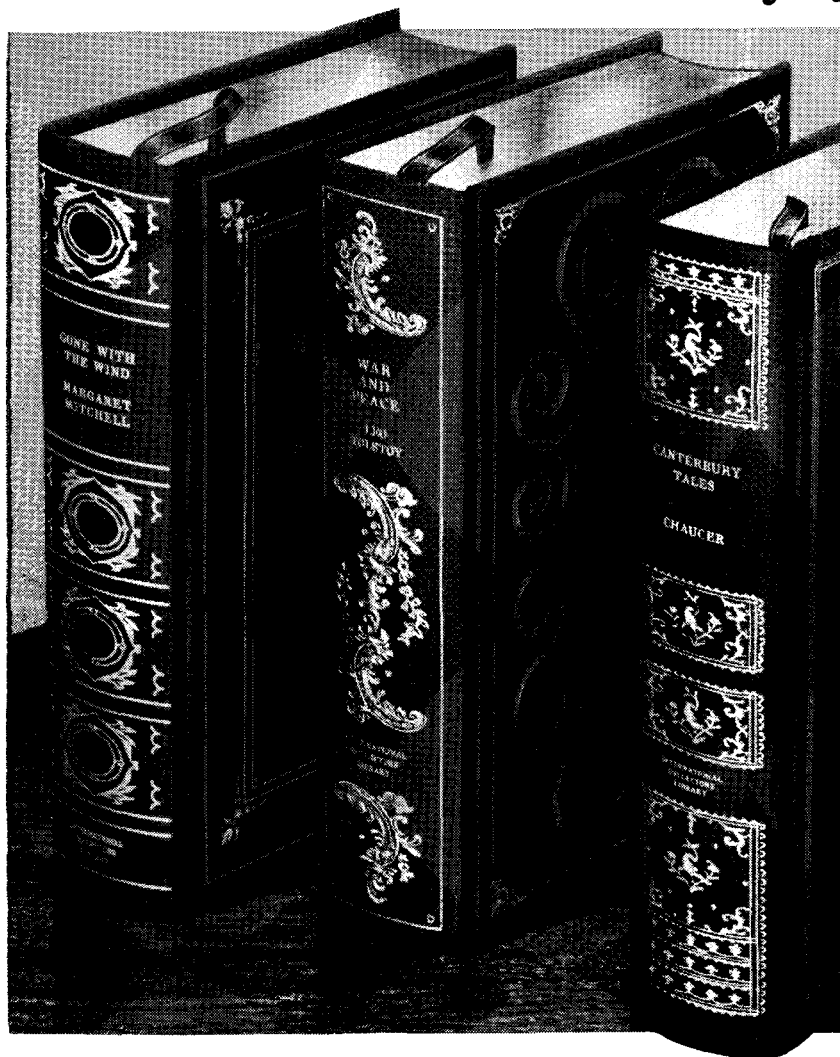
FINLAND (Praeger, \$7.50) by **ELLA KIVIKOSKI** is part of the Ancient Peoples and Places series. Professor Kivikoski, a veteran and distinguished Finnish archaeologist, describes the identifiable prehistoric cultures of the country with the precision one would expect and with occasional dryly humorous implications. She observes, of the late prevalence of offering stones in certain inland areas, that it "is not so much because they were more characteristic of those districts, as because they were further from the bishop's palace in Turku. . . ." The prehistoric cultures of Finland had a strong resemblance to those elsewhere in Scandinavia, both in what the people made and in what they chose to import. Professor Kivikoski detects a network of trading operations that ran from the west coast of Norway to the lake behind what is now Stockholm to southern Finland, and from there east into Russia or southward to the Mediterranean. She also discusses the distribution of the inhabitants of Finland, which varied considerably from one period to another for reasons that archaeology has yet to determine with any certainty. The objects that traveled, or in some cases merely roosted, through all this long-gone moving and commerce are very well pictured in **ISTVÁN RÁCZ'S EARLY FINNISH ART** (Praeger, \$15.00). They range from pieces of quartz, bashed to a handy shape some 9000 years ago, through stone axes of satiny, lethal elegance, to silver jewelry with Christian motifs.

JESSE HILL FORD's collection of short stories, **FISHES, BIRDS AND SONS OF MEN** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.95), includes some that have appeared in the *Atlantic*.

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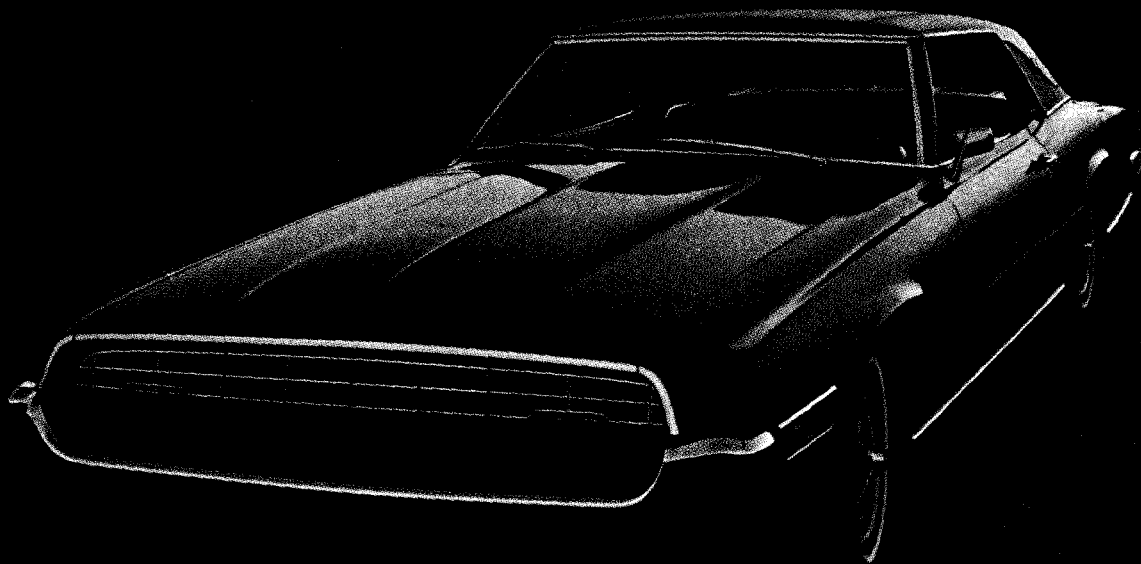
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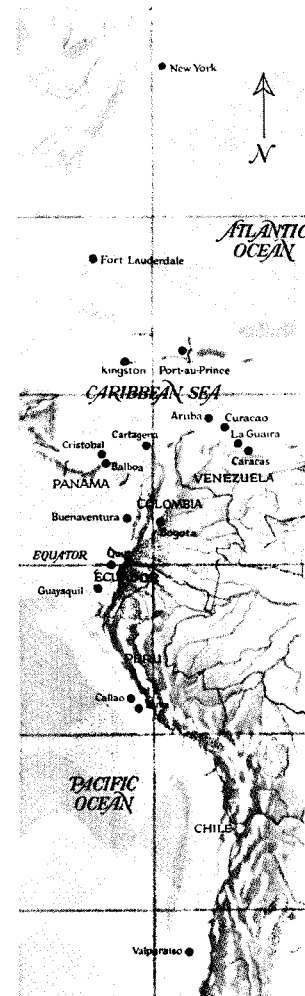
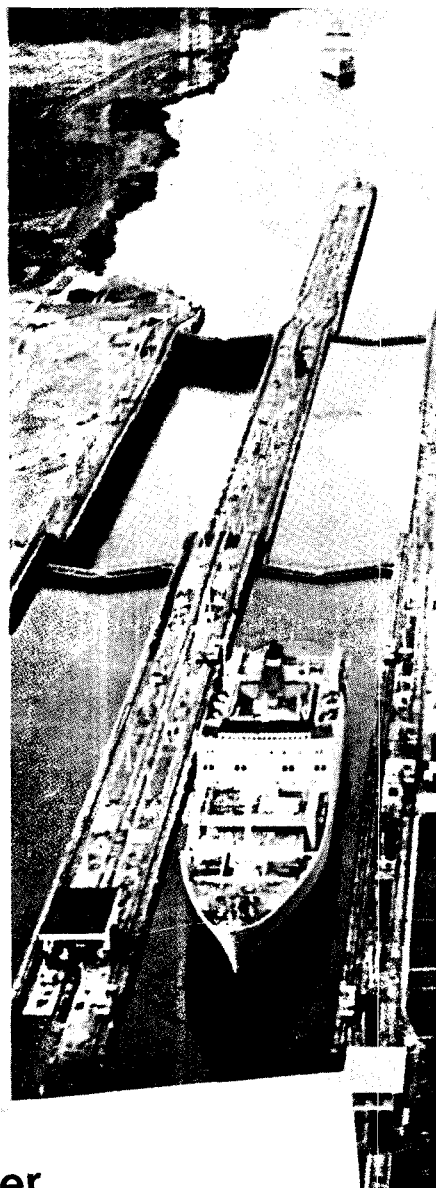
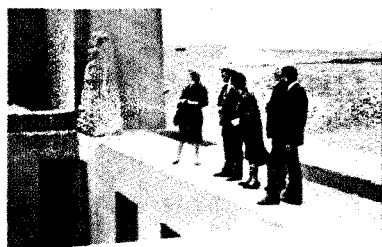
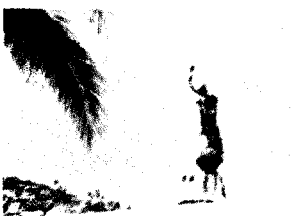
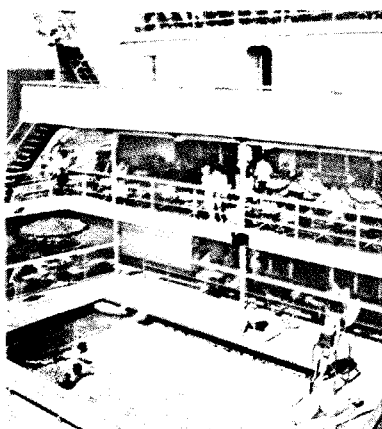
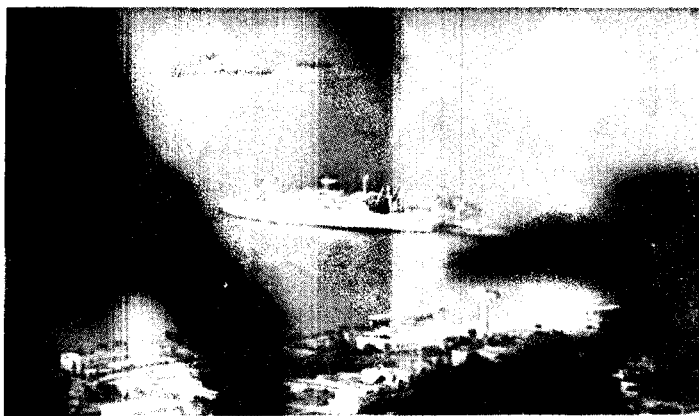


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